



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A cool thousand—Half a ton of ice.—*McGregor News*.

Dear little things—Early asparagus.—*Pittsburg Telegraph*.

Paragraphs worth copying are creditable affairs.—*Boston Post*.

Boston folks only ask to live, move and have their beans.—*Utica Observer*.

A little knowledge may be dangerous, but a little widow is more so.—*Hartford Journal*.

The successful farmer trusts a great deal to the fates—phosphates.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Sing Hey is not a merry maiden or a tar. He is just a Chinese washee-man.—*Boston Post*.

Fast girls who offer their hearts and hands usually belong to the giddy-uns' band.—*N. Y. Herald P. I.*

Cholera is out of the reach of the poor, with cucumbers at 50 fifty cents a dozen.—*New Orleans Times*.

"Given up by the doctors"—All hope of collecting more than one-third of their bills.—*New York News*.

House cleaning is nearly over in this city, and the men are returning from the woods.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

"Lovely woman stoops to folly," when she bends over to pick up an absurdly long train.—*Ottawa Republican*.

A farmer was killed by his hired man, and the coroner's verdict was, "Death by his own hand."—*Steubenville Herald*.

Sympathy is a "pathy" that touches many a sore heart, when homoeopathy and allopathy have utterly failed.—*Steubenville Herald*.

An amateur singer frightened a pair of canary birds to death. It was a case of killing two birds with one's tone.—*Picayune*.

Men often go around the Horn, and every unmarried lady of forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

There is nothing more likely to estrange two friends than a small debt. Land U may some day be separated by an O.—*N. Y. Mail*.

"Madam," said a tramp on Cottage Hill, "would you give me an old pair of pants, for I'm starving to death?"—*Norristown Herald*.

SHAKESPEARE must have seen two ladies taking leave of each other before he wrote 'Much Ado about Nothing.'—*Norristown Herald*.

It is a very poor newspaper office that hasn't got at least one compositor who "used to set type right alongside of ARTEMUS WARD."—*Gen. Ed. Night*.

An exchange says: "The most notorious girl of the period is Em Bezzle." She generally keeps company with a fellow named I. Mizzle.—*Reno Gazette*.

The same gambling dens which the police hunt for months to find are frequently found by strangers who have not been in town half an hour.—*N. Y. Herald*.

The jolly minstrel is a banjovial fellow.—*N. O. Picayune*. Indeed they are, even if their bones do rattle, and they nearly all have the guitar.—*National*.

A Pittsburg barkeeper whose educational fund is limited, spoke of a man whom he considered to be a hypocrite, as a "wolf in cheap clothes."—*Pittsburg Telegraph*.

In a list of "Maxims for Young Men," a contemporary includes "Make few promises." But, in that case, how is a fellow to be a promising young man?—*N. Y. Mail*.

A London paper thinks that by residing in Europe, an American girl can gradually "get rid of her war-hoop." American girls don't war-whoops now.—*Montpelier Watchman*.

A Fort Worth stage robber has acquired as much money in the practice of his profession as if he had failed in business and compromised at fifteen cents on the dollar.—*Galveston News*.

Base balls are covered with horse hide tanned with alum, but base ball players are covered with glory and tanned by the sun. P. S.—Sometimes they are tanned by the other club.—*Utica Observer*.

It looks the easiest thing in the world to carry a market basket, but keeping the cover in its place and the butter-bowl from clasp ing hands with the bag of sugar, is what bothers most men.—*N. Y. Express*.

Some hotels furnish bills of fare in French, so that many guests will call for bread and butter rather than make a display of ignorance before an empty stomach and an illiterate waiter.—*Furness Falls Reporter*.

There is a telegraph operator on the Bing hampton road who, like Ralph Rackets, loves a lass above his station; and it is as much as ever if he can keep an eye out for the down train.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

The Czar has got frightened a bit

On reading up Latin, to wit:

The Nihilists hold

Were fighters of old;—

'Tis written the first "Nihil fit."

