



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Can decoy ducks be frightened away with a wooden "shoo"?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

The man who has nothing to say is wise enough not to open his mouth and tell you about it.—*N. Y. News*.

The tyrant GESLER originated an oft-repeated expression when he said "blood WILL TELL."—*Meriden Recorder*.

Says JONES: "I hate a fool." "Yes," replied SMITH, "like hates like." They meet as strangers now.—*Boston Transcript*.

"There she blows!" was the exclamation of the Nantucket sea-captain when his wife commenced to scold him.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

We regret to announce that the old Lent jokes of last year are about to be returned and without interest.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

When JOHNNY was asked if he was learning the art of skating very fast he answered, "Oh, yes, I tumble to it."—*Buffalo Courier*.

The man who is ashamed of the age in which he lives, is not aware that the age cares nothing at all about his bashfulness.—*Modern Argo*.

With one hand he held her beautiful golden head above the chilling wave, and with the other called loudly for assistance.—*Extract from a romance*.

"BOB INGERSOLL is about to take up his residence in Chicago." We thought the Colonel always denied the existence of such a place.—*Norristown Herald*.

A new use has been found for boarding-house buckwheat cakes in the oil region. They are utilized for patching up second-hand steam boilers.—*Corry Herald*.

"Shall I hereafter darn your stockings?" is said to be the fashionable language for a young lady to use when making a leap year proposal.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald*.

A medical journal tells of a man living five years with a ball in his head. We've known ladies live twice as long without anything but balls in their heads.—*Honma (La.) Courier*.

"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician while going his rounds. "Nine." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one wouldn't take it."—*Honma (La.) Courier*.

Doctor's now say that boiled cow's milk is not good for babies, it is better raw.—*Exchange*. The doctors are right; a raw cow gives better milk than a boiled one.—*Philadelphia News*.

It was a delicate piece of sarcasm in the boarder who sent his landlady last evening a razor, neatly enclosed in a handsome silk-lined case, and labelled "Butter-knife."—*Hartford Post*.

In our criticism of MARY ANDERSON'S "Evyadne," Saturday night, we omitted to mention the diamonds, which took their parts with consistency and conscientious devotion to detail that was very praiseworthy.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

Western papers are discussing the question, "Shall married women work?" Unless they do we suppose a good many husbands of the period will starve to death.—*New York Express*.

They have a railway running to the summit of Mount Vesuvius now. There are no drinking saloons on the way, but when you get to the top you will find plenty of the crater.—*Cin. Sat Night*.

The Danbury News, in a long article, tells "How a Hat is Made." The simplest cheapest and quickest way to make a hat is to bet on the winning candidate at the election.—*Norristown Herald*.

Pretty girl from Columbus avenue buying a valentine—"I want something that shows—a cultivated feeling you know; nothing common like pansies and violets." She didn't get it.—*Boston Courier*.

The Irish people can't eat the speeches made in this country over their woes, nor yet make soup of the resolutions passed at mass meetings. What they want is pork and potatoes.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The countrium class will please stand up. When is a mug of ale like a target? When you draw a bead on it. Why is a silly young lady like a match? Because she is light-headed.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

A bevy of Chicago girls, at a recent wedding threw their slippers at the bride on her departure on her bridal tour, for luck. One of them hit her, and her funeral transpired three days later.—*Somerville Journal*.

It has been demonstrated that a house broom left lying around under the table and on the back steps lasts just as long within two days as one for which the wife takes ten dollars' worth of trouble.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Cheap swell (trying to do the grand) — "Haw—waitaw—bottle of champagne." Waiter—"Yes, sir. Dry, sir?" Cheap swell—"What's it to you whether I'm 'dry' or whether I ain't? Bring the wine."—*London Fun*.

LOUIS KOSSTUTZ says that idiot is a word of Greek extraction, and meant with the Greeks a man who cared nothing for the public interest. This is hard on the class of eligible voters who remain away from the polls on election day.—*Chicago Journal*.

JONES says his wife is the most thrifty woman he ever knew. "Why, sir," he says, "she made ten bedspreads during the last two years; made them herself, sir, out of the patterns she collected in her shopping tours during that time."—*Boston Transcript*.

Distinguished people who find it necessary to send messages to the Czar at regular intervals, congratulating him upon his escape from attempted assassination, ought to have printed blanks on hand ready to fill out, as they would save time and trouble.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

Nothing so takes the courage out of the social story teller as to relate a funny yarn to an absent-minded man, who not only neglects to laugh, but five minutes later tells the funny man his own story and expects him to be intensely amused.—*Mauch Chunk Democrat*.

We said, the other day, "A millionaire with a boil is not a bit happier than a beggar in the same predicament," and forty-seven millionaires have called upon us for an explanation. Once for all, we must say right here that we haven't time to fool with millionaires.—*N. Y. Express*.

While General GRANT is in Mexico he will have an opportunity to study the beauties of a country that is strongly opposed to a third term. In fact, is is only about once in two thousand years that a Mexican president is permitted to complete his first term.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

An army officer is retired when he goes out of service, and a wheel is retired to go into service again. When a sheriff releases a prisoner he loses possession of him, and when he releases a house he regains possession of it, and this is a howling old language of ours, isn't it?—*Philadelphia Press*.

We protest against the folly of this senseless demand that the money of the land should be kept in circulation. That's just the trouble with it; it circulates too fast. What we are trying to do is to stop a little of it right at the very number where the carrier leaves our letters.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

The statistical person who desires to know the number of valentines that went through the mails on Saturday, can only obtain it by the rule of three. As the common sense of the world is to its folly, so is the average daily number of letters to the love missives on St. Valentine's Day.—*Greenwich Observer*.

In a little family discussion, the other day, the madam remarked, somewhat tartly: "When I marry again—" "I suppose you will marry a fool," interrupted the husband. "Beg your pardon," said she, "I will do nothing of the kind. I prefer a change." The lord and master wilted.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"When a soldier is ill," says *The Yonkers Statesman*, in a spirit of mirth, "he becomes a six-shooter." Our obituary editor tearfully suggests that such jokes are worth weapon over.—*Oswego Record*. We're happy to say we cannot understand your shot, it's bullet too. We're not sorry we big-gun this volley.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Extract from a remarkably sharp boy's composition on tobacco: "The habit of using tobacco is very bad: in fact, my Third Reader says it is disgusting. Even hogs won't use tobacco. But that's because they ain't persevering. No one likes tobacco the first time. And if hogs would only stick to it a little while, there wouldn't be no more said about their refusing the filthy stuff."—*Puck*.

A Buffalo saloon keeper has fallen heir to an Austrian estate of \$3,000,000. Virtue is always rewarded. If this saloon keeper had been a wicked editor, working twenty-seven hours a day, the probabilities are that he would not have fallen heir to a single cent. When he comes into possession of the money the world will be in about the condition the moon now is. And PROCTOR says that it will take a few billion years to effect this change.—*Norristown Herald*.

"What a delightful place the country must be," said young FITZALMONT to an ethereal being who had lived on a farm all her life. "Nothing to do but to pluck buttercups and daisies, and hear the little birds chirping all day. And then the gurgling brooks. Ah, me! we city folks don't know what the country is." Then the maiden looked up into his face with the coyest kind of a smile, and warbled: "You're way off, young'un; this is pig-slickin' time, an' we don't have no daisies an' buttercups an' gurgling brooks. Somebody's been a stuffin' you!" That young man will not visit the country soon again.—*N. Y. Express*.