



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

In at the death—a bullet.—*Ottawa Republican*.

Time out of mind—forgotten dates.—*Balt. Every Saturday*.

As the switch is bent the youth inclines.
Rockland Courier.

There is always a great deal of Pomp about a colored waiter.—*N. Y. Star*.

A goose is an inoffensive fowl, and yet everybody gets down on her.—*Ottawa Rep.*

There are lots of fellows who follow the journalistic profession, but very few who lead it.—*Waterloo Observer*.

Little things are often important. What would a forty-cent cigar amount to if you had no match.—*N. Y. Star*.

The switch will bring a small boy to repentance, but it works miracles for a bald-headed girl.—*Oswego Record*.

"Half a loaf is better than none," as the corner-loafer said to the policeman when told to move on.—*Wheeling Leader*.

There is a firm in Utica does business on such rigid principles that its accounts are cast at one of our foundries.—*Utica Observer*.

Barring dried apples in soak, there is nothing in the world that can swell out like a woman in a crowded street car.—*Philadelphia Item*.

In writing for the press, if you can't put fire into your writings, you would better put your writings into the fire.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

Positively last conundrum of the season What forest tree should be a good bass singer? Why, the one that produces chest-notes, to be sure.—*Lockport Union*.

An Indiana medical student wears a pair of shoes made of human skin. How aptly does HAMLET exclaim, "To what base shoes we may return!"—*Boston Transcript*.

The man who says, "and don't you forget it," a great many times in his conversation, hasn't a great many things in his head to remember.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A poor but high-spirited woman in Chicago pounds on an old rag on the kitchen table to make the neighbors believe she has beef-steak for breakfast.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

An English paper urges Americans to put General BUTLER in charge of Memphis. We are at the opinion that one plague at a time is all suffering Memphis can stand.
Owego Times.

A man in Brooklyn has been arrested for doctoring milk. This seems unnecessarily harsh treatment. If the milk needed doctoring, why shouldn't it be doctored?—*Boston Transcript*.

"Who does the vast amount of money required to pay the interest on these bonds come out of?" shrieks a "soft money" contemporary. Man alive, don't yell so. It comes out of us, and we are perfectly willing you should tell your readers of the fact. We don't mind it.—*Rockland Courier*.

A Western subscriber, who owes us for the Times, writes: "I know Iowa debt. Utah care and Nebraska second time for it, for I Kan-sas back and as Illinois as you can."
—*Whitehall Times*.

A lame boy may not be able to climb a greased pole as well as an athletic school boy, but if you wish an errand done quickly you'd better send the boy that has to walk with crutches.—*N. Y. Express*.

They have just discovered a kaolin mine in Connecticut. We don't know what kaolin is exactly, but it is a nice word and we consequently beg leave to extend our congratulations.—*Syracuse Herald*.

A blind man at Muscatine, Iowa, refuses to go to bed without a lamp, and he insists on having a dim light in the room while he sleeps. Deaf men should demand front seats at a lecture.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Don't be an editor," is the heading of a paragraph going the rounds of the press, and a number of men round various newspaper offices are following the advice with indefatigable energy.—*Rochester Express*.

He promised to cleave to her; and when they went to the theatre and he came back between acts with a piece of cork in his whiskers, she knew from the fragrance he exhaled that he had clove.—*St. Louis Spirit*.

A Michigan tramp who has been shot at five times by farmers' wives says he has only to watch the end of the gun to avoid the contents, as a woman always shuts both eyes when she pulls the trigger.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The pew which W. H. SEWARD used to occupy at Auburn has been made into a cupboard and is owned by a citizen of that town.—*Exc.* The plate is still passed up and down in it, for the sake of auld lang syne.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

We know a girl who will wrestle with a croquet mallet in the hot sun for hours and not complain. But just ask her to hold on to the wooden end of a broom for a few minutes and she'll have a fit.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

"What," enquires a writer on architecture, "is wrong in the construction of our cellars?" We know. It's the many hidden recesses which they contain, in which the women folks conceal the cake jars on hungry Sundays.—*Rockland Courier*.

