



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Pinaphorism—better late than hardly ever.—*Ex.*

Unless you call a telephone "Hello," it won't answer.—*Proof Sheet.*

A man may beat a hasty retreat and yet be no drummer.—*New York News.*

In one sense of the word a boil is a humorous thing.—*Ottawa Republican.*

Dealers are anxious for a little more coal weather.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The poorest time in a man's life is the day he meets the assessor.—*Meriden Recorder.*

A good deal of the courage of the world is carried around in demijohns.—*Proof Sheet.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing. This applies to violin playing.—*Rochester Express.*

The manner in which Russian prisoners are publicly whipped is an knoutrage.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Because a man has dollars it doesn't inevitably follow that he has sense.—*Ottawa Republican.*

It is easier to box the compass than to compass the box of "fifteen."—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

August 31 is like an unfortunate acrobat because its Summers-halt is followed by a Fall.—*Whitehall Times.*

No chiropodist feels aggrieved when the band plays "See the corn-curing hero comes."—*Marathon Independent.*

Laugh and grow fat—grow fat and be laughed at. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways.—*N. Y. Star.*

When a farmer puts a porcelain egg under the hen, is he setting a good egg sample?—*Commercial Bulletin, Boston.*

The man with a shabby overcoat is the first to complain of the heat of the northward-soaring sun.—*Boston Transcript.*

Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a broker? Because she got a little prophet from the rushes on the banks.—*Danbury Globe.*

It is well enough to hit the nail on the head, provided the nail is not the one on the end of your finger.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

A familiar instance of color-blindness is that of a man taking a brown silk umbrella and leaving a green gingham in its place.

Some men would like to have whiskey for breakfast, dinner and supper, and eat all the time.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

Owing to the heavy advance in the price of paper, a Stamford cigar maker is using Havana tobacco for "fillers."—*Danbury News.*

"Those also serve who stand and weigh it," remarked the young man whose duty it was to attend a pair of scales.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Mumps are so common as to be quite fashionable among Boston young ladies. In fact they are declared by some to be "very swell."—*Ex.*

Since all the old deities are having statues erected to their memory, would it be out of order to propose a "bust" for Bacchus?—*Salem Sun-beam.*

A Bolerado journalist is accused of wearing diamonds. Evidently a careless fellow, who drops his paste on his shirt front.—*Proof Sheet.*

The difference between a church organist and the catarrh is said to be that the one knows the stops and the other stops the nose.—*Somerville Journal.*

We warn all Nihilists that they need not shoot at us. We have adopted Melikoff's plan and had all our shirts ironed.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

We suppose a man may be able to see about all the journeymen barbers in the country by patrouizing one shop twenty years or so.—*Danbury News.*

A man stabbed another with a scissors yesterday in Brooklyn. It is always dangerous to interrupt a person who is writing editorials.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The Czar has ordered a picture of Niagara Falls, under the impression that, being a Rushin' piece of business, it belongs to his Nihilistic empire.

A correspondent says, "Hash, which contains about ten per cent. of peas is greatly improved." We say, "Pease to his hashes."—*Whitehall Times.*

It is perhaps natural to conclude that Father Time is married, not because he is called Father, but because he is so often taken by the forelock.—*Andrew's Bazar.*

The poet to the editor:

"A little springtime stanza."

The editor: "Avaunt!—your stuff is more than I can stanza!"

Don't be surprised when you hear a man yelling at the top of his voice while making three knots an hour after a horse-car; he is only pursuing his calling.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Wars come so thick in Europe that the soldiers don't have a chance to sit down for a few moment's rest, and hence the necessity for keeping standing armies.—*Meriden Recorder.*

And now it is claimed that Edgar A. Poe was an Irishman, because in his poem of the "Raven," he speaks of the "distant Aldean"—evidently meaning Eden.—*Toronto Graphic.*

Did you ever notice what a contrast young men who are in straightened circumstances and the hair on the upper lip present? The former is hard up and the latter soft down.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

