



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A round trip.—The waltz.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The barometer is a great storm scouter.—*N. O. Picayune*.

Time is money; note the price paid for Rarus.—*Detroit Free Press*.

It's a wise railroad stock that knows its own par nowadays.—*Boston Courier*.

Garlic cures gout, but there is nothing really good for garlic.—*N. O. Picayune*.

The watch lacks self respect; it is always trying to run itself down.—*Boston Post*.

Nearly every man at a horse race is a better if not a happier one.—*Boston Transcript*.

Honesty is the best policy. An on-nest bird hatches the most eggs.—*New York Mail*.

Some of our subscribers are trying to kill us with kindness—unremitting kindness.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

"Whole hug or none!" as the young fellow said to his betrothed who was inclined to flirt.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

The lamb is an emblem of humility as well as purity. There is no cheek to the lamb's chop.—*Boston Transcript*.

When a hotel landlord announces that "we are full," don't always imagine they mean the hotel.—*Syracuse Standard*.

"Mamma, can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dears. But be careful and don't want anything you can't have."

Dr. MARY WALKER justifies her little freaks by the unanswerable assertion that this is a freak country.—*Kansas City Times*.

"A Farmer" is respectfully informed that weeds on the farm are got rid of by a little husbandry. So are those on a widow's bonnet.—*American Punch*.

One of our old bachelor friends says the parting of lovers is sickening. Perhaps there's too much ta-ta emetic in it to suit him.—*Glasgow (Ky.) Times*.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS says nobody should smoke in the presence of ladies. Do the ladies hear? It is time for them to get out of the way.—*Buffalo Express*.

Statistics prove that women's teeth decay at an earlier age than men's, which conclusively proves that spruce gum is more injurious than tobacco.—*American Punch*.

We know of a great many men who are so anxiously advocating the payment of the national debt that they forget all about those contracted by themselves.—*Elmira Gazette*.

During their vacation most of the school-boys have become rusty, but in one week more they will be as accurate as ever with the putty blower at short range.—*New York Star*.

When RICHARD GRANT WHITE read an extract from one of SARA BERNHARDT letters in which she used the word "appalused," he turned up his fine nose and said: "And this is the creature that has turned the head of all Europe! Well, may I be ginswizzled!"—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Heat told me
Hot true he'd be,
But my warm heart is sad,
Freeze left me lone,
Ice sob and moan,
My heart is snow more glad.
—*Marathon Independent*.

The school-boy will gloat for half a day on the enigmas in a puzzle column, but when he comes to getting his regular arithmetic lesson he considers it the greatest bore on earth.—*Rome Sentinel*.

The sin of ambition by which the angels fell, will never be marked down against the young man whose sole effort is to carry a light cane and a still lighter mustache.—*New Haven Register*.

It was an unfortunate mistake of the compositor to put under the head-line "Reduction in the Price of Gas," the statement that Mr. — receives only fifty dollars for a lecture, now, instead of a hundred, as formerly.

One of our druggists was complaining yesterday that business was dull, as every one had gone to the fairs, but he added that they would come back sick, and he thought that would help matters out.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

Rural Etiquette: Guest—"Don't you know any better than to walk into my room without rapping? you see I am all undressed!" Servant—"Oh! you needn't excuse yourself, mum; I don't mind."—*Andrews' Bazar*.

A lazy man, having a wife named Hope, whose custom it was to pull off her husband's boots every evening, was wont to exclaim on such occasions: "How truly it is said that 'Hope is the yanker of the sole.'"—*Yonkers Gazette*.

They asked a crier in one of the courts if he did not find it difficult to while away the time during the hearing of dry cases. "Oh, no," was the prompt reply; "I just lean my head back and sleep the sleep of the judge."—*French Witticisms*.

JOSEPH COOK is at Ticonderoga ciphering out the reason why the unknowable preponderance of the luminous ego causes the heterogeneous infinity of the deplorable bioplast to give way before the laughter of the soul at itself.—*St. Albans Advertiser*.

