



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The fly is never positive. He always specs so.—*Cin. Star.*

Women's rights are the mates to women's lefts.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Brown College graduates are spoken of as Brown bread men.—*N. Y. Star.*

Fine clothes do not make the man until they are paid for.—*Boston Courier.*

Speaking of TALMAGE, brevity is not the soul of DE WITT.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Does the tide become full from carrying too many schooners?—*Philadelphia Item.*

Beware of the man of one book—especially if he is the agent for it.—*Albany Argus.*

Dead men tell no tales, because their tomb stones do it for them.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The greatest perfumer we know of is the centre of the world.—*Troya County Record.*

Give a woman a hen instead of a gun if you want to see her shoot.—*Ottawa Republican.*

In France every man is of noble blood; that is to say, he is descended from a pere.—*Boston Post.*

The highest mountain gives the finest view, but give us a little one for ascent.—*Boston Post.*

In selecting a barber, remember that a fulness under the eyes denotes language.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

An electrical girl has been discovered in Canada. She ought to marry a good conductor.—*Free Press.*

"VENNOR predicts a wet summer, with cold and frosts." But Vennor we to get it?—*Norristown Herald.*

England may be "mistress of the C's," but she has never yet been able to fairly master the H's.—*Yankee Paper.*

Let it be Recorded, said the newspaper reporter to the teamster whose load of wood was overturned.—*Meriden Recorder.*

Why are good resolutions like a squalling baby at church? Because they should always be carried out.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

It is strangely singular how much the boy with a pair of new suspenders hates to wear a coat.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

A lover will often take a whole year to press his suit, when any smart tailor would do it for him in less than an hour.—*New York News.*

There is one field of labour that women can never enter—collecting bills; for "women's work is never dun."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Two bottles of "unfermented wine for communion purposes" exploded in Norwalk, being disturbed by its unusual surroundings.—*Danbury News.*

The oldest Mason is to be matched against the oldest Odd Fellow in a go-as-you-please contest to see which will die first.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A cuff on the wrist is worth two on the ear.—*American Punch.*

A country girl getting off a train at Cape May, was asked if she might be helped to alight, and she replied that she did not smoke.—*New York Herald.*

Said he, as he stole one, "I seal my love with a kiss." And she, suiting the action to the word, replied, "I seal mine with whacks."—*Boston Transcript.*

A poet in the *Whitehall Times* exclaims: "I am haunted, wierdly, by the dripping of the rain." The *Boston Post* would advise new shingles as a remedy.—*Er.*

The boy who calls another bad names does not become dignified when he heaves a rock at him, although he adds stone to his remarks.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"Scratch a Russian, and you'll find a Tartar," and scratch a match on the parlor wall and you'll find the old lady down on you like a thousand of brick.—*New Haven Register.*

It was a self-made doctor in Michigan who wrote to JOHN BRIGHT asking him how his disease got along, and he is justly indignant that his letter was never answered.—*Detroit Free Press.*

People who wonder why it is that the fly always goes for the human head, should remember that insects in general show a decided preference for the softest spots.—*Phila-Chronicle.*

And the night shall be turned into gaslight,  
From our brow the sweat we shall wipe,  
Then grab the pillow by the back of the neck,  
And give the mosquito a swipe.  
—*N. Y. Express Coates.*

An editor being asked, "Do hogs pay?" says a great many do not. They take the paper several years and then have the postmaster send it back marked "refused."—*Shelbyville (Ill.) Union.*

Several boys weeding onions at Southport were prostrated by a stroke of lightning. Boys whose fathers own onion beds should cut this out and paste it in their fathers' hats.—*Danbury News.*

If NOAH had foreseen the future, and killed the two mosquitoes which took refuge in the ark, he would have rendered some of the strongest words in the English language unnecessary.—*Exchange.*

"This," said the dentist, "is my office."  
"And that?" inquired the visitor, pointing to the apartment where stood the tooth-pulling chair. "Ah, that," replied the proprietor, "that is my 'drawing' room."—*Chicago Journal.*

"In childhood's happy, sunny days, we take no note of Time," sang an old poet. And that's where you get stuck. Be wise. Take a note of time and everyone else. And bond and mortgage when you can get them.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

This is the season of the year when the good little boy refuses to go in bathing with his companions, because his mother forbid him, stays on the bank to mind their clothes and scoots for home after tying knots in the sleeves of their trousers.—*Puck.*

Mistress (to new cook)—"Now SARAH, remember if you are strictly honest and economical in your marketing, I will give you a few shillings extra per month." New cook—"Thank you, ma'am; I will think it over, and let you know in the evening."—*Funny Folks.*

A Bridgeport young man who looks deep into the foundation of things went insane the other day. Investigation followed, when it was discovered that he had been studying over the problem why the last exercises of a college are called commencement. The strain had been too much for him.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

Pour into your friend's ear great nuggets of wisdom, bristling with the choicest eloquence, and he will say, "JONES is a good fellow, but a confounded bore." And let him talk for an hour, and though you utter not a word, yet will he go away impressed with your distinguished intelligence and miraculous conversational powers.—*Boston Transcript.*

When the robin jumps along the lawn or flies from tree to tree scattering the dew-drops from the leaves; when the bee coquets with the flower; when the first golden beams dart from the sapphire skies, and gild the filmy clouds; when the clover trembles in freshening breeze, and when all nature seems imbued with the charms of paradise; then, it is sweet to turn over in bed and take another nap.—*Uncle Sam.*

A Roseville young lady has invented a capital plan to keep a horse up to his pace when she is out riding with her lover. She doesn't like the use of the whip, and so when the animal lags a little in his gait she turns to THEODORA a pair of rosy lips, and then an emphatic smack breaks the stillness, and the horse springs forward at the sound as if he had been touched by an electric battery.—*Newark Call.*

When P. T. BARNUM, a young man poor and in debt, left Danbury, he said to Judge WHITTLESEY: "I will pay that bill when I get rich." The judge drew down his judicial features, and disdainfully replied: "That will be when a sieve holds water." In a few years the visionary young man was in a condition to pen the following brief letter to the judge: "I have fixed that sieve."—*Danbury News.*

A young lady book-agent called on us the other day with a volume of prose and poetical selections, which she thought we could no longer do without. We told her that the book would not benefit us. "Why," she replied, "here are the ideas of many writers on various subjects, and surely a hundred heads are better than one. Now"—firting over the leaves of the book—"let us see what is said under the chapter of Kissing." "Yes," we assented, "when it comes to kissing even two heads are better than one, but the subject can be thoroughly discussed without referring to a five hundred page book." And we didn't invest.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Canadian Government has resolved to civilize the Indians and train them up in the way they should go. The red man is to be made a gentleman of culture—agriculture. Thirteen Canadian farmers are to go to the Northwest to teach the Indian idea how to make corn shoot. These grangers are to get \$750 a year and "found." They are found in agricultural implements, and among the farming implements each receives a bowie knife, a revolver, a Martini-Henry rifle, and several hundred rounds of ammunition. All scalping is barred out and will be declared foul. Probably the Canada ruralist will sit on the fence with a rifle across his knee, a revolver in one hand and a bowie in the other, shouting to the perspiring Indians in the corn fields, "Hoe faster, you red fiends, or I'll open out on you."—*Detroit Free Press.*