The modern society belle is like a locomotive: she drags a train after her. But, come to think of it, there is a difference between them; one has a head light, the other has a light head.—*Lowell Sun.*

It was very clever of the Elberton Ga., girl, who, in writing a leap-year letter to a friend said she wasn't exactly engaged, but saw a cloud on the horizon about the size of a man's hand.—*N. Y. Star.*

There is always an irrepressible conflict going on in one's mind when he sees a boy smoking a cigar, as to whether the boy is smoking the cigar or the cigar is smoking the boy.—*Steubenville Herald.*

It is claimed that a man never loses anything by politeness, but this proved to be a mistake. As an old Philadelphian lifted his hat to a young lady the wind carried away his wig.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

PROFESSOR.—Which is the more delicate of the senses? SOPHOMORE.—The touch. PROFESSOR.—Prove it. SOPHOMORE.—When you sit on a tack. You can't hear it; you can't see it; you can't taste it; you can't smell it; but it's there.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Rumor has it that "Pinafore" has been done into Chinese. Perhaps it runs in this way: "Me neble, neble thick ride on blig pond." "Wassee, neble?" "Oy lil, one thime, somethime."—*St. Louis Spirit.*

The *Lacross Democrat* remarks that there are several successful cases of nose-grafting; but if surgical science will discover some way to graft a man's nose into his own business exclusively, we will call it a scheme.—*Ex.*

The girl that wants a lot of elbow room around the house is perfectly easy when seated with her young man in a buggy so narrow that a sheet of paper would crowd them apart if it was inserted between them.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

On the planet Jupiter one year is nearly as long as twelve of our years. By the amount of time some people in this world take on their promissory notes, it is evident that they labor under the delusion that they are inhabitants of Jupiter.—*Rome Sentinel.*

"Why don't you sweep off your sidewalk?" "It ain't my business to do so: the ladies have the job and like it, too. Just wait till they get out and fairly on the promenade, and you won't find a particle of dirt, unless it is attached to their trailing skirts."—*Somerville Journal.*

Terrible vengeance of a husband whose wife has gone off with a handsomer man. "Dear sir," he writes, "please hand the enclosed set of false teeth to my late wife, and ask her to be so good as to return my father's, which in the hurry of the moment she took by mistake."—*Ex.*

Recruiting Sergeant (to Sandy, who is possessed of immense feet)—Man, Sandy, ye should jine the army, ye wad mak' a first-rate sodger.

Sandy.—Aye, hoo div ye mak' that oot? Recruiting Sergeant.—Because if ye were fightin', and were shot, ye widna fa'!—*Glasgow Bailie.*

Precisely—"Pa, dear," asked his son and heir, "tell me what is the difference between an accident and a misfortune." Pa, dear, gave it up. "Well," said his son and heir, "if my pressing tailor, Mr. SNIPPER, were to fall into a deep pond it would be an accident, but if any one were to pull him out it would be a misfortune."—*Judy.*

A famous judge came late to court One day in busy season: Whereat his clerk, in great surprise, Inquired of him the reason. "A child was born," his Honor said, "And I'm the happy sire." "An infant judge?" "Oh, no," said he, "As yet he's but a crier."

The anti-tobaccoists are arguing against the manufacture of pipes. Their privilege of course, but when we remember that the pipe-stem is the father of the fashionable, fascinating female frizz why not refrain until the style of dressing ladies' hair changes. We want a little sunshine and frizzed hair in the world.

After seeing a wood cut of Mrs. Scott Siddons, in a Chicago paper, we have decided that we cannot exchange photographs with her, even if she has obtained a divorce. The artist has drawn a war map on her neck and shoulders and it looks as though the end of her nose had been chewed off with a pair of dull shears.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Some people are like men who play upon one string of a fiddle until it becomes so thin that it produces nothing but discordant notes. Harping upon one subject for so long a time makes it become threadbare. Sincerity is a great virtue but insincerity is a great vice. Among the thousands of agitators the world has produced but very few did not have their own interests uppermost.—*Cohoes Leader.*