



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The blue-book was never meant to be read.  
—*N. Y. Mail.*

The coral insect is your true reef former.  
—*Marathon Independent.*

Unlike the flea, when you put your finger on a hornet, he is there.—*Syracuse Times.*

The bootblack blithe shines while he works;  
But the lazy man whines while he shirks.  
—*Hackensack Rep.*

He that to laughter never giveth birth,  
Is dead—at least he's passed away from mirth.  
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

You can consistently avoid extremes with out being stamped as a "mean" man.—*N. Y. News.*

A big head is no more an evidence of brains than a paper collar is of a shirt.—*Waterloo Observer.*

It ain't so mutch what a man kan lift as what he can hang outo, that shows hiz aktual strength.—*Josh Billings.*

We hear of men sowing wild oats, but who ever heard of a woman sewing anything but tares?—*St. Louis Times.*

The two-headed girl is ample proof that humanity is something more than a single scull race.—*Philadelphia Item.*

A man was found shot in a melon patch recently, and the coroner decided that no inquest was necessary.—*Boston Post.*

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.—*Detroit Free Press.* Lots of employers think so.—*Boston Post.*

The soft money rage is so great in Ohio this warm weather that porous plasters pass for twenty-five cents.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"How to get the best of mosquitoes," says an exchange. But who wants mosquitoes of any quality?—*Rochester Express.*

Diamonds, it is said, attract the lightning. This explains why so many men wear twenty-five cent cameo rings.—*N. Y. Express.*

A superfluous man—a man who puts in two days growling and finding fault with his city and one day in working for her.—*Quincy Argo.*

The game of poker is very old. SHAKESPEARE excelled at it. You remember where he says: "I'll call the HAMLET."—*Utica Observer.*

"No," said PAPERWATE, explaining; "no, I wasn't really mad when the old man drove me from the house, but I must say I felt put out."—*Boston Transcript.*

"SARAH," asked JOHN, who thought himself witty, "Can you tell me how to make a man gritty?"  
"Don't know; give it up—pray, tell me deary."  
"Why, mix a little sand in his dessert, Sa-hara."  
—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A gentleman who went fishing in New Jersey the other day says he never knew how much profanity a mosquito would stand without blushing.—*New York Graphic.*

I envy the man who kan set down and make a happy dinner off from filtered rane water and biled roots, but I don't banker after those kind of vittles myself.—*Josh Billings.*

The prevailing style of bonnets is such that any amount of compression or knocking round only makes the dear thing more than ever in fashion.—*Brooklyn Union.*

An idea.—Those who can't afford to go to the seaside can busy themselves at home figuring up how much those who are there are indebted to them.—*Fulton Times.*

One reason why Texas lawyers don't bully a witness on the stand is because a Texas witness had as soon begin shooting from a witness box as anywhere else.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The hotel managers at Coney Island have so many things of a saline nature around them that they think they must salt their music, and so, twice a day, they cornet.—*Puck.*

The number of years that pass over a man's head do not alone make up his life.—*Sentimental Essay.* No, the number of beers that pass under his nose must be counted in.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A New Milford serenading party fought among themselves. The cause of the row is not stated, but it is likely that a part of the band attempted to serenade the others.—*Danbury News.*

"Marriage with a tinge of romance" is what they call it in Kansas when the old man rides after the couple and shoots the hat off the bridegroom's head with a bullet from an army carbine.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It was at Nantucket the other day. On the way up from the boat one of the party asked the driver, "Do they play 'Pinafore' here?" "Guess not," answered the benighted islander, with a puzzled look, "but they play billiards."—*Boston Transcript.*

A young clerk in Holyoke spent six hours in a refrigerator the other day, having been imprisoned by mistake. He came out feeling as though he had just been entertained at a fashionable church sociable.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

