



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

It is a fact that a hoghead is larger than a hog.—*Philadelphia Item.*

Courtship is a draw game—marriage is a tie.—*Chicago Journal.*

Writers should belong to the authorodox church.—*Danville Sentinel.*

The painter who fell over with his ladder full of paints went down with colors flying.—*McGregor News.*

When a thief snatches a watch and transfers it to a confederate, he does so merely to pass away time.—*N. Y. News.*

It is found that Mrs. SOUTHWORTH has killed over 700 persons in her novels, and is still at large.—*Turner's Fable Reporter.*

Many a writer of note languishes in prison. Put another man's name on the note, you see.—*Marathon Independent.*

A man arrested for bring a barn, whereby its contents were destroyed, said he didn't know it was loaded.—*Boston Transcript.*

Paragraphers will not be allowed in boat-houses, hereafter, they have so many old saws at their command.—*Yavob Strauss.*

It was a merciful police justice who told us, once upon a time, that he'd rather commit a blunder than a prisoner.—*N. Y. News.*

When a thing you much desire is just beyond your reach, a man sadly realizes that Contentment is better than reaches.—*Whitehall Times.*

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as her "treasurer."

Men are naturally poor cooks. This was demonstrated in army days, when officers going to house-keeping always made a mess of it.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Toronto GRIP thinks Uncle Sam wants to re-open the fishery question. Well, we're not afraid to tackle it: "Have you had a bite?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

No matter how low down a man gets in the world, there are two things he can always get, somehow or other; good advice and bad whiskey.—*Newark Sunday Call.*

"Money," says Mr. TALMAGE, "is a golden-breasted bird with silver beak." Yes; and it's a kind of poultry that most men are particularly fond of.—*Chicago Times.*

The Washington Capital remarks: "Some of our slow subscribers, who may not find our paper in their mail, can understand that its absence is due to their unremitting kindnesses."

All doctors recommend people to go to sleep lying on the right side. This is all the better if you are a little deaf in the left ear and don't get home till late.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A bicycle rider was thrown off his fiery, untrained, steed and fatally injured in Chicago, and the citizens want the Governor to appoint another Thanksgiving day. All the good things are coming in a heap this year.—*Norristown Herald.*

We never met an organ-grinder, no matter how humble he was, who wouldn't put on airs every time he saw a group of children playing in front of a house.—*N. Y. News.*

"I allus takes things as they come," remarked the tramp, as he lifted the apple pie that had been left out of doors to cool, and industriously ambled out of sight.—*Rockland Courier.*

There is something soft and tender in the fall of a single snowflake, but when it comes to crawling out in the morning and shovelling away a big drift, its orneriness, mean and disgusting.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Along late in the forenoon JOHNNY was found crying as if his heart was broken. "Why, JOHNNY," said his mother, "what's the matter?" "Boohoo, boohoo," he sniffled, "it's nearly dinner time and we're goin' to have turkey, and I ain't hungry."—*Steubenville Herald.*

A poet says: "Love holds me so! I would that I could go! I flutter up and down, and to and fro. In vain—Love holds me so." Eat a raw onion just before you go to see her and she will loosen her grasp and throw up a window. Paste this in your hat.—*Peck's Malheur Sun.*

There is nothing so charming as the innocence of children. "Mamma," said a five-year-old the other day, "I wish you would not leave me to take care of baby again. He was so bad that I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."—*San Francisco Post.*

"Some more cheese, please," said a small boy of eight to his papa at dinner. "No, my child," was the reply of the prudent parent, "you have already had enough. When I was a child I had to eat my bread and smell my cheese." Well," said sonny, "please give me a piece to smell."—*Portland Transcript.*

"MARIA," observed Mr. HOLCOMB, as he was putting on his clothes, "there ain't no patch on them breeches yet." "I can't fix it now, no way. I'm too busy." "Well, give me the patch then, an' I'll carry it around with me. I don't want people to think I can't afford the cloth."—*Unknown Ex.*

