



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

How much cold can a bare bear bear?—*Stamford Advocate*.

Pallas, though not a mule is an asteroid.—*Oscego Record*.

"Government pap"—The Father of his country.—*N. Y. News*.

High rents—Those made in a balloon at an elevation of a mile or so.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

A poor relation—The anecdote told by a man that stammers.—*Marathon Independent*.

The man who is always getting his dander up should invest in a hair restorer.—*N. Y. People*.

Don't buy thermometers now. They'll be lower after awhile.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

Those who put their money into telephone stock made a sound investment.—*Lowell Courier*.

Lo still has his Indian summer, but it is about all the Indian agents have left him.—*Middleton Transcript*.

Motto for returning boards—Let us do the country's counting and we care not who does the voting.—*W. S. Way*.

Four-fifths of all law-suits and court cases arise out of unpaid notes. Moral—never give your note.—*McGregor News*.

FALSTAFF and Prince HAL were very thick together, but JACK was three times as thick as the Prince was.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

It is a good thing that the collar of a stove pipe don't need buttons, else the trouble would never end.—*Fon du Lac Reporter*.

Man has two places where he can keep his treasures. His pocket can hold his dollars, and his head his sense.—*Whitchell Times*.

BISMARCK loves an old pipe.—*Detroit Free Press*. Of wine?—*New Haven Register*. That is not a proper butt for a joke.—*Boston Post*.

If the bar that some lawyers are practicing at was a crow bar, it would be a decided improvement for the world at large.—*Owego Record*.

When the Grecian soldiers went into the wooden horse of Troy as told in classic story, did they enter by his gaiters?—*Stevensville Herald*.

The best time to "crib" corn is on a dark night when the owner is away from home and the dog chained up.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

"What do you do when you have a cold?" asked a man of Simpkins, yesterday. "Cough," was the sententious reply.—*Philadelphia Item*.

You may say what you will about gamblers leading an idle life, it is a well known fact that they work card for a living.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

There is nothing so unprofitable for a butcher to sell as tough beef. Fifteen cents' worth of tough steak will last a family of small pretensions four days, while during the same time they would eat a dollar's worth of good beef.—*McGregor News*.

Horse blankets with sleeves, accompanied by some eight buttons, like saucers in size, are paraded in the form of overcoats by the gentry of the town.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

If you have a public office, paint your coal stove red-hot here and there, and you will save twenty per cent. in coal and keep the public just as warm.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Just suppose those abandoned sinners had sawed Noah's Ark in two.—*Albany Journal*. The result would have been the same in all human probability—there would have been no race.

Were we to be anything else than we are, we believe we would be the saw that cut COURTNEY's boat, and then start off and exhibit ourselves. It would pay.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

Keep up with the procession of life, young man; right up in front where the band is. If you ever fall to the rear where the elephants are, you are apt to get walked on.—*N. Y. Express*.

JONES can't see why it is telegraphed all the way from England when a horse takes a dose of salts. JONES has been reading of some racer taking the Epsom cup, probably.—*Boston Transcript*.

The fellow who drops a counterfeit coin on the church plate, is the one who occupies the last pew in order to save the interest on his cent while the collection is being taken up.—*Tom B. Chrysal*.

The hunting season is about over unless we except the festival oyster, who is elusive, scarce and gamy as ever. What is needed is a spoon with a fine-toothed grappling attachment.—*McGregor News*.

The new governess—"Now, I suppose you know that there are three times as much water as land upon the surface of the earth?" Tommy—"I should think so, indeed. Look at the puddles!"—*Punch*.

WEBSTER tells us that the definition for bonnet is "a covering for the head;" but a glance at some of the ladies' head-gear, forces home the idea that it is merely a falsehood.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

Nothing seems impossible in this scientific age, unless it be to secure the payment of borrowed money.—*Detroit Free Press*. That's so, unless the lender will take a mortgage on your umbrella.—*Boston Post*.

"What is the difference between the masons and their tenders," asked Mr. PRACTICAL, "so long as they get the same pay?" "The difference lies in the hods," replied JOHN, the Britisher.—*Boston Traveler*.

She was my *idyl* while I wooed:

My *idol* when I won;

My *idol* when in after years

Ways *idle* had she none.

—*Oil City Derrick*.

When you see a melancholy man in an editorial room, tearing his long hair and moaning to himself as he doubles over on his desk, you must not imagine that he is writing up a bloody murder or a boiler explosion. He is the funny man, grinding out the "mirthful morsels."—*St. Louis Spirit*.

Red-topped boots will make a boy feel rather important, but the don't-touch-me-ness he exhibits with those possessions is not a circumstance to the opinion he has of himself when he gets located on the high seat of a lumber-waggon, with reins in his hands, and is not rebuked for saying "git app!"—*Fon du Lac Reporter*.

It is so in politics, business and everywhere else in life. The man whom you boost up the tree not only forgets to toss you down some of the fruit, but is as likely as not to pelt you with the chawings.—*Jersey City Journal*.

A grandson of DOM PEDRO is to marry a daughter of Dr. AYER, the pill man, (see advertisement of AYER's pills.) The young woman is worth \$5,000,000, part of which is paid to us quarterly for the aforesaid advertisement.—*Peck's Sun*.

It is dark enough for the young people to lean on the front gate at half-past five now. It is a singular fact that no matter how much earlier this business is commenced it takes just as long to get through.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

The time to "stray."—Parson: "Seated alone in the evening of life, your thoughts, my friend, must oftentimes wander to many subjects." Aged rustic: "Yes, they does, sir. Mostly a-Sundays when you are a-preaching."—*Fun*.

A good natured traveller fell asleep in a train, and was carried far beyond his destination. "Pretty good joke this is, isn't it?" said he to a little fellow passenger. "Yes, it is a little far-fetched," was the rejoinder.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

The late rains have caused the milkmen to rejoice. One of our acquaintances remarked, the other day, that for several weeks water was so scarce he was obliged to give his cows milk to drink. He now thinks he sees a chance to get even.—*Corry Herald*.

JANE (under 9), to her governess—"Miss BLUNT, when ma asks you to have some more wine to-day at dinner, do please say yes." Governess—"Why? What do you wish me to take more wine for?" JANE—"Oh, I only want to see ma's face."—*Ex*.

Before they were married he called her "Pussy." A few months afterwards, when she presented that slovenly appearance too often seen in young women after they have done their matrimonial marketing, he seemed to have reason to address her as "Old Scratch Cat."—*Turner Falls Reporter*.

The number of persons who refuse to sign their names to communications which they desire published if they can shirk the responsibility of authorship, is nearly as large as the number of those who are anxious to secure the publication of touching verses to the memory of deceased friends, provided such publication shall cost them nothing.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A girl at Bridgeport, Conn., got a button in her ear, and came near dying. The young man, from whose vest the button was brushed by her ear, is exonerated from all blame by the community, as it is proved that he told her to be careful and take her head away from there or he would not be responsible for the consequences. There is nothing much more annoying in a girl's ear than a brass vest button, with a copper eye.—*Peck's Sun*.

Halloween was celebrated by one of our clergymen in a novel manner. Hearing a knock at the door he went there and found a very small boy on the stoop. The very small boy had his hands in his pockets and was stamping his feet to keep them warm. "Is Mr. H. in?" he asked. "Yes" returned Mr. H. himself. "Tell him to stay in," shouted the very small boy, as he "lit out" from the premises. Owing to Mr. H. being bareheaded and in his slippers, the advice was followed.—*Danbury News*.