A woman who was having her first introduction to the telephone was told by the operator to place the instrument to her ear and listen to the words the wire would speak to her. "And now," she said in all innocence, "shall I talk with the other ear?"

A park policeman seeing a yellow dog near two handsomely-dressed women, approaches respectfully and says: "Does this beautiful little creature belong to you, ladies?" "Mercy, no!" Park policeman (lifting his cane)—"Get out o' here, you beast."

There will be five Sundays in next February. Think of so much Sunday night bliss in the shortest month. But then this won't happen again in forty years. Let the old gentleman remember this and be hopeful when he lays in the winter coal supply.—*New York Express*.

He was a plain old Grauger, and when his son informed him that he had determined to go to college and learn something, the old gentleman looked straight at him and said, "Now, look-a-here, JOHN, you may learn readin', ritin', spellin', rithmetic, and a little jography, but if you grapple with any o' them there dead langwidges, I'll kill you when you come home, so they'll do you some good."—*Norristown Herald*.

It is against the law to carry concealed arms, yet it is nothing uncommon on moonlight evenings to see young ladies with half concealed arms around their waists.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A member in the rhetorical class in a certain college had just finished his declamation, when the president said: "Mr. —, do you suppose a General would address his soldiers in the manner in which you spoke that piece?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the reply, "if he was half scared to death."

An Irishman requested Postmaster MAYO to superscribe a letter to his brother, recently. "And where shall I direct it to?" said the official. "Be jabbers, I don't know at all; but they told me you had a book with every post office in America in it, so they did!"—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

A reporter for the *Argo* was out this week for a few days and found prevalent these popular prejudices: "Men do not like men pianists, men singers, lady punsters, whistling women, or men who part their hair and name in the middle; and women do not like men poets, timid lovers, vain upstarts or algebra."—*Modern Argo*.

When two couple of young people start out riding in a two-seated carriage, they are happy as four loving claus until the shades of evening approach, and then the couple in the front seat begin to realize that the crying need of this great, free and majestic country of ours is—a two-seat carriage with the front seat behind.—*Puck's Beeswax*.

An agent was in recently to sell us a safe. We investigated, and found that a safe was a square iron box used to put money and valuables in for the convenience of burglars, who otherwise might experience a difficulty in finding them.—*Marathon Independent*. Safe, eh? Thought those were refrigerators. You mean those things with a knob on the door covered with figures like a thousand-mile ticket or a lottery advertisement.—*Puck's Sinner*.

Bethlehem, N. J., is now full of hay fever victims. They don't escape the disease altogether, but it don't tackle 'em so severely as at home. The language heard at the hotel there is peculiar. A guest will throw his eyes heavenward and remark, "Id loogs like raid this—atcheoc—mordig." "Yes," replies another, "I thig—aitchuuu!—I thig—aaa-cheecee!—yes, I thig we'll have sub—kratschuuu!—fallig weather be—cheec aitsch!—forre evedig."—*Norristown Herald*.

"Can it be possible my ALGERNON no longer loves his little brown-eyes? Can it be that her caresses have become irksome to him at last?" said a heart-broken young pullback of our local Nobility to her "studdy company" the other evening as the latter seemed inclined to remove her clinging form from his breast. "Your ALGERNON is all right," said the youth, with an uneasy squirm, "but if you don't let up a minute, TILDER, the spiral of my stud will come out through my backbone, sure."—*San Francisco Post*.

People have become so suspicious of champions that a row between man and wife is looked upon as a put up job unless the stove is smashed and the windows busted out.—*Ex*.

The fact that "virtue is its own reward" is perhaps the reason while people abandon it for something that brings a more tangible recompense. Let us have a proverb Reform Association.—*Boston Post*.

You never hear a pressman contradict anyone. He always replies: "I had an impression thus and so."—*Ex*.