

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

BRASSER'S SON, CLAUDIUS.

Mr. Brasser, who lived on Ninth-avenue, has a son 12 years old named Claudius, and the other evening this boy received permission to allow a neighbor's boy to stay all night with him. The old people sleep down in the sitting room, and the boys were put in a room directly above. When they went to bed Claudius had the clothes line under his coat, and the neighbor's boy had a mask in his pocket. They didn't kneel down and say their prayers like good boys, and then jump into bed and tell bear stories, but as soon as the door was locked the Brasser boy remarked:

'You'll see more fun around here to-night than would lie on a ten acre lot!'

From a closet they brought a cast-off suit of Brasser's clothes, stuffed them with whatever came handy, tied the mask and an old straw hat on for a head, and while one boy was carefully raising the window, the other was tying the clothes line around the 'man.' The image was let down in front of the sitting room window, lifted up and down once or twice, and old Brasser was heard to leap out of bed with a great jar. He was just beginning to doze when he heard sounds under his window, and his wife suggested that it was a cow in the yard. He got up, pulled the curtain away, and as he beheld a man standing there he shouted out:

'Great bottles! but it's a robber!' and he jumped into bed.

'Theodore Brasser, you are a fool!' screamed the wife, as he monopolized all the bed clothes to cover up his head.

'Be quiet you old jade you,' he whispered; 'perhaps he'll go away!'

'Don't call me a jade!' she replied, reaching over and trying to find his hair. 'Get up and git the gun and blow his head off?'

'Oh! you do it!'

'Git up, you old coward?' she snapped. 'I'll never live with you another day if you don't do it!'

Brasser turned up the lamp, sat up in bed, and cried out:

'Is that you, boys?'

'Mercy on me! git up!' yelled the wife as the straw man was knocked against the window.

'I'll blow his head off as clean as milk!' said Brasser, in a loud voice, as he got up. He struck the stove three or four times, upset a chair, and reached behind the foot of the bed and drew out an old army musket.

'Now, then, for good!' he continued, as he advanced to the window and lifted the curtain.

The man was there, face close to the glass, and he had such a malignant expression of countenance that Brasser jumped back with a cry of alarm.

'Kill him! shoot him down! you old noodle-head!' screamed the wife.

'I will, by thunder! I will!' replied Brasser, and he blazed away, and tore out nearly all the lower sash.

The boys up stairs uttered a yell and a groan, and Brasser jumped for the window to see if the man was down. He wasn't. He stood right there, and made a leap at Brasser.

'He's coming in!—perlice!—boys!—ho! perlice!' roared the old man.

The tattered curtain permitted Mrs. Brasser to catch sight of a man jumping up and down, and she yelled:

'Theodorous, I'm going to faint.'

'Faint and be darned! Boys!—perlice! he replied, walloping the sheet-iron stove with a poker.

'Don't you dare talk that way to me,' shrieked the old woman, recovering from her desire to faint.

'Po-leece! po-leece!' now came from the

boys up stairs, and while one continued to shout, the other drew the man up, tore him limb from limb, and scattered the pieces.

Several neighbors were aroused, an officer came up from the station, and a search of the premises was made. Not so much as a track in the snow was found, and the officer put on an injured look and said to Mr. Brasser:

'A guilty conscience needs no accuser.'

'That's so!' chorused the indignant neighbors, as they departed.

And as Mr. Brasser hung a quilt before the shattered window, he remarked to his wife:

'Now you see what an old cundurango you made of yourself!'

'Don't you fling any insults at me, or I'll choke the attenuated life out of you,' she replied.

And the boys kicked around on the bed, chucked each other in the ribs, and said: 'I'd rather be a boy than be president!'—*Inter-Ocean*.

"Will a gin sling do a man any good?" asks a correspondent. Yes, if he slings the gin far enough.—*Earl Marble*.

Thirty cents worth of velvet, three cents worth of wire and forty cents worth of feathers can be stirred up and sold for \$25.—*Peck's Sun*.

The Chinese women never jump on a chair when they see a mouse. Not much. It is the mouse that has to hold up its skirts at such a time.

One by one the best strongholds of the American paragraph fall and crumble into decay. The *Czar* died last week.—*Williamsport Break-fast Table*.

You can tell a merciful farmer as soon as he stops at a post. He takes the blanket off his wife's lap and spreads it over the poor horses. *Detroit Free Press*.

"How old are you?" asked a conductor of a little girl trying to ride on half fare. "I'm twelve when I'm home, but pa says I'm only nine on the cars."—*Fon Du Lac Reporter*.

Simkins wants to know would it be proper to call a red-haired young lady a brick. It might be eminently proper, but no prudent man would try it more than once.—*Oil City Derrick*.

"Why do you let the waiter blow the foam off your beer?" asked a friend of Poote. "Because," said Poote modestly, "I don't like to blow my own horn."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Nine billion pins were sold in the country last year, and the young man who got his arm entangled around a young girl's waist swears that he knows where they all went to.—*New Haven Register*.

A Western ticket agent fell into the hands of a band of Indians. The old chief after whetting his knife, remarked, "Young man, two can play at the same game." So they scalped him. *Hartford Sunday Journal*.

A woman will work a month to fabricate a delicate protection for a chair, and then when it is in place an edict is promptly issued forbidding any man sitting in that chair, through fear of spoiling that tidy. It's the best chair protector that possibly could be desired.—*Rockland Courier*.

The gigantic megamonsterthing, with its sixteen acres of canvass canopied tent fields, its nineteen consolidated aggregations aggrandized, its electric light, turning night into a glare like a silver-plated harness, and its ponderous and magnificent vault scrapers and some-are-sotters is coming, is coming. Make no mistake! A live cannon discharged in mid-air, and a dazzling beglittering \$10,000 beauty nitro-glycerined in the presence of the entire audience, including the lemonade sharks. Wait for it. Watch for it. Sell your old iron and fly to the 11-centre-pole Gypothegarnium. Come away! Come now!—*Lockport Union*.

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