



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

This is the walking year; the next will be leap year.—*Camden Post*.

Of what sort of metal is a political ring made?—*Rome Sentinel*. Steal.

HEADLAD, the Cadadiad rower, has a bad code id 'is' ead.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Female compositors are continually setting their CAPS for the editor.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*.

Texas papers speak of summary executions. Kind of noose summary, as it were.—*N. Y. Herald*.

The gardener who is training "scarlet runners," cannot be getting up a walking match.—*London Times*.

Pinafore hats for ladies are out. They have been pinned altogether too far behind heretofore.—*Norristown Herald*.

It is about time for venerable hens to come forward and be hung up in the market for spring chickens.—*Utica Observer*.

When a woman promenades the streets leading a dog it looks as if she couldn't get anything else to her string.—*Phila. Chronicle*.

The Pope has sent 5000 lire to the relief of the Hungarian sufferers. The lire is a coin, not a sewing machine agent.—*Danbury News*.

A Pinafore Reform Club, with a pledge binding the members "hardly ever" to drink, would be a popular institution.—*Boston Traveller*.

The *Herald P. I.* man speaks of the toothache as the grinder-pest. Has he forgotten the hand organ manipulators?—*Marathon Independent*.

It is a good suggestion that a negro minstrel blacks his face in order to hide his blushes when he makes his usual stale jokes.—*New York Herald*.

The most economical man is reported as living in the second ward. He took a bung-hole to the cooper to have a barrel made around it.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Poor and hard worked horses must eat their meals whenever and wherever they can, but the aristocratic nag always dines at a table d'out.—*N. Y. Mail*.

A correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* suggests the following change in a familiar line:

"For men must work, and women must walk."

Benjamin West says the kiss of his mother made him a painter. If Benjamin, however, had lacked genius, the kiss might have made him a whitewasher.—*N. O. Picayune*.

The result of protection in Canada has been immediate. Two prize fighters went over from the United States and got up a big mill there last week.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

"Dot Pinafore" expresses a vas a noos ance," remarked a Teutonic gentleman to a genial conadjutor. "Auf you tole a veller somedings he speaks noing but blains English other he say: 'Vot, hardly sometimes neder?' Vot kind of language is dose?"—*N. Y. Tribune*.

MAN can do many things, but there is one thing he can't do—he can't button on a new collar, just after cutting his thumb nails, without looking up in the air.—*Boston Globe*.

THE wisest men have generally built up their reputation by keeping their mouths shut. Let men who buy rags and sell fish regard this as a personal item.—*Detroit F. P.*

"JANE," said he, "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire we might have some heat in the room." And they hadn't been married two years, either.—*Boston Journal*.

The exercise of whipping carpets is recommended for the development of muscle. Don't let your wife do it, or she may get the start of you in development.—*Chicago Journal*.

They are cutting down the trees so fast in some of the Western States that in the event of another war there will be no place for a drafted man to stand behind.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser*.

TALMAGE may be guilty of heresy, burglary, arson and murder, but the one great fact that no one can go to sleep under his preaching should weigh tons in his favor.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Men who make a pleasure of work are not often found, but there is always a look of enjoyment on the face of the man who pounds the bass drum in a brass band.—*Newark Call*.

A harness maker in Syracuse who ran away with another man's wife, and was pursued and chastised by the wronged husband, returned home a saddler if not a wiser man.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, and earth below and heaven above, but it never sewed a gray patch in the seat of your husband's black trousers. That isn't love. That's revenge.—*Andrew's Bazar*.

The *Danbury News* man is going to try to eat ten soda crackers in ten consecutive minutes.—*New York Herald*. So he's in for a square meal, is he?—*Rome Sentinel*. Yes, but he will find it as dry work as comic lecturing.

In a street car. Lady in shabby dress to animated tailor's model standing in front of her. "Will you please ring the bell sir?" "Pawdon, madam, I'm not the conductaw—ah." "Indeed? What are you?" He gives it up.—*Puck*.

E. C. STEADMAN, in one of his poems in *Scribner*, asks, "Why should I fear to sip the sweets of each red lip?" Don't know, CLAUDE, unless it is because the new style of coloring now used is poisonous.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

When the mild spring days come, if they ever should, look out for the showy thirty-five dollar baby carriage pushed along the sidewalk by a bedraggled looking mother who hasn't had a square meal all winter.—*New Haven Register*.

A quiet young man at a party being asked what instrument he preferred, modestly denominated the whistle. Being further pressed to explain what kind of a whistle, he blushing murmured the "Six o'clock whistle."—*Danbury News*.

The following scrap of conversation was heard on the street early last evening: First young man—"MARY ANDERSON appears at Newark to night." Second young man—"Is that so? How many miles is she going to walk?"—*Newark Sunday Call*.

There once was a fellow named KNOT, Who pined as the weather grew hot;

As a general rule

He couldn't keep cool,

And he sweat and he sweat and he sweat.

—*St. Louis Journal*.

Agricultural hints to ladies.—Now is the time to do your spring sewing; but first prepare a rich top-dressing of straw, ribbon and feathers, in which it is not too early to set out flowers and vines. This dressing is imperative, as it will make even the cabbage-heads look well.—*Boston Transcript*.

A WRITERS at the TALMAGE trial in Brooklyn, being told that he talked so fast the stenographer would not get half he said, replied that half would be quite enough. And so it is with the country; if it should hear from but half of TALMAGE in the future, it would hear quite enough.—*Detroit F. P.*

With strawberries selling at a dollar a quart, and other luxuries equally high, it is some comfort to know that the necessities of life are still within reach of the poor man. Ten dollars will buy a season ticket to the Utica base ball ground for 1879. And still people are not entirely happy.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Mrs. BROOKS, we believe, would find cheese sculpture to pay bet or than butter. We could then place before our guests a cheese-butt of perhaps a favorite deity. How aesthetic to exclaim, "Mr. Smith, let me assist you to a small chunk of Minerva's left ear." There's millions in it.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Miss DODS' cooking lecture, the other evening. Lady soliloquizing: "Now that she's got it cooked, I wish she'd tell us how to use up cold mutton." Next lady overhears and remarks: "I have some infallible recipes." First lady, alert with pencil and note book: "Will you please favor me?" Second lady—"Six boys!"—*Phila. Bulletin*.

The farmer scythe as he rakes his field

From morning until night,

The tater-bug chews the budding corn,

Hoe! such a harrowing sight!

The plow stands by and does its share—

Weed rather say no more—

But such a thrashing the reaper got

Was never seen before!

—*London Advertiser*.

The reason that gentlemen do not often attend millinery openings is plain enough. When they go to the theatre they have such an admirable opportunity for the study of feminine head gear, that they not only don't care to visit the "openings," but sometimes the wretches don't properly appreciate the advantages the ladies so unselfishly bestow on them.—*Boston Transcript*.

Full soon on the flowery meadow,

The lambkin will gambol and play;

Full soon in the aisles of the orchard,

The blossoms will fall in a spray.

Full soon in the domiciles scrubbing,

The girl will wax angry and faint;

Full soon we shall see on a placard,

Look out for the paint.

—*N. Y. Star*.

A COBOWING (Canada) woman has been sentenced to one week's imprisonment for having two husbands. There is something unjust about this sentence. A man convicted of bigamy would have been imprisoned for two years, and there seems to be no valid reason why woman should not in this case be accorded equal rights. There may, of course, have been extenuating circumstances. The first husband may have worn a wig.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.