



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A smooth bore—A life insurance agent.—*Lockport Union*.

A young lady does not have a calico dress on long when it is satin.—*Lowell Sun*.

"Love levels all ranks." So does a banana-peel, on the side-walk.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

Early croak-cusses.—Spring frogs.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Some men don't know enough about farming to raise an umbrella.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

It doesn't take a plate of soup long to cool, unless you want to eat it.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

American girls are not mercenary. All are anxious to give themselves away.—*Meriden Recorder*.

When men smoke a very little and drink a great deal, how is it they usually say, this cigar makes me awfully dizzy.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Never buy apples at a stand where the proprietor wears plush breeches. Plush is the fruit-polisher par excellence.—*St. Louis Spirit*.

When a man practices honesty just because it is the best policy, it won't do any harm to keep your eye on him.—*Modern Argo*.

"Alas! too! true!" groaned the leader of the orchestra, as the performers struck up a tune in distressing discord.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

Another thing is as certain as death and taxes, and that is that a love letter is never sent in a yellow envelope.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

The mathematician who wished to borrow some cash wrote: "I will $\frac{1}{2}$ ask for a $\frac{1}{4}$."—*Steubenville Herald*.

An impossibility—To make a woman own up that her corset is too tight for health or comfort.—*Lockport Union*.

Miss Take should not be allowed to open so many letters just to gratify her blamed prying curiosity.—*Naugatuck Enterprise*.

William Black's new novel is called "Sunrise." Probably because he thinks it will be read.—*Oil City Derrick*.

It looks bad to see a scissors grinder busily engaged in front of a newspaper office two days in a week.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

Ladies, beware of the man with clove in breath: he may show the cloven foot one of these days.—*Boston Transcript*.

The Prince of Wales has been practicing economy. Laying up something for a reign-y day, as it were.—*Cleveland Voice*.

The slats on the shutter of our office window are in a dilapidated condition. "Please help the blind."—*Hackensack Republican*.

"These Czar lively times," murmured Alexander II., as a pound of dynamite went off in his vest pocket.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

When a man might have good health by behaving himself, but won't, declining health is what ails him.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Over five gallons of castor oil have been used in oiling the skates at the Hartford rink. We are thankful that a new line of industry has been opened to the dreadful stuff.—*Danbury News*.

Taken altogether the beauties of art and nature do not begin to interest the inquisitive female so much as the view she gets through a keyhole.—*Fulton Times*.

It was when the old man called for pie at dinner that Mrs. Micawber said she would never desert her Micawber.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A good motto for the carriage panels of not a few of the people who have recently splurged out with escutcheons—"Caveat creditor."—*Puck*.

The man who has the worst things to say about newspapers is the man who pays his subscription only when he has to do it.—*Steubenville Herald*.

The farmer who owns a sugar orchard is sappiest when the trees yield the most freely.—*Ex*. Anybody maple leaf this, who chooses.—*Yavcob Strauss*.

It is a remarkable fact in physics that when a gas-pipe leaks it nearly always does it in a place where the meter is between the leak and the source of supply.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Some one has discovered that the eagle on the new silver dollar is a sick looking bird. If this is the case, there would appear to be something ill-eagle about it.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

You never find out how bad a man has been until he is nominated for office, and you never know how good he has been until you read his obituary.—*Middletown Transcript*.

It is said that women live on love. Small salaried young men will be interested to learn the love referred to is for baked beans, beef soup, onions, and new spring hats.—*Oswego Record*.

The farmer feeds the bleating u u
The sailor sails the c c
The gardener plants the p p he does,
The printer takes his e e.
—*Marathon Independent*.

There is a woman in Wisconsin who has been married fifty-eight years, and who has never missed building the kitchen fire. Her husband is probably the oldest fire-escape on record.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

An umbrella dealer advertises: "Old umbrellas re-covered." This is all well enough as far as it goes, but most people are interested in having their loaned and lost umbrellas recovered.—*Cleveland Voice*.

