



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A monarch of the seize—the sheriff—*New Haven Register.*

To make a fine eye water—Stick an onion to it.—*Glasgow Times.*

A wife in the house is worth two in the street.—*McGregor News.*

Grass gets its dew—about the only thing in the world that does.—*Et.*

It is better to be the Czar, when he is shot at, than the crowd.—*Old City Derrick.*

If an old sheep can only jump a fence they call it a spring lamb.—*New York Herald.*

Advice to the dressmakers—Be sure you are right, then go ahead.—*Whitehall Times.*

As the sleepy spring fever comes on get out your awnings and yawnings.—*New York Herald.*

Nervous, ejaculatory women belong to the order of migratious animals.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Prof. PIAZZI SMITH fortells a "glowingly-hot" summer. It can't get above '70 anyhow.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Mr. and Miss KEETER are preparing for business and the presenting of their little bills.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Trust not the circus athlete as he bowingly enters the arena. He is a man of revolutionary intentions.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Our First Baby," is the title of a new book. It is bound in muslin, of course, and has a weak back.—*Spring City Sun.*

The Americans had to pay ROWELL here, but the Englishman have had to Parole well over there.—*N. Y. Commercial Adv.*

When an obnoxious lecturer is frescoed with chickened eggs, can it be called a spawn-taneous ova-tion?—*Chicago Com. Adv.*

A Nevada tramp applied to a doctor for some work and the doctor asked him what he could do. "Well," said he, "I could dig graves."—*Et.*

A enthusiastic Utica communist hates kings and aristocrats so heartily that he proposes to put an end to the royalty on patents.—*Utica Observer.*

Time is money, and leisure is five cents to the man who reads the morning paper on a newsdealer's counter without paying for it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Visitor.—"Mrs BOBITOL at home?"
New Footman.—"Mrs. BOBITOL is not at home, sor. But I don't rightly know if she won't see you!"—*Punch.*

"Columbia, the gem of the"—Dominion of Canada threatens to secede. Great Britain says, "Do union, and I'll fetch you back again."—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

Since the war everyth'ng has gone down, except the price of postage stamps. Where are the newspapers that do the national fault finding?—*St. Louis Spirit.*

We have met many people who never knew enough to attend to their own business, but they always knew how to run a newspaper.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

And now the young man whose steps totter as he goes to the wood-pile to saw a stick, steps off in a walking match with the vigor and elasticity of a Jersey bull.—*Editor Green-slit.*

Would'st know what lesson hums the bee,
With dapper wings unfurled?
Translated means that sweet bees hum
"Bees-hum-thing in the world."
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

DEXTER SMITH has written a Decoration Day song entitled "They died for you and me." Probably refers to the old fellows that we hired to color their hair and whiskers and go out as substitutes.—*Boston Bulletin.*

A gentleman from Leadville, Col., is in the city exhibiting specimens of gold and silver ore from the mines out there. He did not bring a specimen of Leadville bread. It was too scarce and costly.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

Anxious mothers are not in so much fear as they used to be about their children getting drowned while in swimming, but they have to keep a bright look-out to prevent their doing themselves to death in walking matches.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

There is an innocent abroad here in Toledo He asked a friend what was the best bait for fish. "Try angle worms," said the friend, and may we be homeswogled if that mau hasn't had every boy in the city trying to find him triangle worms.—*Toledo Commercial.*

"What is love?" inquires a poet whose verses appear in the Philadelphia *North American.* The idea of a poet not knowing what love is. It's so long ago that we almost forget, but so far as we can remember, it was a sort of heart toothache.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

How doth the little housewife now improve each shining hour? She trots around with broom and mop and mind intent to scour. O, mortal man—unhappy soul, so hopelessly demeaned! O, happy man, if man there be, whose house need not be cleaned.—*St. Louis Journal.*

