



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The house of the CÆSARS—the custom house.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

It is no sign because a farmer is growing sage that he is becoming wise.—*Boston Transcript.*

A man never knows how many friends he has until he purchases a billiard table.—*New York Star.*

We presume the axletrees of railroad car wheels are called journals because of their rapid circulation.—*Boston Transcript.*

When we see XX or XXX on a liquor cask we always think of the amount of criss cross walking condensed inside of it.—*New Haven Register.*

The strong clear writer seldom sends his printer to the italic case. He puts out his piece and allows it to speak for itself.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

A Vermont woman, aged one hundred, is learning to play the accordion. This is probably the worst case of total depravity on record.—*Syracuse Herald.*

Whenever a doctor makes his appearance in the far West, the inhabitants know that it is about time to pick out a location for a cemetery.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

Boston will presently celebrate its 250th anniversary. The advanced age of the city sufficiently accounts for the prevalence of eye-glasses among its inhabitants.—*Chicago Times.*

The following wise saying by SOLON is, we regret to say, not generally recorded in his works: "Young man, never cut your finger, nails before buttoning on a collar."—*Rochester Express.*

"Your son, madam, persists in doing nothing," says the director. "Then," replies the woman, by no means disconcerted, "you should give him the prize for perseverance."—*Ex.*

Gold from Europe continues to arrive here in such quantities that our young men can now own two sets of brass sleeve buttons without being considered extravagant.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

A young lady's hat blew off Saturday morning and was run over by a broad-wheeled cart. The ribbons were somewhat soiled, but the hat is now the very latest fall shape.—*Norristown Herald.*

A short time since a regiment headed by its band marched by, a little boy standing at the window with his mother said: "I say, ma! what is the use of all those soldiers who don't play?"—*Albany Journal.*

There is something passing strange about human nature. If a man had to support his family by playing billiards at \$2 a day, he'd complain he had to work awful hard for a living.—*Middletown Transcript.*

What is the difference between a dairy maid and a stormy petrel? One skims the milk and the other skims the water.—*New Haven Register.* We don't, even now, quite see the difference.—*Boston Post.*

A very much whiskered individual driving in a Victoria down-town with his Scotch terrier, asked a witty lady what she thought of them. "Why!" said she, "I thought you were beside yourself!"—*Boston Traveller.*

Young Lady—"John, how long shall you be, as I want to practice?" Gallant Young Gardener (with noisy lawn mower)—"Oh goo yeow on, Miss AMY—goo yeow on! I shan't mind yar noise!"—*London Punch.*

A fashion writer tells us that "the buttoning of dresses in the back is going out of fashion." If your unmarried aunt still affects that style, you may tell her it is behind the age—if you dare to.—*Boston Transcript.*

Coachman to Minister of Finance (whom he has driven to the Treasury Department on the first day of that functionary's incumbency)—"When does Your Excellency desire to leave the Treasury?" Minister of Finance (abstractedly)—"Never!"—*Ex.*

"Did you ever see an apron?" says one of those interrogative newspapers that are always getting off squibs about "did you ever hear a horse laugh, or see a rope walk," etc. Yes, we have seen an apron and it covered one lap.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Hello, where are you off to? Going travelling?" "Yes, my friend Soandso, editor of the Whatsitsname, has got me passes to the seaside and I'm going to spend a few weeks there and write some letters to the paper." "You ungrateful wretch."—*Ex.*

He asked her: "Going away?" "Yes; going to the sea baths." "What! in such chilly weather as this? You will never go into the water?" "Oh, yes I will; I'm all fixed up for that." "Really?" "Yes, I've had all my bathing dresses lined with fur."—*Ex.*

DR. BURNET, wishing to sell a bad horse, mounted it to show off its good qualities, but he did not succeed in managing it as he expected. "My dear Mr. BURNET," said the intended purchaser, "when you want to mislead me, mount the pulpit, and not the saddle."—*Ex.*

