



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Now is the time for leap year parties—wre mean old maids.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Never sell on a low market—never sell out when you feel cheap.—*McGregor News.*

Cats see clearly at night by a special pervision of nature.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The one man to whom practice is dearer than theory, is the lawyer.—*Rochester Express.*

Great Britain is troubled with frequent attacks of Indle's position.—*Boston Transcript.*

Hot-tempered men, like fires, are put out by being played upon.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Brevity is the soul of wit, but it has to be stretched out a good deal sometimes to get enough for the uppers.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Man may grasp and save, all through life, but it ends there, for all he takes when he dies in his departure.—*Stevensville Herald.*

A stinging rebuke—the one a young man gets for sitting down on a wasp.—*Ottawa Republican.*

When a doctor's business is at a standstill he feels terribly out of patients.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The country has too many reformers and too few men who go to bed at nine o'clock in the evening.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

If DELILAH were alive now she could have a boom in barbering boarding-house butter and taking away its strength.—*Wheeling Leader.*

It doesn't annoy a fellow half as much to have his heart bleed for the poor as it does if his nose bleeds for three minutes.—*New York News.*

The only instance of leap year privilege yet noticed is that of a woman being seen down town after her husband.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

"Call me early in the morning, call me early, mother, dear," is not to be quoted after this year, because it's sleep year, you know.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

It is supposed to be a smart man who knows on which side his bread is buttered, although anybody can easily find out by dropping it.—*Danbury News.*

A Sacramento paper speaks of a Senator "with a half-jaunty air about him." Many of them do have a sort of demijohny air about them.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

The boy that complained of having the stomach ache, in order to be excused from his lessons, was evidently under the influence of sham pain.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The Cincinnati *Saturday Night* mentions a young man who kissed a young lady against her will. The proper place would have been against her mouth.—*Waterloo Observer.*

"Aha," said Czaridine, knocking over a prodigal chicken, which had returned home after a week's absence. "that pleases me when chickens come home to roast."—*Whitehall Times.*

Ten-button kid gloves are much worn and very expensive. Now if some physician would only come forward and say it was sure death for a woman to wear them, wouldn't the men feel happy!—*New York Express.*

A beautiful girl up town, received a fragrant bouquet from one of her many admirers. "How lovely!" exclaimed the ecstatic fair one; it fumigates the entire domicile.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

Last week at the High School a teacher asked a class of girls for an illustration of adhesion and cohesion acting together. "Tally on a stick," came from a pupil in the far end of the room, amid peals of laughter.—*Newark Saturday Call.*

The man who runs a push cart, shouting out fish for sale, is an orator who carries everything before him.—*N. O. Picayune.* Ten to one, like any other orator, he has a self-fish motive in making himself heard.

A California boy got mad and threw a stone at his mother. She picked it up and found it had fifty dollars worth of gold in it. In addition to this, she ran the boy under a shed, and cuffed him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The meanest man yet reported is one who, when his year-old baby was in need of something to "cut" teeth on, punched a hole through a three-cent piece and hung it around the child's neck by a string.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Who wouldn't be a sailor? All you have to do is to yell "aye, aye, sir" at the top of your voice about once in ten minutes. The rest of the time you can look over the ship's stern and watch the sharks.—*New Haven Register.*

An East Boston man sent a coffin to a friend as a practical joke, and the man who received it went and sold it for \$17 to an undertaker, and is ready to be made the victim of just such another humorous trick.—*Boston Post.*

"Professor PERRY has devised a dispersion photometer." If it can disperse a crowd quicker than a man going around with a hat taking up a collection, his photometer may be regarded as an overwhelming success.—*Norristown Herald.*

When the pet of the household falls down stairs or off a sofa, instead of running for the camphor bottle or arnica, a liberal dose of frosted cake should at once be given internally. Try it and be convinced.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

The only time in life when a woman seems to be happy is when she calmly sits down and attempts to trim a new bonnet with old trimmings. She seems to be truly happy; but what a Vesuvius is at work in her!—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

Great men do not consider themselves above everybody else: 'tis those ignorant little runts who wear standup collars and sport canes and who refuse to pay their washing bills, that think everyone beneath them.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

When you see a poor, soiled, forlorn fellow reeling along the sidewalk, knocking himself against the passers-by, and shaking hands with telegraph poles and awning posts, take pity on him. He is suffering from an attack of dipsomania.—*N. Y. Mail.*

"How far," asks an exchange, "will bees go for honey?" The answer to this conundrum is unknown to us, but it is a well-known fact that a bee will go miles out of its way for the purpose of stinging a bare footed boy on the heel.—*Norristown Herald.*

Man wants but little ear, below, nor wants that little long. Man wants but little ear-bologna, wants that little long. Man wants but little leer; wants but litter here below; wants but little LEAH below; wants but LITTEL here below; wants but little ear b'low, etc.—*Eugene Field.*

The O'FINIGAN—"Bedad, sorr, we were pestered wid those rascally spies of Government reporters at our meeting last night." The O'BRADY—"Rinnints o' Tory barbarism, sorr. Be more careful, sorr, stand at the door, and don't let a man in unless he comes himself."—*Journal of Education.*

Old Lady: "I dinna ken what ails folk that canna like folk as folk should like folk; for an folk liked folk as folk should like folk, folk would like folk as well as folk ever liked folk sin' folk war folk." If we catch the old lady's meaning, we are inclined to think she is right.—*Rochester Express.*

Notwithstanding the great cost of paper and the hard times in England, TENNYSON keeps grinding out poetry:

MABEL'S sitting in the firelight,

Waiting for her lover true;

All the room is filled with darkness—

'Tis the shadow of her shoe.

*N. Y. Express.*

"Gentlemen, come up again," was the invitation of a red-nosed individual who had been treating all round, "come up again," and the crowd gathered at the bar expectantly. "I now wish to re-treat," and he bowed himself out, leaving the followers of Bacchus more disappointed than astonished at his wit.—*Rochester Express.*

Read this item to your landlady, and if she doesn't clasp her hands in wonder and give vent to the most rapturous admiration, make up your mind that she is going to lose money at the boarding-house business. The wife of a wealthy Cincinnati book-binder has managed to live nineteen days on two white beans.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"Well, I declare for it," said old Mrs. NICKELPINK, "if things ain't a comin' to a pretty pass. Them politics fellers up in Maine has been talkin' of fightin' and shootin' all along, and now I s'pose they've got at it, for the papers says they've got a duel in the legislature. It's about time a stop was put to such a heathenism practice."—*Rome Sentinel.*

"To be plane with you," said the carpenter, "I see no shaving in the scheme." "You don't!" ejaculated the cooper, "well it adze largely to your income." "Is that awl?" added the shoemaker. "No," answered a printer, "if he'll stick to it he'll form an idea of what it is to rule." "Pshaw," exclaimed the bank cashier, "these are only figures of speech; he must protest against the thing." "No," said the untutored blacksmith, "I've blowed for him, an' he must anvil accept the job." "That settles it," said the coffee merchant, and the meeting adjourned.—*Rhinebeck Gazette.*

A sad-eyed stranger in poor clothes stopped a citizen on the street yesterday and said: "Excuse me, but I understand Cincinnati is the largest tobacco market in the world. Is my information correct?" "It is, sir," replied the citizen, an enthusiast on Cincinnati's greatness; "it is decidedly. Last year our receipts and shipments—" "I'll not trouble you for the statistics," said the sad-eyed man, interrupting. "I am satisfied of the magnitude of the business, and on the strength of it will make bold to ask you for a chew." The citizen gave him his plug and passed on.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*