

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The nobbiest thing in boots is a bunion.—*Denver Hello.*

One touch of vaccine makes the whole world kine.—*Kine Dexter.*

About to retire for the season—circus wagons.—*Detroit Chaff.*

Eli Perkins' favorite hymn—I love to tell the story.—*Emerald Vindicator.*

The yawl boat of a vessel took its name from the fact that there the cat was laid on.

The proof of the pudding is the rapidity with which the children get away with it.—*Erratic Enrique.*

Nothing will make hens lay so well as seeds scratched from a neighbor's garden.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

Spring poetry is just poking up through the mud.—*Webster Times.* A sort of rhyming crowd, as it were.

Where there's a will there's a way—to break it if the old gentleman died rich and you retain good lawyers.—*Boston Star.*

Don't tackle the fruit store man on facts and figures—he'll sell you on dates, sure's you're born.—*New Jersey Enterprise.*

"John!" You have evidently got the words confused. An "elevated" railway is not a grand drunk line.—*Philadelphia News.*

Tennyson's last Charge was top-heavy. In going down the hill it took a header, Alfred "tumbled" at once.—*N. J. Enterprise.*

A cuff on the wrist is worth two on the jaw.—*Meade, Frankford Herald.* It is if he's trying to lick an editor, and the Sheriff's got him.

The difference between a blonde and a locomotive is that one has a light head and the other has a headlight.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

When a young girl goes out at 9 o'clock with the remark that she is going after the mail, it is not always safe to bet that she looks for it in the post-office.

Deaf men often have the "hey!" fever.—*Tarheel, "Chaff."* How did you find that out, hey?—*Frankford Herald.* Oh! by trying to borrow \$5 from one.

Victor Hugo wrote: "I could live forever on the invisible." Then he went over and ordered a dozen raw oysters and a whole mince pie.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Catskill man has swapped his liver pad for a mustard plaster, because the latter is of an "old gold" color, and therefore more aesthetic.—*Catskill Recorder.*

"Where are the dreams of the days gone by?" asks a London poet. Don't know; we haven't got 'em: search us and you'll find we haven't got a dream to our back.—*Marathon Independent.*

A Market-street girl has nick-named her beau Ducktivity because he's so soft.—*Springfield Sunday News.* And a Bristol girl calls her young man Ducktivity because he is a quack doctor.

An item in the New York *Star* is headed, "Towed by a Shark." We haven't read it, but expect it refers to a man with a piano to mortgage out to call on some Griswold street lawyer.

A scientific item says the mean depth of the sea is from four to five miles. The mean depth—or rather the depth of meanness in some men will have to be measured by something longer than miles.

Spring chickens are already in the market. They are evidently hatched by machinery and toughened by the Bessemer process.—*Phil. News.* You are a bessemer of the steeliest kind, you are.

"Do dogs reason?" Possibly not, but some dogs on seeing a boy with an 'old kettle, and examining his pockets for a piece of cord, take a deep interest in something about a mile away.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

There is an article going the rounds headed "Who Kissed Away That Tear?" Well we suppose it is as well to own up to it first as last. It is a mighty mean man that won't kiss away a tear.—*Peck's Sun.*

"There are four bishops at our house!" said J., to his religious friend G. "Indeed!" exclaimed G., very much interested. "Yes," continued J., "and they are all—chessmen!"—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

Little Eddie—"Mamma, what do angels eat?" Mamma—"I do not know, my dear." Little Lulu—"I know, mamma." Mamma—"Well, my dear, what do they eat?" Lulu—"Why, 'angel cake!'"—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

The devil carries a skeleton key that will open every heart not governed by a combination of virtue, strength and self-will.—*Whitchal Times.* The difficulty is that even these "unco guid" frequently lose the combination.—*N. J. Enterprise.*

The English language is supposed to consist of about 60,000 distinct words. Of these, ordinary people use only from 500 to 3,000; great orators perhaps as many as 10,000, and lightning rod agents and directory canvassers, 59,963.—*Middletown Transcript.*

"I dunno a heap 'bout poultry," said old Uncle Pete when they were discussing the question of the day up at the market, "but de sweetest chicken I se ever eat was drawn. It was drawn fro' de vinder ob a chicken house in de dark ob de moon."—*Newark Call.*

Yellow diamonds are in great favor.—*Fashion Exchange.* We are glad of it. Our white diamonds are getting worn, and we were just beginning to sigh for a change in the mode. Send us up a gross of these yellow diamonds, Peter.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

When a merchant sells his wares by the pound, he announces the fact.—*Greenslit Webster Times.* He has no scruples in doing it in that weigh, either.—*Burlington Enterprise.* What's the pint to this?—*Corry Enterprise.* Two gills—being an affair of scales. This should fin-ish it.

