



## THE JOKER CLUB

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The sweetest words—the thing me-lass-sez.  
—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Mr. TALMAGE's trial is rapidly nearing its 100th night.—*Buffalo Express*.

Good name for a steamboat stewardess—BERTHA.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

Barbers wear slippers because they will not dye with their boots on.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Winter still lingers in the lap of Spring. Won't somebody please hand Spring a pin.—*Danbury News*.

Girls should remember: "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wives."—*Binghampton Republican*.

When a young man begins to be called a blade there is always more or less steal about him.—*Steuenville Herald*.

The man who believes he can move the world should begin by Wheeling West Virginia.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Ekowe in Zululand is not pronounced at all—it is sneezed; and the savages who invested it were up to snuff.—*Puck*.

The police of New York are being vaccinated. But what's the use of it; they never catch anything.—*Chicago Times*.

A lady in Fair Haven got her foot stuck in a soft spot in a concrete walk. "Sing hey the merry maiden and the tar."—*Yale News*.

Debating clubs are anxiously worrying themselves over the problem, which has the most bones, a \$2 corset or a fifty cent shad?—*Syracuse Times*.

Never too old to learn. The Englishmen should have known that the American horse would win. That's what he went over there for.—*Detroit Free Press*.

It is a well known fact that the favored suitor for most girls' hands is the fellow who can light the ball gas without the aid of a chair.—*Baltimore News*.

Sing hey, the merry May-day,  
Sing hey, the merry May-day,  
Sing hey, the merry May-day,  
And the catarrh.—*Ex.*

A dispatch from Europe announces the suicide of an Italian nobleman. Great goodness! who did he leave his hand organ to?—*Phila. Chronicle Herald*.

"In the complexion of my youth I'll have no such word as pale," and she reached for the rouge box with the clutch of an angel.—*New Haven Register*.

When you observe a family sitting about the dinner table, each member bathed in tears, remember that the horse-radish season is upon us.—*Whitehall Times*.

JEFFERSON said: "We seldom repent of having eaten too little." He never went out to fish all day without taking breakfast before starting.—*N. O. Picayune*.

The season for garden making is at hand, and the druggist always smiles when a foolish woman asks for a strengthening plaster for her back.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

It is learned by the *Syracuse Herald* that JEROME BONAPARTE was the man who struck Mr. PATTERSON—he did it for the old gentleman's daughter.—*Pittsburg Telegraph*.

Over 500 decoy ducks were shot to pieces on St. Clair Flats last year by Eastern sportsmen. The law against killing wooden ducks should be strictly enforced.—*Detroit Free Press*.

We would like to exchange with all the newspapers that ask us to do so, but really it is impossible. We must print a paper occasionally for a subscriber.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

"Got an item for you," said a laconic individual entering this office yesterday. "What is it?" asked a reporter. "Cord of wood in town; got 128 feet in it."—*Toledo Commercial*.

One grocer asks another: "Is Col. — a man to be trusted?" "I think you'd find him so," was the reply. "If you trust him once you'll trust him forever. He never pays."—*Ex.*

It is six weeks since GEORGE WASHINGTON's body servant was last heard from. If this should meet his eye will he communicate with an anxious public without delay?—*Albany Ev. Journal*.

The pedestrian who walks 500 miles in six days, never travels faster than a boy does when he is dispatched to the cellar for a scuttle of coal while a circus pageant is passing the house.—*N. Y. Star*.

The water cart has appeared on the streets and the driver has already got sick of replying to the young man in a new spring suit who wants to know what business the driver has to irrigate the sidewalk.—*Boston Post*.

Oh! where is the spring,  
That mysterious thing?  
Now do not all answer together.

Correct. Let us sing  
That the advertised spring  
"Is postponed on account of the weather."  
—*Courier-Journal*.

The young man who was kicked on the door step while endeavoring to serenade his girl, by her enraged papa, was too cautious to call him a pirate, but he didn't hesitate to designate him as a free-booter.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*.