—Puck

The female students of the Iowa agricul tural college are taught to cook and be practical housekeepers. We should think there would be fearful matrimonial mortality among these girls following their graduation.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

Last Sunday a Sunderland superintendent, after the lesson was closed, asked the little boys the following question from the smaller question book: "Who knows better than father or mother?" A little five year old promptly answered, "I do."—*Ex*.

The unblushing assurance that leads the hen of twenty summers to enter market as a spring chicken, compels the belief that nothing but the inexorable difficulties attend ing the exploit prevents her from appearing in the guise of a fresh laid egg.—*Boston Transcript*.

A person is known by the position he oc cupies. The man who trudges around the sawdust arena, amid the thumping of drums and the sounding of brass, is a hero; while he who plods his weary way along the dusty thoroughfare, beseechingly asking for work, is a tramp.—*Waterloo Observer*.

The following testimonial for a certain patent medicine speaks for itself: "Dear Sir: Two months ago my wife could scarcely speak. She has taken two bottles of your 'Life Renewer' and now she can't speak at all. Please send me two more bottles. I wouldn't be without it."—*Norristown Herald*.

It isn't the frail, delicate girl, with the soft, gazelle-like eye, that the divine afflatus of spring poetry rests upon. Not at all. The genius of rhyme and rhythm is more often found in the robust and somewhat wrinkled maiden of 40 summers, with a good appetite and superb digestion. Young man beware of the rhyming female. She is the most expensive kind to feed.—*New Haven Register*.

As soon as spring put off her frown,

And man put off his ulster,

Fair woman put her bonnet on,

With joy that 'most convulsed her.

For there is naught to her so dear

As a new and sweet spring bonnet;

Nor there is not she more does fear

Than a drop of rain upon it.

—N. Y. Mail.

Says JONES, "When I see Mrs. J. in the clothes yard, both arms as red as a boiled lobster, bared to the elbow, and stretched high above her in their struggles with an un ruly sheet, an apron over her head, her hair in her eyes and a clothes pin protruding from her mouth; it seems impossible that she is one and the same with Miss STUBBINS I used to feed on peppermints, and about whom I used to rave so."—*Boston Transcript*.

A good-looking young fellow in Cam bridge applied for the position of coachman to a wealthy citizen, who had advertised for a servant of that variety. Cæsus looked the young man carefully over, and presently said: you won't do, my young man. I want a groom for my horses, not for my daughter. It is a hostler, not a husband that I am after." The young man hung down his head, and went away sorrowful, for he had great ex pectations.—*Ex*.

About 10 o'clock yesterday morning two men met on Sixth street and began threaten ing and calling each other names. One finally calling the other a liar, and the two were about to grapple when a woman open ed the door and said:

"Gentlemen, are you about to fight?"

"We are!" they answered together.

"Then have the kindness to wait a mo ment," she continued. "My poor husband has been sick for weeks and weeks, and is now just able to sit up. He is very down hearted this morning, and if you'll only wait till I can draw him up to the window I know he'll feel very grateful to both of you."

She disappeared in the house, and after one look into each other's faces the men smiled, shook hands and departed together.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Tell us not in mournful numbers that this life is but a dream, when a girl that weighs a hundred gets outside a quart of cream—and then wants more.—*Empira Gazette*. Life is real, life is earnest, and the girls know what they need, but on cream they are the durndest set to show their grit and greed. No encore.—*New York News*. Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate; but never let us go wooing girls that want a second plate. How's that?—*Newsboy*. Lives of such girls all remind us, as we float adown the stream, that the boys who come behind us will have to pay for lots of cream. N-e-x-t!—*Yonkers Gazette*. Be not like dumb, driven cattle, be a hero in the strife, never with her mother battle, save the ice-cream for your wife. Proceed!—*B ooklyn Eagle*. Art is long and time is fleeting; he who higgles is a churl; soothe with cream her heart's wild beating, pay the score and win the girl.—*Bowmanville Statesman*.