



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Marriage is often a mirage.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

One of the signs of the times—"Boarding."—*Cin. Star*.

A compositor makes money hand over fist.—*Phila. Sunday Item*.

Now is the time to put up your stovepipe and get all your fall soot.

Hen-pecked husbands wear their hair banged.—*New York Express*.

A midnight broil—oysters for two, after the opera is over.—*Stamford Advocate*.

An undertaker gets his living where another man dies.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

The two honey bees that went into the ark lodged in the archives.—*Whitchell Times*.

Flies work from sun to sun, but the mosquito's work is never.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald*.

A post in the ground becomes decayed wood at the end of ten years.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

As soon as a man swears off smoking, every one he meets offers him a cigar.—*New York Star*.

"I'll join you presently," said the minister to the young couple, as he went for the church key.

GEORGE ELIOT says: "women don't love men for their goodness." This is lucky, if it is true.—*Puck*.

'Tis better to go on foot than to always ride on a horse behind some one else.—*Whitchell Times*.

The Turk and the turquoise differ in that the latter is susceptible of a high polish.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

The New York policemen are at it again. The *Mail* says: "Increased bustle, activity in life at all the clubs."

"Whole hog or none!" as the young fellow said to his betrothed who was inclined to flirt.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

It takes twenty able-bodied men to stand and look at one poor little sign painter while he is at work.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

An Ithaca little girl, trying to describe an elephant, spoke of it as "that thing what kicks up with his nose."—*Erie Herald*.

Autumn leaves will wear the same colors this year as last. The *New Orleans Picayune* says there is no nonsense about nature.

A gun that misses fire when the owner knows it is loaded is waiting to surprise some small member of the family.—*N. O. Picayune*.

"It's cool to-day," said a mother to her little son. "Yes, it's school five days out of the week," replied the embryonic paragraphist.—*Ex.*

You might as well back a mule up against a beehive and tell him not to kick, as to tell a woman about a wedding and not set her under jaw in motion.—*Elmhurst Gazette*. Why, when does it come off, dear fellow-grapher?—*N. Y. News*.

Oh, what a thing is love!
It cometh from above,
And lighteth like a dove
On some.

But some it never hits
Except to give them fits
And take away their wits,—
Oh, hum.

—*Boston Transcript*.

One of our unfortunate managers says the season, so far, to him, has been like the Atlantic coast—a succession of lighthouses.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

Any minister can readily see that the brother who has not paid his pew rent should not throw too much unction into his prayer.—*Modern Argo*.

MACBETH used to play base ball; his position being "close behind the bat," to gratify his wife, who ordered him "to catch the nearest way."—*Sc. 5.—Puck*.

It is against the law to carry concealed arms, yet it is nothing uncommon on moonlight evenings to see young ladies with half-concealed arms around their waists.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Young man, don't waste your energies in attempting to wear too delicate a shade of clothes; the girls never care for them. Their own finery occupies their attention.—*New Haven Register*.

The school boy will gloat for half a day on the enigmas in a puzzle column; but when he comes to getting up his regular arithmetic lesson he considers it the greatest bore on earth.—*Rome Sentinel*.

The proper form for a will nowadays will read: "To the respective attorneys of my children I give my entire estate and worldly goods of all description. Personally to the children and to my beloved wife I give all that remains"—*Ex.*

LAMPTON, of the Steubenville *Herald*, is unmarried. If he ain't, he ought to be to insure his life, for he has come out with a declaration that "the difference between a woman and an umbrella is, that there are times when one can shut up an umbrella."—*Osewego Record*.

It rather disturbs the unities for a lover to hear his girl talk about etherialized friendship, the gossamer wings of love, the thin, permeable texture of affection, and that sort of thing, and then see her sit down and eat a big piece of roast beef, four biscuits and an apple pie.—*Steubenville Herald*.

She was dashing and flirty, and when she said her father was a broker and was connected with one of the leading railroads in the country, all the men at the watering place were after her. They didn't discover until the end of the season that her paternal relative broke the trains.—*Rockland Courier*.

'Tis the sweetest thing in life to see the childlike simplicity and deference to maternal authority which a maiden of thirty-five or forty will exhibit before a room-full of people as she skips across the floor to ask dear mamma if she may walk up and down the piazza for a little while.—*Andrews' Bazaar*.

At a trial of a criminal case the prisoner entered a plea of "not guilty," when one of the jurymen put on his hat and started for the door. The judge called him back and informed him that he could not leave till the case was tried. "Tried?" queried the juror; "why he acknowledges that he is not guilty!"—*Ex.*

A Keokuk boy has built a small engine or motor which runs by the power of Limburger cheese. The stronger the cheese the stronger the engine. He thinks he has struck a big bonanza, and by adding a few onions, and a small quantity of boarding-house butter, enough strength will be obtained to hold a mule by the hind legs while the smallest kind of a boy twists the mule's tail.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

He had just returned from a three years' whaling voyage, and overcome by his joyful reception, he found himself before the police court. "Your honor," he said plaintively, "I'm a simple sailor, lowly born." "Thirty days for the drunk, six months for the *Pinafore*," was the ringing sentence; and the poor tar, bewildered, was dragged to his dungeon cell, and deprived of telephonic communication.—*N. Y. Star*.

They were walking along the village street, and they were newly-married husband and wife. The air was insufferably hot, when he, looking at the signs, "Ice cold soda water," and "Lemon ice cream," said: "Ice is very bad for the teeth; it ruins the enamel." Then she took out her new set, and putting them gently behind the tying-post, said, "Sweetie, we will take all the precautions and save all the enamel."—*Herald P. I.*

LORD BEACONSFIELD, at a recent agricultural dinner in England, stated that farming in the Western States had become so unproductive that the chief landholders had sold out their property and gone to Canada. Somebody has been telling Dizzy that old minstrel gag, used during the war, about men flying to Canada to get out of the draft.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

A little Cincinnati boy, four years old taken into the country for the first time, was astonished at everything, particularly at finding blackberries "tied onto sticks out of doors," as he expressed it. In a pasture he saw cows reclining in the shade, chewing their cuds. After observing them for a time he said he would like to be a cow "and have nothing to do but lay around under the trees and chew gum!"

ALMOST AN ARGONAUT.

'Twas in the fall of 'forty-nine

The gold fever broke out,

'N I'd hev bin a pioneer

Without the slightest doubt,

But MOLLY, took on 'n said,

"Argonaut, dearest JOE!"

I thought I'd argy not with her,

So boys I didn't go.

—*Yavocb Strauss*.

The train had just emerged from a tunnel, and a vinegar faced maiden of thirty summers remarked to her gentleman companion, "Tunnels are such bores!"—which nobody can deny. But a young lady of about sweet eighteen, who sat in a seat immediately in front of the ancient party, adjusted her hat, brushed her frizzles back, and said to the perfumed young man beside her, "I think tunnels are awfully nice."—*Norristown Herald*.

A veteran who fought at Austerlitz gazed from his Military medal of St. Helena at the portrait of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE that hangs over the chimney-piece, and says with tears in his eyes:

"Alas my Emperor, that thou should'st have died a captive in a distant island too soon to have an opportunity of wearing this decoration! For truly if ever a man had a right to the St. Helena medal thou art that man!"—*Ex.*