



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Campin' gout is prevalent.—*Fon du Lac Reporter.*

The eloping young lady of the period is the lily of the valet.—*Utica Observer.*

The *Bull Dog* is published in Texas. It can get a good GRIP in Toronto.—*Norr. Herald.* What a dog-oned joke.

Go to the dishonest grocer, consider his weighs and be wise enough to avoid him.—*Steubenville Herald.*

It is one of the curious ways of the world that a male hair dresser often dyes an old maid.—*Philadelphia Item.*

The grate art of kontentment konsists in in being perfectly satisfied with what yer hain't got.—*Josh Billings.*

The shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better, and the longest is too short if it does not.—*Hartford Journal.*

The intelligent compositor who set up "defective" for "detective" was not such a fool as he looked.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Better bare feet and contentment therewith, than patent leather boots and a corn on each toe.—*Marathon Independent.*

Speaking of butter, we may respect its color, but do not hesitate to turn up our noses at its rank.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

We always have our suspicions of a man who invariably takes his soda from the other side of the fountain.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

Ajax defied the lightning, but it is worthy of remark that the Jersey variety was not then invented.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"Man wants but little here below," wherever he may roam, and when he calls for lager beer, he wants but little foam.—*Carry Herald.*

"My father, what is an Israelite?" "My son, an Israelite is a rich Jew." "And what is a Jew, my father?" "A poor Israelite."—*Puck.*

Never believe a man who is always telling what he used to do, who always deals with the past tense, for the past tense is a pretense.—*Boston Transcript.*

"The Lively Hens," is the name of a New Orleans base ball club. Isn't this foul play?—*Detroit Free Press.* Can't say; but we believe it's a femi-nine.—*Boston Post.*

Now is the season of the year when the small boy tieth a string around his waist and considereth himself properly arrayed to take a bath in public.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

Intoxication takes all the quicksilver from the mirror which nature holds up to man, and hence the very errors it magnifies are lost in his contemplation.—*Wade Whipple.*

When a young class orator arose to speak it was remarked that "there were fifty pairs of beautiful eyes riveted on his countenance." In that supreme moment he should have had his picture taken, before the rivets unloosed and the eyes dropped.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

What terminates a man's smile about as quick as anything else, is to have his cane slip out of his hand and drop through a grating in front of an unoccupied building.—*N. Y. Star.*

It is more reputable to adapt yourself to circumstances than it is to fit yourself with another man's new silk hat, when he is taking dinner at a crowded hotel.—*Many-hatted Lukens.*

The zinc statue of Tom Moore at Dublin has a crack in its head, and is half full of water. Which is a thing that never happened to him during his lifetime.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The man who discovers a medicine that is warranted to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to," may get rich quicker than his neighbor, but he doesn't live any longer.—*Norristown Herald.*

The boy who says it's "my turn" as the short cake is being passed, rarely makes the same remark when the mowing machine knives have to be ground after dinner.—*Marathon Independent.*

The dear girl who read a thrilling essay, "How to get along in Life," when she graduated last summer, is getting along nobly. She is now the mother of triplets.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

It's about time for the annual appearance of the story of the old man 97 years of age, who cuts seven acres of heavy grass with a scythe and puts it in cocks between sun and sun.—*Lockport Union.*

Pleasure has many definitions, but in reality it consists of going somewhere, being perfectly uncomfortable all the time while there and calling it "the best time you ever had."—*Marathon Independent.*

It is estimated that the people of the United States consume 3,000 barrels of liver pills a year, and yet there is occasionally a man left to reach his end by a railway collision.—*Middletown Transcript.*

Why is it that the average young lady can remember accurately three hundred pages of a novel, but can never remember a single page of history? Psychologists will please come to the front on this question.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

"There have been numerous cases of death this year," he said, seriously, "from a poisonous sediment that gathers in the freezers." But it would not do, and she cooed, thoughtfully, "Oh, what a sweet way to die!"—*St. Louis Spirit.*

An uptown man when asked last evening if he was a member of a certain church, replied: "Well, I dunno; b'lieve I'm a sort of honorary member or something. Anyhow, when they have a donation, I always send something along."—*Albany Argus.*

It seems to us that Mr. Toast must be a perennial inebriate. We never see his name mentioned without being followed by a statement that he was drunk; and this amid the applause of the ton, and sometimes even at cold water banquets.—*Rochester Express.*

When the "orator of the day" at the Valley Forge dedication asked, "Shall we ever forget what was done and accomplished here? No! never!" about one thousand Pinafore-nauseated persons struck for the depot with the intention of taking the next train home, while nearly the same number made tracks across the fields. They thought he was going to add: "Well, hardly ever!"—*Norristown Herald.*

A careful housemaid puts wall paper on the front room in the spring time rather than in the fall. MILLIE's young man never leans his greasy back hair against the wall in the summer time, and the paper can consequently be kept clean. The front gate, you know.—*New Haven Register.*

There's a wonderful charm in the little word "yes," When pronounced by some roseate fair; And it thrills you with ecstasy double-distilled, From the soles of your boots to your hair— Unless 'tis pronounced to your formal request (Ah, then, how your whole being quails) To take one more saucer of berries and cream, When to back you your exchequer fails.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

If the people who send you circulars soliciting money, with a stamped return envelope, would only enclose the stamp loose in the circular there would be some profit in receiving them, but it takes considerable time to cut 'em off the envelope and put them in your stamp box.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A London Correspondent says that the Prince of Wales is "a living proof that no amount of tobacco can enfeeble either mind or body. Ah, yes; but the Prince buys his tobacco. It is only begged tobacco that shatters the mind, weakens the constitution, and sends young men to an early grave."—*Norr. Herald.*

"Ah," said Mrs. Hickenlooper, in a sentimental tone, "how quickly the things we cherish in this life are gone, and we know them no more for ever." Mr. Hickenlooper was looking from the window, and saw three lazy tramps slowly ambling out of sight. "Yes," he remarked, "one by one our idles pass away."—*Rockland Courier.*

And now ariseth a medical man who says he can prove to anybody's satisfaction that the bites of mosquitoes are positively beneficial to the human system. He avers that they drain the system of bad blood, and that persons bothered with pimples or eruptions would find relief by permitting themselves to be bitten thirty or forty times a day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I would enquire, madam, if you would like to purchase a lead pencil for three cents," remarked the ex-tramp as he humbly stood upon the back door step. "And also, if you would be so kind as to assist me to a change of linen. I'm ashamed to beg, indeed I am, but I have only one shirt in the world, madam, and"—clutching his coat collar closely about his neck—"I haven't that with me."—*New Haven Register.*

An old man fell dead in Mansville, Pa., one Sunday night recently, while sitting in the parlor where his daughter and her young man were sparring. It may be that the conduct of the young couple sickened the old man, and caused his death, but it will do no harm, and perhaps much good, to cut this paragraph out and show it to the old folks who are addicted to sticking in the parlor on Sunday evenings when their daughter's beau wants to tell her a great many secrets and so forth.—*Norristown Herald.*

A sad event has occurred in the family of asteroids. Hilda is lost. One of the nearly two hundred members of the planetary sisterhood revolving between Mars and Jupiter can no longer be found in her accustomed celestial haunts. It is not known whether Hilda has eloped with her father's coachman, or has run away and joined a travelling Pinafore troupe. We have predicted time and again that if Hilda's parents didn't keep a close eye on her she would give them trouble. Being a revolver it is not strange that she has "gone off."—*Norr. Herald.*