A "Constant Reader" writes to know what is the origin of the Easter egg. Well, without giving the matter any very deep consideration, we would say that it is the hen—but then we may be mistaken.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

Chicago has a policeman who can speak the English, German, French, Polish, and Welsh languages. He can club a man in five different languages in less time than it takes an ordinary policeman to make a common arrest in hog Latin.—*Rome Sentinel*.

One hundred thousand bushels of hemp are annually consumed for bird food in the United States. A heap of baby talk is also wasted on birds in the course of a year, and if some of it was addressed to the children we believe they would be better natured.—*Sandie Stone*.

We don't believe it; but it is retailed as a fact that a meeting of ladies qualified to vote for a school committee, broke up in disorder because they could not settle whether their ticket should be put out bias, or fluted on the edges.—*Somerville Journal*.

A German traveller in Africa characterizes a people he came across as "intensely black, dolichocephalic and platyrhine, prognathous, dihotomate and dolichodactylic." We have seen a man knocked down for less than that.—*Boston Transcript*.

"I saw the picture of a woman who looks for all the world like you, in a down-town photograph window, to-day," said a West Sider to his wife, recently. And before he hardly got his breath she innocently inquired, "Who was it of—Mrs. Langtry?"—*Chicago Journal*.

Spring's delights are now returning. There is a smell in the air of grass bursting through the sod. The merry cow hooketh up the dirt on her horns aloft and runs away with a disdainful booooh, curling her lip in pride at the mooley who cannot hook dirt.—*McGregor News*.

A son of Eriu, who, by some strange chance got into a fight yesterday afternoon, was asked by an acquaintance some particulars in regard to the affair. Said he: "Well, sur, to tell you the truth, I saw but little of the fight. I was on the undther ride of it."—*Virginia City Enterprise*.

Last Friday a lady in town asked her domestic if she knew what day it was. "The 26th," replied the girl. "Its Good Friday, too, isn't it?" further queried the landlady. "Is that so!" exclaimed the domestic in surprise. "Begorra! I thought last Monday was Good Friday."—*Waterloo Observer*.

What little is known of the mastodon belongs to antiquity. This knowledge allows the Mastodon minstrels to exhume relics of criticisms and chestnuts that must have been known to a prehistoric race now extinct. They come with the freshness of purple linen peeled from the senseless body of the grandfather of all Egyptian mummies.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

It is so seldom that matrimonial alliances are entered upon where the business interests of the contracting parties are mutually beneficial, that we must call attention to the case of a couple in Nebraska who combine business with affection in a most pleasing and profitable manner. The wife is a lady doctor, while the husband attends to the undertaking department.—*N. Y. Commercial*.

Pat asked the other day, very innocently, whether the Atlantic cable was laid on the water. Some one told him it was, and that it was floated by means of bouys placed at equal distances. "B'ys, is it?" said Pat, "well I think the cable company should be prosecuted for cruelty to children. Its a mon's work to sthay out on the ocean all the time a-howldin' up a cable, so it is."—*Rome Sentinel*.

Senator SHARON once dined with a literary club in New York. At the table he quoted from history, and, so the story goes, a little man at his right joined issue on the question. SHARON waxed a trifle warm, and insinuated that his opponent might be a clever sort of a man, but history was not his forte. After dinner SHARON remarked to a friend: "Who is that little fellow there that disputed my dates?" "BANCROFT, the historian."—*Golden Era*.

What has become of the spring poets? Is not the divine afflatus hovering this season? What has become of the dewy mead, the bursting bud, the leafy vine that twines around and kisses the oncoming of the joyous sunshine? Or has the vivid imagination of poetic minds been dwarfed by Mr. VERNON's unprecedented bad weather? Send us a few stanzas, somebody. Our waste basket is running low.—*New Haven Register*.

At a place called Johnston's Creek, near Waupun, a party of jokers were engaged in a charivari, when the bridegroom opened on them with a shot-gun, and one of the humorists is sleeping now in the valley. The way we look at it, there is just as much of a joke in shooting a man dead as there is giving a charivari. We always laugh when we hear of a young married couple being charivariated—just as much as we do when we hear that a man has been killed. They are both just as cunning as they can be.—*Peck's Sun*.