Two Meriden men are in trouble over the ownership of a ladder, and are taking steps for a lawsuit. The result of this will be that one lawyer will get the sides and the other lawyer will get the rounds, leaving the holes to the litigants.—*Danbury News*.

It is boldly asserted by a Cincinnati paper that several Western colleges will confer an LL.D. on a man for the sum of \$50. This may be true, but why anyone should consider such a title worth more than five dollars passes all understanding.—*Detroit Free Press*.

He had an auburn-haired girl and promised to take her out riding. She met him at the door when he drove up, and he exclaimed, "Hello! Ready?" She misunderstood him and they don't speak now. Thus slang makes another slap at love's young dream.—*Phila. Sunday Item*.

SIMPSON took refuge in a bar-room during a severe storm, and while there took "a leetle sunthin' for his stomach's ake." Upon his finding fault with the quality of the wine, the bar-keeper surlily remarked that he ought to be satisfied with "any Port in a storm."—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

Boggs is a very careful man. When a bystander asked if a cross-eyed urchin standing near was his son, he replied: "Well, I have a sort of proprietary half interest in him."
—*Lockport Union*.

A belated husband, hunting in the dark for a match with which to light the gas, and audibly expressing his disappointment, was rendered insane in an instant by his wife suggesting in a sleepy voice, that he had better light one and look for them, and not go stumbling around in the dark breaking things.—*Newark Call*.

Says JOAQUIN MILLER, writing of the river Thames: "By the side of this great commercial artery of the earth broods London—broods, and broods, and broods." He might have added with equal force that it broods, and broods, and broods, and broods, and broods, and broods, and broods, and broods, and broods.—*Rockland Courier*.

A young gentleman from St. Louis was walking along the shore at Lake Michigan with a Chicago girl when he saw on the sand what he supposed to be a devil-fish, with its long tentacles spread out upon the submerged soil of Illinois. He was awakened from his dream by the young lady, who said, "I have just dropped my glove."—*N. Y. Herald*.

The English language is a great, a wonderful language; but among all its ramifications of adjectives, nouns, interjections, and exclamations, there are none which will adequately express the surprise and astonishment of the man who rushes up stairs in the dark, and, when he gets to the top raises his foot for the next stair and finds it non est.—*Hackensack Republican*.

A bee flew out in the sunny air
By a boy so blithe and young,
Who laughed and screamed without a care
And would not hold his tongue.

The scene it changed; with sob and shriek
The vault of heaven rung:
And homeward flew the bee so meek
While the small boy held his stung.
—*Marathon Independent*.

To tell the truth, we are surprised that the women folks show the amount of common sense they do. Young man, supposing you were told, say twenty times a day, how bright your eyes are, what magnificent tresses are yours, how enchanting your society is, how nicest, sweetest, best you are; how long, think you, before you would develop into the assist kind of a jackass—always provided you were not one at the start?—*Boston Transcript*.

This paragraph was sent in by a supposedly demented person. We print it hoping that a presentation of his case in black and white may bring him to a realizing sense of his deplorable condition. A brass band in Natick, Mass., advertise for a player—"one who can work on shoes preferred." How sole-inspiring the strains of this band must be! How I sho'd like to hear them peg away at "The last rose of summer," while the leader says, "Aw! waltz!" Hide like to be there, wooden shoe?—*Boston Transcript*.

Let poets divoine in their sintimints foine
Their tributes to beauty indoitte,
Let them prate av the oyes that are blue as the skies

Or as black as the pinions av noight,
Let them sing all the day to the brown and the grey,

To the oye that is sparkled with jew,
But the purtiest oye to the wild Orish b'y
Is the oye that is both blaek an' blue.

—*Yonkers Gazette*.