When a man borrows two dollars, his mind will be as active as a misused hornet; but when the time comes for the return of the money, his mind will lie as dormant as a ground mole in the dead of winter.—*Danielville Sentinel*.

A Boston paper says that "JOAQUIN MILLER stalks around town accompanied by a couple of stalwart retainers." We take it for granted that the latter are for the purpose of holding the Bostonians while WALK reads his poetry to them. They need to be stalwart.—*San Francisco Post*.

We still long for cheap transit. Can't some one devise a practicable plan to satisfy our longing?—*Index*. We guarantee that the *Index* man has a pass on all the railroads, and yet he is not satisfied. The railroad company ought to furnish him with a special car.—*Englewood Standard*.

Wash a baby up clean and dress him up real pretty, and he will resist all advances with a most superlative crossness; but let him eat molasses gingerbread and fool around the coal hod for half an hour, and he will nestle his dear little dirty face close up to your clean shirt-bosom, and be just the loveliest, cunningest little rascal in all the world.—*New Haven Register*.

Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face and an indescribable yearning to live and take an honorable place in the world beside the companions of his youth. \* \* For sale by all druggists.—*Exchange*.

"How is your wife's health," said one Toledoan to another, "is she well?" "Well? Hardly ever," was the response. The questioner gazed sternly at the questioned, but finding that he meant it, put up his revolver.—*Toledo Commercial*.

It is our good nature and not our fine furniture that makes home attractive.—*New York News*. But when all the bed slats fall out of place, and waken you up with a crash about midnight, what becomes of your good nature?—*New Haven Register*.

When in full dress the Zulus wear a ring in the nose, and that's all!—*Albany Argus*. Isn't that enough to wear in the nose? Perhaps you want an African gentleman to carry around a whole jewelry store in his proboscis.—*New Haven Register*.

At last it has been discovered "How to keep a boy on the farm." The plan is to kill him and bury him six feet deep in the barn yard. This rule does not apply in Ohio, however, where body-snatching makes it extremely doubtful where the boy would be a week after burial.—*Norristown Herald*.

Once in a while we see a man  
Who rides the wild, untamed velocipede;  
Once in a while we see a man who strides  
Around the track to test his walking speed.  
Once in a while we meet the man  
Who wears the helmet hat we once all wore;  
And now and then we meet the man who quotes  
The "hardly ever" line from *Pinsford*.

Extract from young lady's letter—"And do you know, MAUD and I are quite sure that Capt. POPPLE had taken far too much champagne at the ball, for he took out his watch and looked hard at the back of it and then muttered: 'Bless my soul! I hadn't any idea it was that time o' night!'"

On April 1, a grocer in the country took some salt and other stuff and put a sign on it, "Beet sugar, twenty pounds for one dollar." Every man and woman that came in took a handful of it to taste, and then winked and said nothing. It is in the country that they have all the fun.—*Milwaukee Sun*.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed the gentleman who had just billed Burlington for a lecture on "The Frauds of the Bible," closing an animated theological discussion in a Main street bar room. "Oh, pshaw; they ain't no sense talking that way about him. I'm willin' to give MOODY credit for all the good points he's got. He's an earnest man enough; b'lieves what he says; honest enough in his opinions, I reckon; but dog-gou it the man's coarse; he ain't got no kulcher." And the discussion ended.—*Hartley*.

One of the orange sellers on the Campus Martius yesterday found a bad specimen among his fruit and carelessly tossed it away. It struck an old woman in the eye, and she made such a fuss over the accident that the man gave her a dozen good oranges to go her way in peace. She had scarcely left when a sharp looking boy about twelve years of age slid up to the fruit seller and said:

"Say, are you going to hit any more old women to day?"

"Why, no—not if I can help it," was the reply.

"If you are, give me a chance," continued the lad. "I'll bring my mother down here and you may hit her in both eyes for half the oranges you gave that other woman, and if that isn't fair you can have a shot at dad and me."—*Detroit Free Press*.