When you pick up a paper like the *Meriden Recorder* or the *Oil City Derrick*, and peruse a sublimely sentimental or deeply philosophical essay, the last line of which reads "Sold by all Druggists," you are forcibly struck with the truth of that conclusive remark.—*Toronto Graphic.*

MARIE CHRISTINE is to be paid an income of \$50,000 a year for marrying King ALFONSO. For the young man's information, ere it is too late, we will state that there are plenty of girls this side of the pond who will marry him for less money than that stuckup Austrian thing.—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

"Do you see where you are charged, sir, with being drunk and disorderly?" observed the Recorder, holding out the affidavit just signed and sworn to by the policeman. The tramp took the affidavit, read it carefully, upside down, and replied, "Am I to blame? I never wrote that."—*Galveston News.*

"How much for a pear?" he asked, and with a chuckle paid the three cents demanded. Then came the joke. "I only took a pair," he said, exhibiting two of the articles. And what a satisfied grin that punster started away with! "All right," shouted the huckster after him, "pears are only a cent apiece, but I krowed you'd be up to some dodge. You keep the joke, old buster, and I'll keep the extra cent."—*Syracuse Times.*

"Didst ever feel, my love," said he.—  
The twain 'neath starbeams strolling—  
"A thrill no tongue can e'er express,  
And yet 'tis vain controlling,  
A something that o'erwhelms the soul  
And quite o'ercomes the senses,  
A ceaseless throb that through each vein  
Its influences dispenses?  
Canst tell me what it is, my own?"  
Then fondly he looked at her.  
"In course, you guess," she tartly said.  
"It's corns, that's what's the matter?"  
—*Yonker's Gazette.*

"The weird Alpine horn" is the instrument of torture that rouses the visitor at sunrise over in Switzerland. It is no more efficient as an awakener, however, than the voice of the landlady as she screeches from the foot of the stairs: "Ain't you gunter get up? Jes' clearin' off the breakfus' table!"—*New Haven Register.*

A gentleman who was interceding with Bishop BLOOMFIELD for a clergyman who was constantly in debt, and had more than once been insolvent, but who was a man of talents and eloquence, concluded his eulogium by saying: "In fact, my lord, he is quite a St. Paul." "Yes," said the bishop, dryly, "in prisons oft."—*Ex.*

A grand tournament of the bands of North Western Pennsylvania will take place at Oil Creek Lake some time this month. Residents of the vicinity have been asked to take their choice between remaining at home and going to Memphis, and over three-fourths have decided to brave the lesser horror of the yellow fever district.—*Norristown Herald.*

An eye to the future: Mother to her daughter just seven years old—"What makes you look so sad, CARRIE?" CARRIE, looking at her baby-brother three weeks old—"I was just thinking, that in about ten years from now, when I shall be entertaining company, and having beaux, that brother of mine will just be old enough to bother the life out of me."—*Puck.*

A young man dressed in the height of fashion and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road, and, upon gazing at the pond which skirted the highway, said, "Oh, how I would like to lave my heated head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied, "Bedad, you might lave it there and it wouldn't sink."

A young man about to enter college asked a student to tell him some complimentary phrase in Latin that he could repeat to the professor when he should be introduced. The friend complied. On meeting the professor he said: "Ahem! *Ego sum stultus.*" The professor merely opened his eyes a trifle wider and said gravely: "Yes, sir; I am well aware of the fact."—*Christian at Work.*

A colored man was once asked why he did not get married. "Why, you see, sah," said he, "I got an old mudder, an' I hab to do for her, ye se, sah, an' if I don't buy her shoes an' stockin's an' bread an' butter she wouldn't get none. Now, if I was to get married, I would hab to buy dem tings for my wife, an' dat would be taking de shoes an' stockin's an' bread an' butter right out o' my mudder's mouf."—*Ex.*

A Yorkshire trainer lately revealed his method of meeting a conjugal storm. His plan, he said, was to keep silence and nod his acquiescence to everything, no matter what was said by his spouse. "Yes," remarked one of his friends, "but then she has it all her own way." "Just so," replied the Tyke, with satisfaction; "and nothing annoys her so much. There is nothing women hate like a walk over."—*Ex.*