



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

An editor's bed should always have "a double sheet."—*Erratic Enrique*.—And his form must be well made up before he can make an impression.—*Hackensack Republican*.

As ye rip so shall ye sew.—There's arrest for the beery.—Picnic jokes are off on a winter vacation.—Signs of the times—"FRESH OYSTERS."—*Modern Arjo*.

A poet writes, "Oh, let me shed a tear!" We join in his appeal. Let him shed a tear; let him shed two tears—out of each eye! And then let someone hit him five times out of a possible four, with a blunderbuss!—*Philadelphia Sun*.

"Well I should slobber," is the latest high-toned, refined, brilliant, beautiful, ethereal and eloquent slang phrase introduced into refined circles in the East. It is just to awfully awful, exorcisingly, heavenly sweet for anything. Ah, yes!—*Modern Arjo*.

Did you ever notice the fact that if a girl has a seal-skin sack to wear to an entertainment, she'll keep it on until she becomes animated oleomargarine, whereas if she has a new dress handsomely trimmed, and no seal-skin she'll dust out of her sack with the rapidity of a kerosene conflagration.—*Lockport Union*.

"Mamma," said Johnny, "can anybody hear with their mouth?" "No, son, I don't think they can," replied the mother. "Then, mamma, what made Mr. Jones tell sister he wanted to tell her something, and put his lips to her mouth, instead of her ear?" It wasn't long after that till Mr. Jones interviewed mamma, and the cards will be out in February.—*Steubenville Herald*.

A vision of death—di-division.—The tailor loves his sow 'em.—A land league—three miles of highway.—Strains of marsh-al music come from a frog pond.—"I've just come from your rope," as the bucket said when it fell in the well.—We are told that "Hope is the anchor of the soul," but in the matter of dirt, "Soap is the yanker of the whole."—"This is very Jewish us," remarked the young couple who purchased their crockery of a Hebrew dealer.—*Marathon Independent*.

"Yes, I'm going to skate," he answered as his teeth rattled together and his ears stood out like sheet-iron medals; "They tried to stuff me with a story of a boy who froze to death on the rink at the park, but I wouldn't take it."

"Did one freeze to death?"

"Naw! Come to find out about it, he just froze his ears and nose and fingers and toes, and the rest of his body wasn't touched at all! They can't scare me with any of their tales of horror!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

They were talking of literature when she remarked:—

"How I admire Hogg! His tender l'ns fairly bristle with good points."

"I am partial to Bacon," said he, "and I consider Hogg a boar."

"Did you ever study the metrical rhythm of Hogg's feet?" she asked.

"Yes, but I do not find so much wisdom interlarded as in Bacon's prose."

And then they sat down in one chair, and he held her Akenside.—*Marathon Independent*.

The editors down South must possess a poetic temperament far above the average scribe. One of them gives an elaborate "send-off" to a young friend whose chaplet Fate has garlanded with one of the fairest and sweetest flowers that bloom in the parterre of beauty, and then he (the editor) finishes up with: "May joys and blessings as exquisite and hallowed as those engendered by a shower of roses scattered down by the hands of the Peri from the far off gardens of Paradise crown their wedded future, and increase with the lapse of years." This editor evidently has the divine atlas with the back of the neck.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Dr. Schlieman says that he "did not even find the trace of a sword in Hissarlik." Will he inform us whether he found the trace of a harness?—When a Boston girl asks for a fiddle string at the music store, she says:—"Please give me an intestine of the deceased feline."—When an editor picks up his pen and begins making bills out against a long list of delinquents, he feels like exclaiming: "This pen is mightier than this owe-herd."—The happiest country editor we know of is the one whose wife praised his paper. She said it was perfect, in fact the most valuable paper she ever saw—to put on pantry shelves.—Ye who have bills to settle prepare to settle them pretty soon.—*Rome Sentinel*.—Ye who have bills to settle will prepare to let them set-'til the boy calls again.—It will puzzle you to write 1 instead of an 0 at first; but you'll soon get used to it.—*Yonkers Gazette*.—1 0 2.—The Irish tenants New Years greeting to the British lion: "May your shadow ever growl less.—*Whitehall, N.Y., Times*.