A clock that is out of repair is a mis-tic affair.—*Saturday American.* And hours will make the second pun on this.—*Corry Enterprise.* That is, it is handed down second hand. See?—*Bradford Star.* Just give us a minute on tick, and we'll run down and see you about this. My goodness! you go like sixty, don't you?

A street car conductor carelessly carried his bell-punch home and allowed his children to play with it. The next day when the company informed him that he was nine million nine hundred and ninety nine fares short, his hair rose so rapidly that his hat in banging against the ceiling, broke out fifteen yards of plaster.—*Boston Traveller.*

A kind husband: A neighbor of Mr. Miggs, glancing out of the window, observed that estimable man plugging up the knot holes in his back yard fence, and ventured to ask: "Any hard feelings agin' the woman next door?" "No," returned Miggs, placidly, "Mrs. M.'s got rheumatiz in the jaw, and the doctor says she must keep quiet."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"What's good fo' biles, Uncle Zekal?" "Biles? Pens 'pun whar dey is?" "O de biles I fer to, Uncle Zekal, is on'y got far's Clem Johnsing yit, but he's wery familiary and I want's ter know

how ter rastle 'em of dey lights on dis chilo." "Bless yo', boy! Ef it's dat kin' o' bile yo' want a scription fo', de bes' treatment I kin gib yo' is ter dissoshiate wid Clem Johnsing.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Planting the Spheres.

FROM A PAPER READ BY BRO. MCCOOL BEFORE THE CLUB AT THAMESVILLE.

In reference to capital punishment, I have to say I have always looked with extreme horror on the universal but inhuman law for hanging murderers, and would respectfully suggest that no time is more fitting than the present for the advocacy of a plan which I have long conceived would be an effective and pleasant method of "removing" criminals sentenced to death.

My idea is, that the prisoner be placed in a strong net attached to a balloon and set adrift. As there will be no possibility of the gas making its escape, the balloon will continue to ascend until it reaches an altitude at which the air is of the same weight as the gas. Here the balloon will float as it were like a cork on top of water. Thus is afforded a method of inflicting the death punishment capable of effectively replacing the present practice so revolting to even the least sensitive.

I may also bring before your notice that I intend applying the same principle to burying the dead, and to this end am at present making arrangements for the establishment of a balloon factory on an extensive scale in Thamesville.

A gratifying feature of my method is, that bodies will come to a float in an extremely rarified atmosphere which will possess a marked and, as nearly as possible, an entire absence of heat. They will consequently freeze and be preserved for an indefinite period—probably centuries—in a perfect state. Death will be robbed of half its horror, and I will be thus enabled to offer people the opportunity of reviewing at any time the features of a departed friend. This will be accomplished by a trip in an air-tight car, heated and furnished with artificial air. The process of locating the whereabouts of the different bodies will remain as yet one of the secrets of the firm.

My scheme, of which the above is a faint outline, will inaugurate a new era in the science of burial, and I have no doubt will immediately eclipse in popularity caskets, cremation, and all previous attempts in this line.

Scene in a Street Car.

A SAPT DOON SIT.

Old Scotch gentleman sitting,—a young lady enters and makes a rush for the topmost seat. The car starts rather suddenly, the young lady lands on the old gentleman's knee, blushing and exclaiming, "Oh! beg your pardon."

Old G.—Dinna mention it lassie, I'd rather hae ye sittin' on my knee, than staun' in on ceremony.

In a Toronto Street Car, 15th March, 1882.

Saved from the Poorhouse.

For years David Allingsworth suffered with rheumatism, and notwithstanding the best medical attendance, could not find relief. He came to the Sciota County Poorhouse, and had to be carried into and out of bed on account of his helpless condition. After the failure of all the remedies which had been applied, the directors of the Poorhouse resolved to use the celebrated German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, and this was a fortunate resolution; for, with the trial of one bottle, the patient was already better, and when four bottles had been used upon him he could again walk without the use of a cane. The facts, as above stated, will be verified by the editor of the Portsmouth (Ohio) *Correspondent.*