Nothing is so painful at this season of the year, as the disheartening spectacle of a nine-year-old hen, looking through the fence at a man digging a garden, while she exercises her rugged legs and incisive claws on the plank walk, just keeping in practice until the garden is ready.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

A man and a wife can never agree upon what constitutes a tidy-looking room. A woman will grow irritable when she finds half a dozen cigar stumps sticking to the scorched mantle-piece, and he can't be expected to keep calm when he finds a bunch of long "combing" in his shaving mug.—*Puck.*

Times have been so hard in the West this year that a great many people have been obliged to discount their crystal and china weddings from three to seven years, in order to raise the wind at that particular time when a financial atmospheric disturbance would most happily and forcibly strike them right where they lived.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

A party of artists and art critics came to the following conclusion regarding their dinner: That the hash was low in tone and defective in composition; the beer well-drawn but flat; the anatomy of the turkey strong; the bread too freely handled; the veal raw and cold, and hurried in execution; the butter strong, the coffee weak, except in the foreground; and altogether too much impaste in the bill.—*Hamper's Bazaar.*

The picnic season is approaching, and the wise man, when he goes out in the morning and meets a decorated job waggon jammed full of happy sweltering children, who are trying to sing in the intervals of having their livers jolted up against their palates, the wise man returns home and arms himself with umbrella and overshoes, for he knows it will rain that afternoon.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Indignant father to his son, whose picture has not even been skied at the Academy:

"You're a nice artist. Here you are 45 years old Christmas week, and yet no picture of yours has ever been received."

"But, sir!"

"Silence, sir! Don't you presume to 'but, sir,' me. Sir, at your age RAPHAEL had been dead for ten years."—*Et.*

When a student at the bar is called up for examination he is asked the question, "What is law?" Whereupon he replies, his eye in a fine freuzy rolling: "Law, in its most general and comprehensive sense, signifies a rule of action. In this sense it is applied indiscriminately to all kinds of actions, whether animate or inanimate, rational or irrational." Three years after he has begun practice, if he is asked what law is, he answers disgustedly, "Law is a deuced uncertain way of making a precarious living."—*Newark Call.*

A very amusing scene transpired in the justice court yesterday. A constable was preferring a charge against a party whom he had arrested for drunkenness, or rather was giving in his testimony relative to the case. "The prisoner," he said, "was lying upon the steps of May's drug store; he was abusive in his language to passers by, besides which he called me a fool." The prisoner conducted his own defense, and at this point he said, "You mean to say that I called you a fool, do you?" "I do," was the reply. Then turning to the court the prisoner said, "I would ask the court if the fact of my calling that man a fool is an evidence that I was drunk?"—*Waterbury American.*

It is evident that Pinafore has about had its day with us. We have been Pinafored to death. We look with indifference upon Sir JOSEPH PORTER with his inevitable "sisters and his cousins and his aunts." In fact we have come to dislike any allusion to them. Dear little BUTTERCUPS have ceased to be dear, and are remarkably cheap now—hardly worth five cents a cup. JOSEPHINE, the handsome captain's daughter, or the handsome daughter of the captain, for the captain isn't generally selected for his good looks, has ceased to charm, or DICK DEAD-EYE to appal. RALPH RACKSTRAW may be an able seaman, but he isn't able to interest us any further in his love affairs. Swapped for some one else when he was a baby, he may be traded off again without creating the least excitement. We have been raked Pinafore-and-ast repeatedly, and can't stand any more of it never. What, never? Well, h-a-r-d-l-y ev—bang!!! [Note by the publisher—Dear Suffering Readers: It is not often that we resort to the Texas code and take the law into our own hands, nor do we approve as a general thing of shooting a newspaper writer while working at his desk, but in this case we feel perfectly justified. A placard has been hung up in our office for some time proclaiming that the penalty for getting off a Pinafore "gag" by any writer for the SATURDAY NIGHT was death, yet the writer of the above has seen fit to disregard it and has met the doom he merited. His body awaits the coroner.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*