



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Its poor land that can't hold its sown.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Out on a foul—Taking a ride on an ostrich.—*Albany Journal*.

The way some farmers put up corn is shocking.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Toast by our bachelor friend—The day we celibate.—*Boston Transcript*.

If poverty is a disgrace mended stockings are a darned shame.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

It is a poor plan to spend your own vacation and other people's cash.—*New York News*.

The saddest words of tongue or pen, "I intend to pay, but I don't know when."—*Etc.*

Some one suggests that England should establish a Zuluogical garden.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Isn't it queer that a man can see nothing when he can't see anything?—*Foul du Lac Reporter*.

In China the signs of aristocracy are small feet. This must be effete aristocracy.—*Det. Free Press*.

Out on a fly—smashing the cream jug instead of the insect.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

If there only could be such a thing as softening of the brayin' of a donkey.—*Philadelphia Record*.

The best fire does not flare up the soonest.—*Detroit Free Press*. Do you mean kerosene?—*Boston Post*.

Captain PAUL BOYNTON is to be married. Hereafter he proposes to float with the tied.—*Danbury News*.

A man in Venice, Ill. has christened his cat "OTHELLO, or the Mewer of Venice."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A sporting gentleman of undue levity of mind speaks of a dog show as a reign of terror.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"A charge to keep I have," as the gun said when it was loaded and put away for future use.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A summer resort—Borrowing money to go on a fortnight's jaunt to the mountains or sea-shore.—*New York News*.

It must be very warm weather that will take the corn starch out of festival ice cream.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Find out what men laugh at and you know exactly how refined and intelligent they are.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

JONES who is engaged to an heiress calls her Economy, because she's on the road to wealth.—*Boston Courier*.

ROBINSON CRUSOE suffered many financial reverses. Indeed he had his Black FRIDAY all the while.—*Buffalo Express*.

Gen. BURNSIDE recently reviewed the militia of Rhode Island. The militia rode by in a hack.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Paper is worth six cents a pound in Peru until it is made into money. Then it depreciates about fifty per ct.—*Boston Post*.

The mastodon bones discovered in Orange county are supposed to belong to a Jersey mosquito that got far north and starved to death.—*N. Y. Herald*.

A college orator in a spike-tailed coat points the way to true greatness and then goes and rents himself as a pitcher to a professional nine.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Knowledge is the right bower, and one of the showiest cards in the pack, yet in the game of life cheek is the little joker that is oftentimes the winner.—*Whitehall Times*.

Sea bathing is hardly ever indulged in by the Russian ladies on account of the jealousy felt by the nobility against permitting any familiarity with the serf.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

The witches took Macbeth for a restaurant keeper, says an amateur Shakespearian critic, for did they not cry, "Hail thane of clams!" and "Hail thane of chowder!" to him.—*Rochester Express*.

An exchange hastens to inform us that Queen Victoria drinks her tea out of a saucer. Glad to hear it; always supposed she took up the teapot and drank out of the "nose."—*Rome Sentinel*.

It was an Irishman who remarked of a miser who had died and was treated to rather a pretentious funeral, "Faith! an' if he'd lived to see how mighty expensive a thing it was to doie himself he'd never been born."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

We don't believe, as a general thing, in a tradesman's bragging about his goods; if they are good they'll show it quickly enough; but the dressmaker, now—why, every lady will say that puffing adds to the beauty of a dress.—*Boston Transcript*.

It has never yet been explained why a person needs his religion more in the winter than in the summer. And yet it is a well known fact that church attendance in the hot months always drops down to alarmingly low figures.—*Rockland Courier*.

Whenever a survivor of the "famous six hundred" dies two new recruits come to take his place. It is no wonder that Russian bullets were powerless to exterminate this bold brigade, since the ruthless hand of Time is denied a victim in their ranks.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

"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 young lady parting with a friend last evening was heard to say, "I wish you would come up and be our coachman." This is rather a neat way of declaring intentions, and we shall expect to see it come into extensive use when leap year rolls round again.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

"In pursuing my theme, I should like to cover more ground, but—"

"Buy shoes big enough for your feet, and you'll do it," was the impudent suggestion from the crowd, and the orator adjourned his remarks until a more refined audience could be present.—*New Haven Register*.

"And how does CHARLIE like going to school?" kindly inquired a good man of the little six-year-old boy, who was waiting with a tin can in his hand the advent of another dog. "I like goin' well 'nough," replied the embryo statesman ingeniously, "but I don't like stayin' after I git there."—*Rockland Courier*.

Deacon Comrost says he has tried everything he could think or hear of to stop the ravages of the potato bug, but without success until this year. He has at last found a sure way of getting rid of them. He doesn't plant any potatoes. He thinks it strange he never thought of so simple a method before.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Smoke in any room you please," said she. This was three months before marriage. "You have been smoking that nasty, disgusting old pipe in here again, and I declare if the room doesn't smell loud enough to knock a person down," said she, holding her nose. This was six months after marriage.—*Norristown Herald*.

There is a paper at Janesville that continues to publish base ball news. Base ball, it will be remembered by old settlers, is a game played by eighteen persons who wear shirts and drawers. They scatter around the field and try to catch a cannon-ball covered with raw hide. The game is to get people to pay two shillings to get inside the fence.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun*.

Many cities are starting cooking clubs. That is a move in the right direction. Good cooking is better than poor poetry. It is a solemn fact, that the girl who knows how to grease the frying pan is worth more about dinner time than the one who can fluently conjugate all the French verbs, and who can begin with omega and sing the Greek alphabet backwards.—*Quincey Modern Argo*.

It is fun to watch a man endeavoring to raise a cork out the neck of an ink bottle with a gimlet. The cork generally comes out pretty hard, especially when covered with sealing wax; and somehow or other the ink flies up in his face and all over his shirt-front, that is, if he has on a new shirt. If the shirt happens to be old and of no use the ink flies over his shoulder and dapples the wall.—*N. Y. Star*.

A young lady graduate in a neighboring county read an essay entitled "Employment of Time." Her composition was based on the text, "Time wasted is existence; used, is life." The next day she purchased eight ounces of zephyr of different shades and commenced working a sky-blue dog with sea-green ears and a pink tail on a piece of yellow canvas. She expects to have it done by next Christmas.—*Norristown Herald*.

It is not positively known yet what Eastern watering place will catch the paragraphers picnic, but it is thought Cape May.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*. We knew GRISWOLD tell the story. There the boys will sit in DEHAVEN of delight, HOLDEN fast to their COATES, and gazing at the CRYSTAL flowing from the bubbling Brooks to the deep blue sea beyond, shoot many a KENNARD at the bathers GWYNNE along the shore.—*Oseego Record*.

Said Mrs. BAXTER to her mate, "My dear, where shall we rusticate?" At Newport, Long Branch or Cape May, At Saratoga, Put-in-Bay, Or where, my dear, I beg you say?" Then Mr. BAXTER heaved a groan, And answered in a smothered tone: "My dear, we cannot, will not roam By seaside plash or mountain gloom— We'll rusticate this year at home." Then Mrs. BAXTER gave a glare— A shriek went out upon the air— A flash, a crash, a smash, a roar, A seething, bubbling flood of gore, And Mr. BAXTER was no more.

—*St. Louis Times-Journal*.