A little girl in the infant class of a Sunday-school thoroughly appreciated the difference between being good from choice and from necessity. At the close of the school one day the teacher remarked, "BECKIE, dear, you have been a very good little girl to-day." "Yes, I couldn't help being good; I got a stiff neck," BECKIE replied, with perfect seriousness.—*Unknown Ex.*

Presidents of nearly a dozen prominent colleges deny the statement made lately by a religious newspaper that our best schools teach that physical man was evolved from irrational animals. If, now, they could deny authoritatively that man himself is generally an irrational animal they would afford unspeakable consolation to politicians and preachers.—*New York Herald.*

When a young man makes the acquaintance of a pretty girl in a car, and takes a seat beside her, he feels as if he was in Paradise, and he wishes the journey was two thousand miles long instead of only ten miles. He keeps on wishing this until one end of his shirt-collar slips its cable and climbs up toward the top of his ear. Then the young man would prefer a seat on the coal-box near the door, and wishes he was going to get off at the next station. A collar warranted not to leave the moorings at unexpected periods would drive all the others out of the market.—*B. Dadd.*

The man who can devour a dozen and a half raw oysters at one sitting, is the man for eighteen ate he. (What ho, without there! Seize him and hurl him from the loftiest battlements of the donjon keep, into the foaming portcullis that flows past the postern gate). It is done. The limpid ripples of the silently flowing turret close above the eddying sailly port, and all is over.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Scene—Gold Hill Public School. Object lessons in the primary class. Subject, grammar.

Teacher—"Form a sentence with the word 'deaf' in it."

First Pupil—"A deaf man cannot hear."

Teacher—"Correct. Next, form a sentence with the word 'blind' in it."

Second pupil—"Pull down the blind."

Sensation in school.—*Unknown Ex.*

The story is told of a clergyman, that, after preaching an interesting sermon on "Recognition of Friends in Heaven," he was accosted by a hearer, who said, "I liked that sermon, and I now wish you would preach another on the recognizing of people in this world. I have been attending your church for three years, and not five persons in the congregation have so much as bowed to me in all that time."—*Unknown Ex.*

A few jokes about young ladies embroidering slippers for holiday presents to friends, are now in order.—*Cin. Saturday Night.* Are, eh? Well, here goes on the slippery subject: EM. BRODER, a favorite in Cincinnati society, was observed the other day to take out a new horse blanket to the croquet ground, and trace over its entire extent sinuous lines in charcoal. When asked what she was doing, she replied, "O, I'm designing a slipper pattern for the Fat Contributor, but I'm afraid there isn't cloth enough."—*Buffalo Sunday Times.*

Dreamily wrapt in reverie sits the maiden. Join, dear JOIN, is coming up for the holidays and the whole business is to be settled. They are engaged, of course, but the day, the joyous day, when the wedding ring—ah, the door bell rings. The postman leaves a letter. With heart beating quickly she breaks the seal. "Well, old boy, going up country to see my little 'mash.' She's a daisy, but she'll have to go. It'll break her heart, but she has no money. I've made an impression on LONORUNSE's oldest and susceptible daughter." She reads no more. JOIN has mailed the wrong letter and she's mad, tearing mad; for two months ago she'd thrown aside honest JNO. HARDWORKER because he had no style about him, and now she's reaping her reward. This story might have been strung out in five numbers of the *Weekly Continuation*, but we prefer giving it in a lump.—*New Haven Register.*

It isn't every man who can make a good stinging retort, neat and at the same time merciless. To do it well requires perfect coolness, great precision in language and rare laconic talent. Lord CLAUDE HAMILTON caught it the other day from FRANK LOCKWOOD. His lordship said in a speech at the Conservative Club, King's Lynn, "I have a great many friends among the Liberals with whom I often smoke a cigar and drink brandy and water." He then described Mr. LOCKWOOD, the liberal candidate, as a "political fledgling." Now mark what Mr. LOCKWOOD said in reply. "Lord CLAUDE HAMILTON has called me a fledgling. I don't know when Lord CLAUDE was hatched, but from what I gather from his speech, he seems to be a gentleman who is old enough to drink brandy and soda, and is young enough to talk about it." While this is hardly definite enough to fix his lordship's age, it is sharp enough to fix him.—*Tribune.*