



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The shad is the Bonypart of the flunny tribe.—*Boston Transcript*.

Come gentle Spring; ethereal mildness, c—at-choo!—*N. Y. Express*.

Circus clowns this year will appear in fool dress.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

A good name is rather to be chosen than an Indian agency.—*Rockland Courier*.

Toast by our Irish friend—Massachusetts, may she iver Cape Cod.—*Boston Transcript*.

It is dangerous to ask a woman idle questions when she is adding up a grocery bill.—*N. Y. Star*.

It is no longer wicked to go the theatre. We predict a great falling off in attendance.—*Rochester Express*.

Walking against time—colliding with a hall clock when getting upstairs in the small hours.—*N. Y. Mail*.

"I study two pleas," remarked the judge when the case was left to his decision.—*Oswego Record*.

Be Sirius and tell us how Saturn got into the Ring? Why Venus sat-a-lite for him.—*Phil. Transcript*.

A Rochester mule kicked a tub of butter, but it was too strong, and broke the mule's leg.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

The Pope talks English fluently to American visitors. And quite a number of them understand it.—*Danbury News*.

A young goat may never have a propensity for stealing, yet when he's asleep he's a kid napping.—*Hackensack Republican*.

How ridiculous it is to see a tramp "out in the cold world" with fire in his eye and benzine on his breath.—*N. Y. News*.

There's many a man whose highest ambition is to successfully contest a seat on a nail keg in a corner grocery.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

Nature is drunk; the very buds are on the "bust."—*Waterloo Observer*. She is simply having her "Spring opening."—*Ottawa (Kan) Republican*.

"MAY MYRTLE:" Somebody has been stocking you with falsehoods. BARNUM's fat woman doesn't wear a magna garter.—*Widdt Gray*.

As the base ball season appraohes there is a lamentable falling off in the attendance upon the average Sunday school.—*St. Louis Times-Journal*.

The lady who orders the clerk to send home that spool of thread can generally carry a scuttle of coal up three flights of stairs.—*Meriden Recorder*.

The attraction between the small boy and the mud puddle is daily augmented. The mud puddle is something to add mire.—*Marathon Independent*.

A Whitehall dog tried to drink ten quarts of milk in ten consecutive hours, on Thursday. He made 347 laps and lipped over the dish.—*Whitehall Times*.

It is understood that a distinguished bigamist in Illinois proposes to get married one thousand times in one thousand quarter hours.—*Buffalo Express*.

They have discovered a tree in South America that gives milk. A Yankee would make pumps out of the wood and get a patent.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

Tramps would be more numerous than ever, were it not for the self-sacrificing women of the land who marry and support so many men.—*Waterloo Observer*.

The admiration we have for ourselves is only equalled by the commiseration we feel for those who are too short-sighted to perceive our virtues.—*Erratic Enigme*.

A domestic named ANGELICA JORDAN has passed over her last name and become a part of her first name. She attempted to kindle a fire with coal oil.—*Norristown Herald*.

When your wife falls asleep by the fire, take the tongs and poker.—*Exchange*. Perhaps a shovel wake her.—*Boston Post*.—But that might fender grately.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

Young man know thyself. A \$12 silk hat looks well on some persons, but we can't say it becomes a fellow whose salary is too weak to stand up to \$1 a day.—*Oswego Record*.

"It may be," says HEFFELSPIN, "it may be that a man and his wife are one, but I notice that when I come to pay the weekly board bill the landlord doesn't think so."—*Itome Sentinel*.

It is printed as something remarkable that "glass clothing is now manufactured in Germany," whereas in this country glass has long been used for sashes!—*Cutskill Recorder*.

From the fact that NERO fiddled while Rome was burning, we may infer that business had been pretty dull and he had insured the old place for all it was worth.—*N. Y. World*.

