



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Many persons will accept the olive branch only from such persons as they cannot lick.—*Prudent Wilkins.*

The pedestrian who gazes at a fashionable woman's majestic sweep, is evidently struck by a passing train.—*New York News.*

There are said to be 3,000 Poles in New York city. What a magnificent place for a bean patch.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The darkey's tour is just before the dawn. Especially if there be a good robust hennery in the vicinity.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Extract from a letter from Angelina:—"Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry, I have no use for it, and return it with many thanks. By-bye."—*Ex.*

"What does 'encore' mean?" asks an exchange. It is only one phase of the universal desire among the sons of men to get something for nothing, and get it right off.—*Ex.*

When a fellow awakens to the fact that he has gone to bed on the floor, and hung his clothes upon the bed, the first natural question is, "Where did I get those pickles?"—*Ottawa Sat. Eve. Press.*

Calino, who has just returned from Italy, hastens to his friend Prudhomme, and, pulling out his watch, says to him, "I have brought something from Italy that will please you." "Ah! what is it?" "Venice time."—*French Paper.*

Embroidering "Remember me" on a pair of presentation suspenders will not bit the mark. Omitting to properly fasten the suspender buttons will ever keep your memory green in the mind of your husband.—*New Haven Register.*

First Harvard freshman—"What do you think of opening the 'Varsity to women, Charley?" "Second ditto—" "Never 'd do, Harry! What kind of a six or a nine 'd they make? And when you came to a rush or a night in town—Bah! never 'd do, Harry!"—*Ex.*

It must be rather trying to be married to an emotional actress and to have her clutching you by the throat at 3 A. M., and shouting in a horse stage whisper, "Slave, didst lock the kitchen door? The key, where is't?—quick, I'll strangle thee. Didst lay the milk-pitcher on the outer battlements?"

And now the boys and girls do glide  
Upon the glassy ice,  
And as they cut a pigeon wing  
They say, "Oh my! how nice!"

But when they strike a frozen lump  
And light upon their noses,  
They sink a pen to the stars,  
And gently murmur, "Moses!"

A boyish novice in smoking turned deadly pale and threw away his cigar. Said he, "That's something in that air cigar that's made me sick." "I know what it is," said his companion, puffing away. "What?" "Tobaccoer."—A noted sharper, wishing to ingratiate himself with a clergyman, said: "Parson, I should like to hear you preach more than I can tell you." "Well," responded the clergyman, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday you would have heard me." "Where was that?" "In the county gaol!"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The small boys have dropped the slang phrase, "That's too thin." "That's too Bernhard!" is now the expression.—"I am turning over a new leaf," said the tobaccoist, yesterday, as he examined a new brand an agent was showing him.—The obelisk has cold feet. This is rough on the obelisk's wife.—"A put up job," said the grocer's boy, as he tied a package of sugar.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

This is snow man's country.—The land sinks shafts, and the ocean sinks ships.—Those naughty little Eddies are constantly frolicking in the water.—Bluebeard managed women so well because he always got ahead of them.—A pickpocket went through Philadelphia yesterday, on his way to New York.—Why is the present year like Hannah? Because backward or forward it is the same.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

It is said that the Texas Legislature at its next coming session will repeal the tax on "drummers." Perhaps it is just as well. "Drummers" don't cause half as much sorrow and hard feelings in a town as the young men who are learning to play on the violin and trombone. If the Legislature will impose upon the latter a tax heavy enough to smash their instruments, the members will be unanimously elected the next time they run for office.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Ah, that's what I like! that's what I like!" chirped old Mr. Whistleblossom, as he came carefully down the hill where the boys were exercising their sleds. "If there's anything I really love it's to see the boys, full of animal spirits, enjoying these wintry sports." And just at that instant a hundred and fifty pounds of animal spirits came dashing down the hill on a double runner, and caught the unsuspecting Mr. Winterblossom between the heels. There was a sound of revelry by night, and when they picked up the unfortunate gentleman, and had pinned together the ruptured back of his coat, he remarked in a tone so gentle that it made him quite black in the face, that the city government would refuse to pass a law making it a reform-school crime to slide on the streets were a set of pusillanimous yahoos.—*Rockland Courier.*