One woman in a fishing party will do more to scare away all the fish than ten packs of firecrackers. Besides that, no man wants to put the neck of a bottle in his mouth when women are around to misjudge his motives.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Aminadab walked up to a prisoner in a police court the other day and queried: "Why are you like a Lapland beast of burden?" The prisoner said he didn't know. Because you are "arraigned 'ere"; replied our hero.—*Marathon Independent.*

Just before the judge of the police court passed sentence he was stopped by the prisoner, who remarked, "You remind me of the crows, judge." "Why?" asked his honor. "You are looking fine," was the response. The court didn't belie its looks.—*Des Moines Register.*

At a party on Nelson street last evening, the conversation appeared dying out, when a bilious man suddenly observed to a young lady on his right, "I don't think they make pills as large as they used to." After that the conversation went out again.—*Danbury News.*

A young girl of 17 lately wrote to one of the great New York dailies, saying that she "would graduate in a month, and would like to secure a position as a managing editor of a political paper," but she received a letter in reply, stating that educated persons were ineligible for such positions.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"The greatest burd to foight," says Pat, "Harring the agle, is the duck; He has a foine large bill to peck, And plenty of rale Irish pluck. And, thin, d'ye moind the fut he has? Full as broad over as a cup; Show me the fowl upon two legs That's able fer to thrip him up!"  
—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

There was a hand organ grinding forth the "Sweet By and By." Then there came a heavy dash of rain, and then the organ stopped. It was a very simple matter, but it is beautiful to think of. And people who think we have had too much rain in the past month are trying to look more hopeful on the subject.—*Danbury News.*

SHAKESPEARE again! It's of no use. We of to-day can't originate anything. The Bard of Avon seems to have foreseen everything—even "Pinafore." Turn to "A Winter Tale," act 1, scene 2, and find LEONTES saying: "HERMIONE, my dearest, thou never spok'st to better purpose." "Never?" "Never but once."—*N. Y. Mail.*

Yesterday the sight of a worthless vagabond on Avenue A with a spade over his shoulder, caused many a passer-by to smile. The miserable fellow noticing he was the object of attention, made haste to dispel anxiety. "Ob, I ain't working," he said. "Polka honor, I ain't—I'll take my solemn oath I only borrowed the spade to dig worms with!"—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

A circus train ran off the track in Rhode Island yesterday morning, and not an animal escaped or a cent's worth of damage was done to the "massive golden chariots." The management will, however, sue the railroad company for reprehensible neglect and ignorance of the principles of advertising.—*New Haven Register.*

"I'm sitting on this tile, MARY,  
He said, in accents sad,  
Removing from the rocking-chair  
The best silk hat he had;  
And while he viewed the shapeless mass;  
That erst was trim and neat,  
He murmured, "Would it had been felt  
Before I took my seat!"  
—*Yacoub Strauss.*

Nothing usually creates more consternation among the females of a family than to have the door-bell ring at nine in the morning while the hired girl is down at the grocery after potatoes. They can't make up their minds whether to show up at the door with no crimps and no belt on their wrappers, wait on the girl, or ask "Who's there?" between the shutters of a second-storey window.—*Wheeling Leader.*

WHAT HE WAS FISHING FOR.—The other day the Harbor Master came across a stranger on the wharf, at the foot of Randolph street, fishing with a cotton string to which was attached a hook made of stove-pipe wire and baited with an apple-core. "Do you expect to catch any fish with such a tackle as that?" enquired the official. "No, sir," was the prompt reply. "Are you fishing for bites?" "No, sir." "Fishing for fun?" "No, sir." The Harbor Master was about to tell the calm-minded stranger to fish away and be hanged to him, when he carefully lifted his hook out of water spit on the apple-core and said: "I've been in this city two days and over, sleeping in boxes and living on air, and I was just experimenting to see if there was a durned reptile in this neighborhood as hungry as I am!" The officer lent him a chew of tobacco and permitted him to continue his experiment in peace.—*Detroit Free Press.*