JONES said, looking into the glass the other morning, "I am a man with three heads on my shoulders—the one I see, the one I feel, and the one BROWN put on me."—*Herald P.I.*

The old, old story.—Rev. Mr. BEARDSLEY, of New Milford, was offered \$100 for his cow. He refused it, and shortly after the cow died. When will the populace learn wisdom?—*Danbury News*.

A few years back when times were hard, the collectors were among the greatest pedestrians, but they never made any uproar about it. Then a collector would walk 2,700 miles and go 2,700 times for 2.70 cents.—*Quincey Modern Argo*.

A story is going the rounds to the effect that GAMBETTA's father once sold oranges. Well and what of it? If his son fell so low as to become a statesman, must his honorable father who sold oranges bear the blame?—*N. Y. Express*.

Paragraphers may yet have cause to combine against the Chinese. Ah SIN, a Sixth street laundryman, winked his almond eye the other day and remarked that he wasn't the biggest Ah Sin the world after all.—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

It is asserted that sleep first begins at the feet and thence extends to the rest of the body.—*Exchange*. This foot rule won't work. If it was true a Chicago man could not get asleep until the middle of the next day.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

A Wisconsin editor has just died of apoplexy superinduced by over-eating, and all the other journalists in that section are dying of envy.—*San Francisco Post*.

PAUL BOYTON is now on his way down the Mississippi river, but the States bordering on that stream haven't as yet offered a reward for the steamboat that runs him down.—*Phila. Chronicle Herald*.

"Illustrious potentate," says the King of Siam to his guest, General GHANT, "are you to be the next emperor of America?" Then smoked ULYSSES mused a little while in silence, and made answer very gravely, "Yes, Siam."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

MISS JULIA E. SMITH of the famous Glas-tonbury sisters, aged 87 years, is married. Miss SMITH fought hopelessly all her life for representation at the polls, and now she is married. This shows to what extremes a woman will go to win her purpose.—*Danbury News*.

It has been proved that the strength, care and thought expended by the average housewife in coaxing a weak-chested, hollow-backed, consumptive geranium up two inches, would lift a ton weight three-quarters of a mile and raise a thousand dollar mortgage out of sight.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

A diamond weighing 400 karats—the largest in the world—was recently found in India. During the past few weeks the owner has received twenty-seven letters from young Americans who will act as clerks at seaside hotels the coming season. It is easy to imagine the object of the missives.—*Norristown Herald*.

By securing a divorce, Mrs. BRIGNOLI allows her husband to keep on the even tenor of his way.—*Lowell Courier*. But she alleged that his ways were base.—*Boston Traveller*. And she was alto-gether too sharp for such a flat.—*Danbury News*. The fact is old BRIG. put on too many airs. But, give him a rest; he is over the C.

It is going to cost England \$10,000,000 to kill ten or a dozen Zulus. It costs more to kill a Zulu than it does an Indian. Our government never pays more than \$200,000 for killing an Indian; and a white man—well in this country you can kill a white man for almost anything you are able to pay a lawyer.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Emotional plays affect men and women differently. A woman will sit through a five act tragedy and use five or six handkerchiefs in weeping over the woes of the heroine. A man rushes out between the acts, bares his fevered brow to the night air and lets the dew fall on him. The dew gathers mostly on the mustache.—*Binghampton Republican*.

The politicians of Lower Canada are crying "havoc" and may at any moment let slip the dogs of war if LETELLIER is not at once removed. The Montreal Witness publishes an interview with Alderman THIBAUT of that city, who had just returned from Ottawa, and the way the Alderman of that city talks is enough to make England tremble in its shoes. He talked about striking for liberty and a grand rally for independence. We gather from his remarks that Canadians will no longer be slaves. They will never, never put up with British tyranny. At least, "hardly ever." "You will see striking events before long," said the blood-thirsty Alderman to the quaking reporter, "just a very little will lose this province to England." When BEACONSFIELD hears this he will, very likely, want to sell England for what it will bring.—*Detroit F. P.*