



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A kid-napper—Mrs. WINSLOW'S Syrup.—*Balt. Every Saturday.*

Old settlers—The egg-shells thrown out of the coffee pot.—*Syracuse Times.*

A miser never knows the value of a dollar until he urns it.—*Whitehall Times.*

The facts of a hard-fisted man cannot be over-come by making an attack on his grammar.—*Burdette.*

They called the old man a "rattling" good talker because his teeth were loose.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A barber who does a strictly cash business is a model scissors editor. He clips and gives no credit.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Opinions and certain knowledge are entirely different things, but how few recognize the fact. Many prefer the opinion.—*Modern Argo.*

Upon a modest gravestone in Vincennes cemetery appears the plaintive legend, "His neighbor played the cornet."—*St. Louis Times Journal.*

Election day is rapidly approaching, and the man with a vote to sell begins to look as important as a South American war-despatch.—*Rockland Courier.*

We are told that dirt is worked out of the ears by motion of the lower jaw. Perhaps this accounts for the cleanliness of ears among ladies.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The more style and display at the wedding, the more carriages and fine clothes, usually the more glaring headlines when the divorce is announced.—*Stubenville Herald.*

The last number of the Litchfield Enquirer contains two columns and a half of an obituary on CÆSAR. The deceased was well liked in Litchfield.—*Danbury News.*

A New York chemist has a sponge eight feet in circumference. If it only had a cane and a stand-up collar it would beat its way out West in no time.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A flirt who has outlived her season of conquest-making, and is yet single, has the consolation left that she may still boast the prints of good fellows.—*Fond du Lac Reporter.*

Many a woman dusts billiard chalk off her husband's coat, and a big tear stands in her eye as she thinks how late he works nights at his desk by the white-washed wall.—*N. Y. People.*

Too much refinement is bad. Call a San Francisco man square, and he likes it; but a Boston man of culture who called a Friscan quadrilateral, promptly got filled with buckshot.—*Boston Post.*

A young lawyer of Boston says that persons seeking solitude, where they can commune with their own thoughts uninterruptedly, should come to his office, where it is as quiet as the grave.

The excessive use of opium by Chinamen in this country, is attributed to the despondency caused from seeing the Hibernian mandarins in the circus' "Pageant of Nations."—*St. Louis Spirit.*

It being claimed by one of the sterner sex that man was made first and lord of creation, the question was asked by an indignant beau: how long he remained lord of creation. "Till he got a wife," was the reply.

A great many people are leaving England and coming to America. The chief reason for leaving it, so far as can be judged by remarks dropped by the emigrants, is that it isn't worth bringing along.

Women somehow get over childish notions that men never outgrow. Some men celebrate the anniversary of every birthday as long as they live, while women quit doing so almost as soon as they grow up.

Kind oyster, I've important information, Sing hey, the bully bivalve that you are, You now will make a succulent collation, Sing hey the merry oyster and the R.

*N. Y. Mail.*

"Somebody's waiting for me,"

The home-sick sailor cries, As far away o'er the sounding sea He casts his anxious eyes.

"Somebody's waiting for me,"

The truant school-boy wails, As he deftly doubles up his hat Under his jacket tails.

*Cin. Star.*

And now the returned city people write to their country cousins, with whom they have been staying, that they arrived safely, but found the city infected with small-pox, which is likely to last all winter.—*Boston Post.*

Mrs. SMITH, of New York, according to the *Herald*, stole a wash-tub to keep her children from starving. A family that can dine satisfactorily off a wash-tub must be reduced to the very lowest extremity.—*Buffalo Express.*

The papers announced the other day that a Watertown man had died. It has since transpired that it was the man's wife that died, and the papers have kindly consented to make the desired change.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

"Prisoner, how old are you?" "Twenty-two, your Honor." "Twenty-two? your papers make out that you were born twenty-three years ago." "So I was, but I spent one year in prison, and I don't count that—it was lost time."

A Boston court has decided that if a woman lends money to her husband she cannot get it back. This is stale news to a great many wives, who arrived at that decision long ago without the aid of a court.—*Richmond Independent News.*

First Boy—"Where yer bin, Billy?" Second Boy—"Bin fishin'." First Boy—"Ketch anythin'?" with an anxious expression on his face. Far-seeing Second Boy—"No. But I expect ter when I git in the house."—*New York Era.*

The summer is past and the season nearly ended, and yet not more than two-thirds of the young ladies have learned to carry their parasols gracefully reclining upon their left arm, as they used to their "dollies" when they were little flaxen-haired fairies.—*New Haven Register.*

The Oil City *Derrick* asks this conundrum: "What is a gentleman?" A gentleman, old fellow, is a man who comes into a newspaper office once in a great while and pays for his paper in advance. We always thought you knew that, else we should have told you before.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

Miss PALLAS EUDORA VON BLUNKY. She didn't know chicken from turkey; High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak, But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She could tell the great-uncle of Moses, And the dates of the Wars of the Roses, And the reasons of things—why the Indians wore rings, In their red, aboriginal noses!

Why SHAKESPEARE was wrong in his grammar, And the meaning of EMERSON'S "Brahma," And she went chipping rocks with a little black box And a small geological hammer!

She had views upon co-education And the principal needs of the nation, And her glasses were blue, and the number she knew Of the stars in each high constellation.

And she wrote in a hand-writing clerky, And she talked with an emphasis jerky, And she painted on tiles in the sweetest of styles; But she didn't know chicken from turkey!

—*Scribner's.*

However you may have been trodden upon, however powerful your enemies may be, come to the editor and receive satisfaction. He is all powerful; he will write your wrongs.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

SHAKESPEARE never repeated. There was a gifted little boy in Kentucky last week, who resembled the immortal bard in this important particular. He thoughtlessly twisted a mule's tail.—*St. Louis Times Journal.*

A poor demented person called at a parsonage, recently, where none but a stupid servant was living. "I want to see the Savior of men," said the traveller. The servant, thinking of the old question he had answered a hundred times, said: "He is out of town for the summer!"—*N. O. Picayune.*

If you see a clerk who carns eight dollars a week, and lives at a first-class boarding-house riding in an elegant turnout with his girl, and would like to cruelize him a little, stop his carriage and enquire in a semi-confidential tone: "How long have you been saving up?" It's a sure wilter, every time.—*New Haven Register.*

A Brooklyn woman who married a German count who turns out to be not a count and of no account, prays for a divorce. There is no need of American women marrying bogus counts when the genuine article is plenty and low-priced. It is a commodity, however, which is unusually dear at any price.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

There was a great excitement in front of a fruit commission house on South Water street a little after 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. A party of dealers overhauled and investigating a large lot of peaches which had just arrived in the market, discovered one basket with the fruit just as good at the bottom as at the top. The error was soon rectified and quiet restored.—*Chicago Journal.*

When you see a lady running after a horse car, shaking her parasol like mad, and crying out frantically, "Here, here!" the thought comes that all this trouble and vexation of spirit might have been prevented had she been taught to whistle on her fingers. But her gloves? Ah, yes; we hadn't thought of that. Perhaps it is as well as it is.—*Boston Transcript.*

A bold bad burglar recently broke into the house of an editor, in the watches of the night. The editor awakened and questioned the intruder: "What do you here? What look you for?" Said the burglar, gruffly, "Money." "Hold on a minute," quoth the editor, "and I will help you; I've been looking myself for ten years, but perhaps the two of us may have better luck." Then was the burglar much disgusted, but the editor called it a joke and insisted that the burglar ought to set 'em up.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*