



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

One touch of humor makes the whole world grin.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

When the sun sets the day puts on its yellow "west"—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Eighty-one Chicago tailors have recently formed a base ball nine.—*Cleveland Voice.*

Jam pies—the top and bottom jammed together and nothing between.—*Steubenville Herald.*

When the farmer dresses his hog he scrapes an acquaintance.—*Chicago Commercial Advertiser.*

"Of the people, for the people, and by the people, is the motto of some politicians.—*Oil City Derrick.*

The only knees which many bigoted people ever get down on—the Chinese.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Never do anything to distract the attention of a man who is managing a garden hose.—*Boston Post.*

There is a man in Cambridge who calls his dog RALPH WALDO EMERSON, because he is a great thin cur.—*Seth Spicer.*

If we are crushed we prefer it to be by the scorn of a pretty woman, rather than by a falling building.—*New York News.*

Many a young man who sows his wild oats trusts to the grasshopper of forgetfulness to destroy the crop.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The man who considers himself number one tells the truth unwittingly, for he is certainly next to nothing.—*Hackensack Republican.*

The latest circus joke died recently in Buffalo at the age of 100. It has been stuffed for future generations.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

The wise country cousin now gets an account of the burning of his house inserted in the papers and sends it to his city relatives.—*Boston Post.*

A wife is a man's better half. And when a man runs away with his neighbor's wife, it is to get the better of him, isn't it?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"You are my precious pearl," he said, as he drew her to his manly breast. "Oh, JOHN," she sighed, "and you are my oyster!"—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

Repudiation is not to be thought of; but some statesmen think that the debt can be scaled fifty per cent. now, and fifty per cent. later in the season.—*N. O. Picayune.*

After having scissored, and pasted, and written, and edited a paper for a lifetime, what?—*Rochester Express.* A ten-line obituary and a dead-head passage across the Styx.—*Syracuse Herald.*

I am called little gutter pup,
Poor little gutter pup,
Though I could never tell why;
Still I am a gutter pup,
And their nets scoop me up,
When the dog catchers play at hi-spy.
—*Toronto Graphic.*

"Bright scintillations of wit" are all well enough, but the country isn't starving for these. A few bright scintillations of common sense help one wonderfully.—*Camden Post.*

Young ROBIN was inexcusable, perhaps, in stealing a kiss from MARY while walking through the tall corn; but she was in a maize, and of course was not responsible.—*Boston Transcript.*

When a young man with a small salary proposes to one of the opposite sex with a small amount of common sense, he generally receives her consent to starve her to death.—*Elmira Gazette.*

Solomon's wisdom was never more apparent than when he warned parents not to lose sight of the rod. Misplaced switches have wrought great evil to the race in these latter days.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A young man has been courting one girl five years, and every time he has called during the past six months she has fed him on pop-corn. But he doesn't take the hint—and pop.—*Norristown Herald.*

It destroys half the pleasure of a summer resort to hear a man eat soup at the dinner table like the last few gallons of water being sucked out of a bath tub by the waste pipe.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

JOE JEFFERSON is devoting the summer to teaching his boys how to fish and tell the truth. There are several cases on record where boys have been successfully taught how to fish.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

Boots of great men all remind us,
We can make our soles sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints that are seven by nine.

—*Elmira Telegram.*

When addressing a mass meeting of his colored fellow-citizens, a political orator may with propriety advise them to march to the polls "shoulder to shoulder" but it would never do for him to say: "Ham to Ham."—*N. Y. News.*

It is a dangerous thing for women to play with souls.—*Frances Hodgson Burnett.* Stay, mother, stay, whatever may hap; restrain your nervous "flipper"; remove the lad from off your lap, nor play with sole of slipper.—*Boston Transcript.*

HANLAN, the boatman, made remarkably swift time when it is considered the cramped position he was in while rowing. When he enters another race we hope he will be able to get a larger boat, so he can sit down squarely in it and stretch out his legs.—*Danbury News.*

"Yes," said the horny-fisted granger, gloomily, "last year we hadn't anything to put in our barns, and this year there's so much stuff that we can't take care of it and a heap's bound to be spoiled. There ain't no luck for us farmers anyhow."—*Boston Post.*

"JOHN, did you take the note to Mr. JONES?" "Yes, but I don't think he can read it." "Why so, JOHN?" "Because he is blind, sir. While I was in the room he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

The girl who sings to an admiring company in the front parlor, "You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear," is the same creature who expects her mother to make the fire, get the milk, and bring her breakfast up to her room.—*Coates' N. Y. Expressions.*

My grandfather's hair was the glossiest kind of black,

For many years it was his pride,
But it

Turned—

White—

Never turned black again,
And the old man dyed.

—*Ottawa Republican.*

Eat onions. We once knew a poor unfortunate who was the prey of every one. Poor people borrowed money of him, rich people ran over him, book agents clung to him, insurance agents followed him from morning till night. He commenced eating onions. Now no one goes near him.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

Seventeen persons were poisoned by drinking lemonade at a picnic at Lanesboro, Minn., the other day. Some scoundrels must have put some lemons and sugar in it. In making picnic lemonade care should be taken to have it composed of only two ingredients—water and a bucket.—*Norristown Herald.*

A contemporary asks: "How shall women carry their purses to frustrate the thieves?" Why, carry them empty. Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse, after following her half a mile, and then find that it contains nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother.—*Norristown Herald.*

As he sat upon the steps, on Sunday evening, he claimed the right to a kiss for every shooting star. She first demurred, as became a modest maiden, but finally yielded. She was even so accommodating as to call his attention to the flying meteors that were about to escape his observation, and then go to "calling" him on lightning bugs, and at last got him down to steady work on the light of a lantern that a man was swinging about in the distance, where trains were switching.

It is a pretty fair test to a man's birth and breeding to dine with him in a public restaurant. If he bullies the waiters and generally revels in an air of lordly authority, it is safe to say he is enjoying a luxury comparatively unfamiliar to him. The man who is born to command will always be respected, without any conspicuous effort on his part, by the people he employs. The man to whom a position of authority is something new and abnormal may make his subordinates fear him; but that is all. A gentleman may stand on his head habitually, and his inferiors will not dare to venture upon an impertinence; but shoddy, though encased in the triple brass of pomposity, cannot cheat the keen and certain valuation of the servant's eye.—*Puck.*

Young man, if you would succeed in life, never hesitate to boldly express yourself. If you say "I think," "I guess," "as nearly as I can remember," or in any other words give room for doubt in another's mind, make sure he will make the most of it and give you credit for knowing next to nothing of the matter related of. But though utterly ignorant, put on a bold front and talk loud, and you make those equally ignorant with yourself look upon you as a marvel of erudition; and as for people that know more than you, why, they will keep quiet, in your presence at least. What matters it if they do mentally write you down an ass, so long as they keep their opinion to themselves? Bluster away. If you don't deceive anybody else you may in time convince yourself of the vastness of your attainments.—*Boston Transcript.*