



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The early passenger catches the train.—*Ex.*

A suitable dower for a widow is a widower.—*N. Y. Star.*

"What is truth?" inquires an editor. It's hard to tell.—*Toledo Commercial.*

A bird on the bonnet is worth two in a milliner's show-case.—*Syracuse Times.*

Saucisssenkartoffelbruchsauerkrautkranzwurst is a favorite German dish.—*Exchange.*

The most treacherous memory in the world belongs to the young man with a new watch.—*Meriden Recorder.*

It is the quality of the music that makes it necessary to chain the monkey to the hand-organ.—*Uncle Sam.*

Buttercups are plentiful on the outskirts of the town.—*Norristown Herald.* Remnants of broken *Pingapore* companies?

A San Antonio mocking-bird whistles for help so naturally that policemen run and hide themselves on a quiet beat.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A book just published is entitled "Sayings and Doings of Great Men." We notice that the "Sayings" have a large majority.—*Utica Observer.*

The boy who had to be driven to the bath tub last winter, now bathes for hours at a time in the canals and rivers.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"What a delightful fellow that Edward is—so jolly—his pocket-book always open." "N—Yes; to anyone that wants to put anything in it."—*Ex.*

It is one of the physiological mysteries why a boy's hands will blister so much quicker on a hoe-handle than they will on a base ball bat.—*Steubenville Herald.*

It is always the big fellows who get to the front in the crowd. Look at the strawberry box for instance; the little ones are always at the bottom.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

The flea, says the *Boston Transcript*, is the politician of the insect world. He is ever itching for place, creates no end of disturbance, and you never know where to find him.

The human skeleton consists of more than 200 distinct bones. So when a man says every bone in his body aches, you may know he is the landed proprietor of 200 achers.—*Bulletin.*

When SH(A)T(K)E(S)P(A)R(E) wrote, "What's in a name?" he was probably thinking of the time when his own name wouldn't be spelled alike by any two people in the world.—*Hawke.*

KIND OLD LADY—"Here, you bad boy, stop dragging your little brother along like that: you may kill him!" BAD BOY—"Gar! Don't care; got azother in the house."—*Uncle Sam.*

Speak of a man's marble brow, and he will glow with conscious pride; but allude to his marble head, and he's mad in a minute. Language is a slippery thing to fool with much.—*Boston Post.*

At St. Anne's Sabbath School in Lowell, in answer to the question, "Which is the greatest church festival?" a little orphan of 6 years promptly responded, "The strawberry festival."—*Lowell Courier.*

Papers with patent intestines are just coming out bright and fresh with the newsy statement that a "prize-fight between DWYER and ELLIOTT to take place in Canada is talked of."—*O. C. Derrick.*

It is said that Mr. HENDERSON, husband of LYDIA THOMPSON, has retired with a fortune of half a million. So, perhaps, it is about time for him to get a divorce and let some other fellow get rich.—*Jersey City Journal.*

Eighteen young ladies play base ball in New York. Hope they are good catches. Archery is to be fashionable among the ladies, and very properly; every young lady should know how to manage her beau.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Mrs. PARVENUE wanted to make a collection of antiquities, and when a connoisseur told her she should have something as a nucleus, she said no: if she could not get an old cleus she wouldn't have any.—*Steubenville Herald.*

MARK GREY, who attempted to assassinate EDWIN BOOTH, may be insane, but investigation fails to show that he was ever crazy enough to hang hideous blue dishes on his wall on the plea of having an æsthetic taste.—*Norristown Herald.*

A repeater tried to vote a dead man in San Francisco, and a little Irishman objected. "On what ground?" said the judge. "Because," said PAT, "the man died in the Fourth Ward, and ye are after voting him in the Third."—*Boston Courier.*

If a country editor's purse was as long as the time his delinquent subscribers take to pay for their paper, and as well filled as his imagination, what a mine of wealth he could command! And if—but let's leave the painful subject.—*Hack. Republican.*

