



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

An advance agent—A money broker.—*Chicago Com. Ad.*

A bang-up affair—a powder mill explosion.—*Rome Sentinel*

Girls of gum shun always shun gum.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Something new in erudition:—A horse scholar.—*Providence Press.*

"How is that for eye?" was originally said of ARGUS.—*N. Y. World.*

The length of a lady's train should never be under a foot.—*Boston Post.*

"When the springtime comes, gentle—
"Any umbrellas to mend?"—*Fayetteville Recorder*

How to prevent a shad-bone from lodging in your throat—Eat fried liver.—*Norristown Herald*

When a speaker measures his words he should do it by the rules of speech.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The significance of the cigar store Indian is that tobacco is sold at low prices.—*Boston Transcript.*

In sitting for a picture the person who winks at the camera gets a reply in the negative.—*Ex.*

The fat boarder called the mould on the pie an oasis—a green spot on the dessert.—*Boston Transcript.*

Live business men advertise in newspapers, dead ones on the graveyard tomb stones.—*Whitehall Times.*

The democratic people of Canada don't want to wear her Majesty's Pinafore no more.—*Richmond State.*

A Rome girl challenges the world to slide down the stair banisters, best three in five, go as you please.—*Sentinel.*

Next summer's army of tramps will be composed of members of defunct Pinafore companies.—*Utica Observer.*

When a man puts an innocent hen to work over a porcelain egg, is he setting that hen a good egg-sample?—*Philla Bulletin.*

The amount of pin money required by a married woman depends on whether she uses diamond pins or rolling pins.—*Ex.*

An exchange says that NAPOLEON IV. is always poring over books. He never reigns, but he pores.—*N. Y. Herald, P. 1*

Some people are so constituted as to be unable to see anything beautiful in this life—not even in a mirror.—*Boston Transcript.*

If horsemen expect Goldsmith Maid's colt to be "fast," they should bring him up in the way he should "go."—*Utica Observer.*

In Kentucky there is a game law which prohibits the shooting of judges between May 10th and the middle of June.—*N. Y. Herald.*

An exchange remarks that the most successful settlers in Texas are Germans. We had an opinion they were revolvers.—*Waterloo Observer.*

EVIS was the first, and we reckon the only woman, who did not gather up her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.—*Olatwa (Kansas) Republican.*

We have just written an interesting owed to a friend, commencing: "Sixty days after date," etc. We expect it will go the rounds.—*Middletown Transcript.*

An occasional broken finger with a small boy attachment gives eloquent notice that the national game has struck the country amidships.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

When the mayor of Leadville gets drunk he loses his office, and the next best shot in the city is escorted by the grateful citizens to the City Hall.—*N. Y. Express.*

Between four and five hundred Indians near Ashland have taken the pledge. They got the idea that the pledge was something about whiskey, and that was enough.—*Pick's Sun.*

The universal sentiment of college seniors as their last year of college work draws near, is that another year would certainly kill them for the want of something to do.—*Rochester Express.*

"What is misery," asks a writer. Misery, my young friend, is walking through a dry-goods store where there are about fifty young lady clerks who have nothing to do but look at you.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

WHITE LAW REID refused the German mission, and then had his correspondence declining it published. If we hadn't torn up that letter we received, we'd do the same thing.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Doctors say that the tears that a man sheds when he takes a mouthful of mustard by mistake for potato, are as genuine as the tears shed by a man because his uncle is dead.—*Del. oil Free Press.*

The inestimable boon which society is craving is a liver pad so constructed that when its medical mission is fulfilled, it may be converted into a bustle or a pin-cushion.—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

The time of the year has come for the budding forth of the geniuses who patiently make a little box out of fifty thousand kinds of wood. And yet we are ruined by Chinese cheap labor.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Texas lost \$240,000 last year by not collecting her poll tax. It is a little singular to us that Texas doesn't seek to recuperate herself by digging the lead out of her impetuous citizens.—*Danbury News.*

When the lights are low and a fellow occupies the same big rocking-chair with his girl, how he does wish he was at the North Pole, where it would be six months till morning!—*Go. ham Mountaineer.*

Yesterday when an organ grinder appeared on the streets wearing a gold watch chain, twelve mechanics quit work and resolved to become musicians. It's just such little things as this that demoralizes labor.—*Philla. Chronicle.*

A man in the West End guarantees an infallible cure for the consumption for the trifling sum of one hundred dollars. This amount of course includes the price of the coffin and other funeral expenses.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

Of course no woman ever did such a thing, but supposing now, for the sake of argument, as it were, that a woman was to go to church for the purpose of showing off her new sacque, would it be sac-religious, so to speak?—*Boston Traveller.*

He entered the grocery store, said not a word, but allowed his cane to swing to and fro exactly as the pendulum of a clock. The grocer only said, "No, we sell nothing on tick," and the man with the cane passed sadly and silently out.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Russian woman of Wratshevo, Novoroid, has been burned for witchery! Witches are very common in Russia, in fact, almost every family keeps a private witch tacked to the end of its name. Others, of course, prefer a pulmonary complaint.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

If your wife spreads your best coat on the kitchen floor while she whitewashes the ceiling, and fills your silk hat with pieces of coal and wood and dirt, don't get angry; remember that in every well-regulated house spring cleanings take precedence of good clothes.—*N. Y. Express.*

Early in the history of the world a man said to another, speaking of the weather: "It's a nice day overhead," and the man replied, "Yes, but there are not many going that way." It was a real good reply, the first time, but after it has been in use for years, and has been translated from the original language used in the garden of Eden in over sixty different languages and dialects, it seems mighty peculiar to see it as an original item in a Pennsylvania paper.—*Pick's Milwaukee Sun.*

'Tis butter step from the cream pan to the churn.—*Whitehall Times.* Then how far is it to the churn-al house or creamation department?—*Albany Argus.* 'Tis butter short whey.—*Whitehall Times.* This is too much. Wheyter, a glass of water if you please? *Albany Argus.* Oh cheese it!—*New Haven Register.* Why not stop this, fellow sinners, before you runnet into the ground?—*Yonkers Gazette.* Let an-udderman have his turn; can't you boss-eh? Yes, butter a churn the whole matter than strain people's minds so. That's sour whey of thinking.—*Contributor.*

In a late German story the hero gives a rhapsodical description of the first kiss in these ebullient words: "Am I really dear to you, Sophia?" I whispered, and pressed my burning lips to the rosy mouth. She did not say yes; she did not say no; but she returned my kiss, and my soul was no longer in my body; I touched the stars; the earth went from under my feet." All of which is very pretty and very poetic, but very indefinite. What the practical American reader wants to know is, if that is the transcendental German way of saying that he was at that particular moment lifted by a paternal boot-toe?—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Arms have they, but they hug not—wind mills.—*Yonkers Gazette.* Ears have they, but hear not—cornstalks.—*Detroit Free Press.* Heads have they, but they understand not—cabbage.—*Oil City Derrick.* Eyes have they, but see not—potatoes.—*Post.* Oh, dear! Here's this old soldier on the march again. Let's see. Mouths have they, but they bite not—rivers. Teeth, but they ache not—saws. Legs, but they walk not—chairs. Sounds have they but they are not heard—fish. Tu-lips have they but they kiss not—flower beds. Faces, but they scowl not—clocks. Fists have they but—. The conclusion of this is lost, as the writer, in picking himself up from among the fragments of a spittoon and waste basket, and rinsing the blond from his nose and telling the boy to notify him next time he saw the chief coming into his room, somehow or other has lost the thread of the matter.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*