A pair of Southern editors are analyzing each other in fine style. One is a "galvanized toad-stool," and the other a "hip-nosed galfute." We are inclined to consider this a new era in journalism. Can any one tell us what a "hip-nosed galfute" is?—*Phila. Sun*. There is no such word in English as galfute. It is galoot. Any way that is what we call Joe Wheelock when he gets to debating the Senatorial question, and he is one of the most accurate writers in Minnesota.—*Stillwater, Minn., Lumberman*. Since this appeared, the establishment of the *Lumberman* has undergone the following changes: Editorial Sanctum—two expensive blinds torn in shreds; four elegant chairs badly broken; editor's desk smashed, scattering a large bundle marked "Private—Love Letters," editor's nose enlarged to turnip size, and he has now four black eyes, instead of two. We feel sorry that our eagerness led us so far as to ask for a definition of "galfute," but, we return thanks for our contemporary's kindness. We will send "a bottle" (of soothing syrup) by mail.—*Phila. Sun*.

A man knocked at the Topnoody front door the other morning and Mrs. Topnoody, with her head done up in a dish rag, and a table cloth for an apron, appeared in response to the ring.

"I want to see the boss," said the man.

"Well, I'm the boss," snapped the lady.

"Are you Mr. Topnoody?"

"No, do I look like a fool?"

"But I want to see Mr. Topnoody," pled the stranger, without venturing an answer to her question.

"Oh, you do, do you? Why didn't you ask for him, then?"

"Didn't I? I asked for the boss."

"And didn't I tell you that was me? Now, whenever you want to see Mr. Topnoody at this establishment, ask for Mr. Topnoody, and whenever you want to see me, ask for the boss. That's the way this house is conducted," and the lady went back through the hall calling "Topnoody, you Topnoody, there's something at the front door to see you."—*Steubenville Herald*.

When a girl slips on the ice and drives a hair-pin two inches into her skull, she gets up and gives her head a shake, straightens out the pin and puts it in its place with an angelic smile, then goes on with her amusement. But when a boy flies up and sets down on somebody's broken whiskey flask, he rolls over and sets up a howl like a locomotive trying to stick its toes into a slippery track on an up grade.—*Mauch Chunk Democrat*.

"Topnoody, you Topnoody," called Mrs. T. early in the morning, "get up and build a fire in the kitchen stove, and put the tea-kettle on, and grind the coffee, and get a bucket of coal, and a pail of water, and cut that kindling wood, and start a fire in the parlor, and take out the ashes, and sweep the snow off around the house, and call the children, and wait on the milkman, and go and get a beefsteak, and feed the chickens, and see if the cow's in the stable, and then come back here and stir up my fire and wake me up so's I can get breakfast. Do you hear? I do believe men would like to see every one of us poor women work our fingers' ends off, and freeze to death in the bargain!" Then she fixed herself for a final snooze, and Topnoody arose to go about the pleasant duties of the day; and thank the Lord he was not a miserable bachelor.—*Steubenville Herald*.

THE PUNSTER'S PARADISE.

The Punning Club met at the Punster's Paradise last night.

Hook-nosed Sandy was moved into the chair and Billy Bloomer appointed Secretary.

The following paragraph was read and laid on the table for consideration:

"When you go to Europe and travel three months, Europe poorer man when you come home." After reading the foregoing terrible pun you may be undecided whether to Liverpool your issues and die.—*Norristown Herald*. No wonder you feel all London after such an effort.—*Rome Sentinel*.—Vienna one could make a better pun than that.—*Camden Journal*. Genoa of any one who can?—*Rome Sentinel*. Corsican, you Sardinia.—*Komoka Tribune*. This Russia punishment gives us Spain.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

No. 1 said—"May I Pekin and Punjaub, too?"

"You Connaught, you Zulu!" yelled the Chairman.

"Come again!" said the Secretary.

"Cork Yarmouth, for its Tolouse!" retorted No. 1.

"Tagus away and Tighten it," moaned the Secretary.

"What, that Argob of yours?" queried another party.

"Jesso," replied the Secretary, faintly.

"Let him turn a Somerset," yelled No. 1.

"Denmark if he does, he will be Dublin," observed the chairman.

"Eric does, let's have a drink," remarked a Freshman.

"Dry as a fish—that is what ales us," said another.

"Rather sealy, but he's on his bier," observed the Chairman.

"You are a Tartar," replied the Freshman.

"Siam thinking you are getting Tunis," observed the Secretary.

"Yeddo, eh?"

Here the curtain went down as the glass went up.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

"Did yer play hookey an' go fishin' yisterday, Billy?"

"That's w'at I did!"

"W'at did yer ketch?"

"Nuthin' yit. Dad hasn't found it out!"—*Modern Arjo*.