A hairpin is a very useful thing to a woman. It serves the purpose of a toothpick, buttonhook, and hair-fastener, but all this is no excuse for having one in your vest pocket, when your wife don't know where it comes from.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Now is the season of the year when the man who sees the sign "Fresh paint," will walk up to the door, leave the marks of his dirty fingers on it, and go away muttering to himself, "That's so." This proves that he is just about as fresh as the paint is.—*Ex.*

A railroad traveller who had "five minutes for refreshments," undertook to call for a plate of "Saucisssenkartoffelbruchsauerkrautkranzwurst," and the train was at the next station, twenty miles distant, before he had the dish half named.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Have you heard the news, my dear?"

"No, what?"

"DIANA and FLORENCE have made up."

"No; have they, though?"

"Yes; each frankly admitted that the other was wrong, and perhaps she was too, and now they are the best enemies in the world."—*Ex.*

Such is the formidable antagonism of the sexes that a chance to give a Roland for an Oliver is never lost. "Don't you think that a good likeness of me?" said a pretty wife to her small fraction of herself called her husband. "Very good," was the reply, "except that there is a little too much repose about the mouth."—*Hack. Republican.*

Let us whisper a word to our young friends: "Don't waste any time 'learnin' to write 'poetry.'" Become a left-handed batsman. You can name your own terms, and, by standing in with managers of the game, make more money in a single season than the yearly receipts of any poet who ever wrote an English verse.—*Toledo Blade.*

When a woman's eyes sparkle and her face glows from the fire within, while her tongue rolls off information about igneous rocks and stratified rocks, silurian rocks and conglomerate rocks, of calcareous rocks and argillaceous soil, it is safe to say she was born in Boston, or at least has an uncle living in Massachusetts.—*Erie Herald.*

An ambitious young clerk in a wholesale grocery establishment resolves to enter the civil service and so presents himself before the examiners. One of the questions is, "What is coffee, and where does it come from?" "O, come now, you know," says the candidate; "I can't give away the boss—allow me to plead privilege. That's a professional secret."—*Ex.*

If you were to accuse Miss ANAÏNE DE FLUKEY of overweening self-conceit, you would not abash her in the least; she would retort that one has a perfect right to admire the masterpieces of Nature. The day after the announcement of her engagement to FRED DERY, an old friend offered his congratulations. "Not me," she said, and she twined her nose haughtily—"congratulate FRED."—*Puck.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in sending a poem to the *N. Y. Tribune*, says in a postscript: "Poems are rarely printed correctly in newspapers. This is the reason so many poets die young." Of course, after this information, very few newspapers will hereafter correctly print the verses of young poets. The poems will always be given to the "intelligent compositor" to put in type, and the proof-reader will forget to read the proof.—*Norristown Herald.*

He was a venerable and agricultural looking man, attired in the latest New Jersey fashion, and he stood on a street corner near Washington Market. Holding up his left hand and gazing reflectively upon three pieces of string tied around an equal number of fingers, he soliloquized: "That's to remind me—get a spool of cotton; t'other means, don't forget the calico; but, what in thunder's this one for? Ah, by gum! that's don't get drunk again."—*N. Y. Com. Adv'r.*

A resident on Bush street who had a horse to sell was directed to a citizen on Ninth avenue, who wanted to buy, and after a little talk the two made a trade. The Ninth avenue man gave an old horse and \$28 in cash for the other, and everything seemed perfectly satisfactory. In a day or two, however, the Bush street man returned and said: "You and I made a trade the other day?"

"Yes," replied the other.

"You are a member of the church, I understand?"

"I am."

"Well, that horse you traded with me has a spavin, and you never said a word about it. What sort of trickery is this for a Christian man to engage in?"

The other entered the house without a word, and after a minute reappeared with the family Bible and said:

"Mr. Blank, here is my guide and consolation. I have read this book through and through, and if you will take it and find where a Christian man is required to point out spavins in a horse trade I'll buy you a better horse than you ever owned!"

The Bush street man went home with new thoughts in his head, and he has said no more about the exchange.—*Detroit Free Press.*