### THE CHURCH CHOIR.

You may organize a church choir and think you have got it down fine, and that every member of it is pious and full of true goodness, and in such a moment as you think not you will find that one or more of them are full of the old Harry, and it will break out when you least expect it. There is no more beautiful sight to the student of nature than a church choir. To see the members sitting together, demure, devoted and pious looking, you think that there is never a thought enters their minds that is not connected with singing anthems, but sometimes you get left. There is one choir in Milwaukee that is about as near perfect as a choir can be. It has been organized for a long time, and never has quarreled, and the congregation swears by it. When the choir strikes a devotional attitude it is enough to make an ordinary Christian think of the angel band above, only the male singers wear whiskers, and the females wear fashionable clothes. You would not think that this choir played tricks on each other during the sermon, but sometimes they do. The choir is furnished with the numbers of the hymns that are to be sung, by the minister, and they put a book mark in the book at the proper place. One morning they all got up to sing, when the soprano turned pale as an ace of spades fell out of her hymn book, the alto nearly fainted when a queen of hearts dropped at her feet, and the rest of the pack were distributed around in other books. They laid it on to the tenor, but he swore, while the minister was preaching, that he didn't know one card from another. One morning last summer,

after the tenor had been playing tricks all the spring on the rest of the choir, the soprano brought a chunk of shoemaker's wax to church. The tenor was arrayed like Solomon, in all his glory, with white pants, low shoes, and a Seymour coat. The tenor got up to see who the girl was who came in with an old lady, and while he was up the soprano put the shoemaker's wax on the chair and the tenor sat down on it. They all saw it, and they waited the result. It was an awful long prayer, the church was hot, the tenor was no iceberg himself, and shoemaker's wax melts at ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit. The minister finally got to the amen, and read a hymn, the choir coughed and all rose up. The chair that the tenor was in stuck to him like a brother, and came right along and nearly broke his suspenders. It was the tenor to bat, and as the great organ struck up he pushed the chair off his person, looked around to see if he had saved his pants, and began to sing, and the rest of the choir came near bursting. The tenor was called out on three strikes by the umpire, and the alto had to sail in, and while she was singing the tenor began to feel of first base to see what was the matter. When he had got his hand on the shoemaker's hot wax his heart smote him, and he looked duffers at the soprano, but she put on a pious look and got her mouth ready to sing "Hold the Fort." Well, the tenor sat down on a white handkerchief, before he went home, and he got home without anybody seeing him, and he has been, as the saying is, "laying" for the soprano ever since, to get even. It is customary in all first-class choirs for the male singers to furnish candy for the lady singers, and the other day the tenor went to a candy factory and had a peppermint lozenge made with about a half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in the centre of it. On Christmas he took his lozenge to church and concluded to get even with the soprano if he died for it. Candy had been passed around, and just before the hymn was given out in which the soprano was to sing a solo, the wicked wretch gave her the loaded lozenge. She put it in her mouth and nibbled off the edges, and was rolling it around as a sweet morsel under her tongue when the organ struck up and they all arose. While the choir was skirmishing on the first part of the verse and getting score up for the solo, she chewed what was left of the candy and swallowed it. Well, if a Democratic torch-light procession had marched unbidden down her throat she couldn't have been any more astonished. She leaned over to pick up her handkerchief, and spit the candy out, but there was enough pepper left around the selvage of her mouth to have pickled a peck of chow-chow. It was her turn to sing, and she rose and took the book, her eyes filled with tears, her voice trembled, her face was as red as a spanked lobster, and the way she sung that old hymn was a caution. With a sweet tremolo she sung, and the congregation was almost melted to tears. As she stopped, while the organist got in a little work, she turned her head, opened her mouth, and blew out her breath with a "whoosh" to cool her mouth. The audience saw her wipe a tear away, but did not hear the sound of her voice as she "whooshed." She wiped out some of the pepper with her handkerchief and sang the other verses with a great deal of fervour, and the choir sat down, all of the members looking at the soprano. She called for water. The noble tenor went and got it for her, and after she had drank a couple of quarts she whispered to him, "Young man, I will get even with you for that peppermint candy if I have to live a thousand years, and don't you forget it," and they all sat down and looked pious, while the minister preached a most beautiful sermon on "Faith." We expect that the tenor will be blown through the roof some Sunday morning, and the congregation will wonder what he is in such a hurry for.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*