



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Motto for the dog Catchers—"Justice, tho' the skyes fall."—*Puck*.

Listening to the "voices of nature," we note that green corn is a little husky.—*New Haven Register*.

It is suggested to Mr. Edison that an ounce of invention is worth a pound of talk about the electric light.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

Amid all the annual havoc in garden sauce, there hasn't a bug been found mean enough to attack an onion.—*Marathon Independent*.

"Mamma," asked a little girl, "why is it they sing in church 'We'll dine no more,' and then go right home and dine?"—*Oil City Derrick*.

"Texas is the land of miracles," says the *New Orleans Times*. Somebody must have escaped being shot there lately.—*Oil City Derrick*.

"There is something new under the sun," remarked the old gentleman as the young man sat down on the fresh paint of the front stoop.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Although the height of a bootblack's ambition is to shine a man's shoes, it always pains him to see a pedestrian pass with his boots highly polished.—*N. Y. Star*.

Now is the time when the wise country cousin writes to the city relations that a neighbor across the way is stricken with the small pox.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

A modest young man says he would't expose himself to public view while bathing, under any consideration—"In fact," he says, "I'll dive first."—*Bradford Era*.

People are accustomed to think harshly of the freaks of genius, but let them relent; for the airs of genius are no worse than the airs of mediocrity.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

When the boy fell out of the apple-tree and broke his leg in two places, the doctor who was called in attributed the accident to the effect of climb it.—*Steubenville Herald*.

The man who owns a fine gold collar button, with a diamond set in the centre, always considers it cooler and more comfortable to go without a necktie.—*Brooklyn Argus*.

A Pulaski boy recently swallowed a pen-knife. Although not quite out of danger, he finds some consolation in the fact that the knife belonged to another boy.—*Fulton Times*.

The ambitious city young man is now saving up money enough to enable him to spend fifteen or twenty minutes in some fashionable watering place.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

A man will eat soggy biscuit twice a week without complaint, when his best girl invites him to tea. But after that girl becomes his wife, if there is the faintest indication of a touch of saleratus in them, the neighbors will think there's a district school out for recess by the racket he makes.—*Marathon Independent*.

"Yes," said a Texas lawyer, who was defending a murderer, "the prisoner at the bar will prove an alibi. Gentlemen, we shall prove that the murdered man wasn't there."—*N. Y. Star*.

A man attracted more attention at the depot this morning by wearing his hair in ringlets than he could have done by merely being president of this great and glorious country.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

"Thermometer's up to ninety, Mr. Putancall," said a visitor to a State street broker. "Let 'em go up to par," said the man of margins, abstractedly; "I'm not short on 'em."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

If Sara Barnhardt is twice as thin and twice as subject to fits as Clara Morris, we suppose she will want twice as much for reserved seats when she comes to this country.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

It is becoming fashionable among intelligent men to send a card instead of going to a party. Being out all night dancing, and eating an indigestible supper while standing up, does not hurt the card.—*Ex*.

A brand of chewing tobacco is called "Hope." When a man asks for a chew and you pass him the box, the old proverb is reversed and reads, "He who enters here leaves no Hope behind."—*New Haven Register*.

The ceramic art has become so popular on Long Island that dominic hens that used to feel flattered while sitting on china eggs refuse to take anything less than a blue milk-pitcher or a purple tea set.—*N. Y. Herald*.

The grape crop of Ohio will not pan out first-class this year, but don't you imagine that this will make the least difference with the number of gallons of wine demanded. Grapes are not necessary to wine.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I would box your ears," said a young lady of Bellefaste to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "if"—"if what?" he anxiously asked, "If," she repeated, "I could get a box large enough for the purpose"—*Puck*.

Two young ladies and Mr. THADDEUS O'GRADY were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question: "Which of us do you think is the elder?" "Sure," replied the gallant Irishman, "you both look younger than each other."—*Phil. Transcript*.

A great many of our modern young ladies resemble the lilies of the field—they toil not, neither do they spin! But they spend a pile of money and lay around the house and let their mothers do the work. That's the kind of holly-hocks they are!—*Elmira Gazette*.

Editors are seldom heard discussing the propriety of taking summer vacations and leaving their congregations. Editors must preach every day. Editors must stay and "stick it out." Editors can't move their studies to the mountain or breezy seaside. Editors must get their inspiration at the same old desk the year round, the desk which looks out on a patch of brick wall ten feet opposite and an iron shutter. Newspapers never close their pulpits. Wouldn't it be ridiculous to propose vacating a newspaper's pulpit for two or three months during the warm season, and sending the staff to Europe or Long Branch to cure their bronchitis? Newspaper men are like cooks. They must broil at the furnace the year round. Folks can't do without their morning chops, coffee and paper.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

JONES says there are three ways of getting a restaurant lunch in this country—the American plan, where you get your meal for what you pay; the European plan, where you pay for what you get; and the Asiatic plan, where you pay for twice as much as you get.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Many a man who scolds his wife because things are not just to suit him at home will be as placid as a custard pie and as mild as milk at a fashionable summer resort, and where nothing is as good as in his own house, and he knows it. It takes a man to do that.—*Steubenville Herald*.

If we wanted to paint a picture representing intense feeling of embarrassment and anger whitewashed with a thin coat of the most guiltless innocence, we would select for our subject a young lady who had suddenly sat down on a banana peel on a crowded street.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

She held firmly onto the ropes and gaily warbled, "Oh, George isn't this just nice? Now, really, I think this just too exquisite for anything, with the cool breezes blowing silvery foam around in little fairy goblets, and—" The dash denotes the moment she swallowed the billow.—*N. Y. Star*.

"You love me?" echoed the fair young creature, as her pretty head oiled the collar of his summer suit. "Yes," he said tenderly, "you are my own and only—" "Hush!" she interrupted, "don't say that—be original. That sounds too much like Barnum's show bills."—*Rockland Courier*.

A hen out in the country is laying eggs measuring eight and a half inches around the waist. She is evidently tired of hearing of "hailstones the size of a hen's eggs," and is determined to inaugurate a reform in this particular. It is hoped all the hens in the country will turn in and assist her in her laudable effort.—*Norristown Herald*.

There is a fish-pole that can be made to look like a cane. Why hasn't some one invented a pail that can be shut up to look like something entirely different, so that when a man returns from an unsuccessful berrying venture, and he is quite likely to, there will be no pail in sight to suggest unhappy questions in the minds of those he meets?—*Danbury News*.

Julia and Pauline, figurantes at a theatre, have a little tiff.

"I hate you so, you mean thing," says Julia, "that I wish you hadn't a brooch to your back."

"And I hate you so, retorts Pauline, "That if you were drowning before my eyes I wouldn't lift my little finger to give you a cup of cold water—there!"

The other day a farmer met a friend in Detroit who asked him how prospects were out in the country. "This dry weather is just killing everything," was the doleful reply. Some hours afterwards a storm of rain broke over the city, and as the farmer ran in and out of the wet his friend said, "This will do good out your way." "Maybe, maybe," said the farmer, "but it's mighty rough on them's got hay out to-day."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The young woman who desires to have herself published in the newspapers as "fascinating, beautiful and accomplished," will please pack up her clothes in a dry towel, crawl out of the back upstairs window, some dark rainy night, and elope with the man who carries her dad's horses. It's a big price to pay for compliments, but it will bring them just as certain as a dirty rain-water barrel will beget mosquitoes in July.—*Waterloo Observer*.