

VOL. THE FIFTEENTH, No. 1.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 22ND MAY, 1890.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A kid-napping case—a cradle.—Marathon Independent.

The motto of the hen is to eggshell.—Waterloo Observer.

How paradoxical it is for cranky people to object to hand-organs.—N.Y. Mail.

A bear hunter—the Hottentot in his usual hunting costume.—Lampyton.

Forced politeness—Bowling to necessity.—New York Graphic.

An old theatre gorse—Red paint.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

The telegraph sometimes tells rough stories. Telegraphs are wiry things.—Boston Transcript.

An auctioneer can never have his own way, he is compelled to do as others bid.—Cin. Sat. Night.

When a man is rolling in wealth his fortune is appropriately expressed in round numbers.—Proof Sheet.

Real estate must be depressed. You can buy fifteen blocks now for ten cents.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Whenever you see a woman looking daggers, be not alarmed, it is only a mouthful of pins.—Bloomington Eye.

Wives are wanted at Leadville. Girls expert in dressing pistol-shot wounds are preferred.—Sumerville Journal.

We can stand the impudence of waiters, but there are some hotel-keepers we can't put up with.—Vallejo Chronicle.

"Aunty, vat makes de little baby cry so? Do it want iz mudder!" "Yes, dear and its fodder, too."—Proof Sheet.

The rain falls on the just and the unjust. But not on the man who has just stolen an umbrella.—Boston Transcript.

If the curve is the line of beauty, the colic is the most handsome ailment known to the medical profession.—Steubenville Herald.

If a man tumbles down from a precipice thirty feet in height, it gives him no authority to brag of his descent.—Somerville Journal.

Some people put stockings on their hens to keep them from scratching, but a better plan is to "shoo" them.—Philadelphia News.

An exchange says that there's something in store for everyone of us; but then it takes money to get it out.—Somerville Journal.

"Figures won't lie," they tell us. That must be the reason it is so hard to put a carpet down smoothly and make it reach into the corners.

The editor of the Boston Post says "mules get tired of living in Cincinnati." We know now why he avoids us.—Saturday Night.

The laugh of the school girl—"He! he! he!"—Salem Sunbeam. The laugh of the farmer—"Hoe! hoe! hoe!"—Boston Journal of Commerce.

A Westfield man has received an encouraging letter from two of his boys, who had recently gone west, in which they say they are earning \$100 per month and paying \$150 for board.—Somerville Journal.

An Ohio journal says that in this section policemen are usually brutes at home. Then the policeman's wife is not a happy one.—Herald P.I.

A city missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally because I have preached so much without notes," he said.—Boston Sunday Budget.

We hear of a man who has made a fortune by attending to his own business! This is authentic. But then he had few competitors.—Boston Transcript.

The Cleveland Leader mentions a meeting of pump men in that city. Can it be that the reporters have been holding a convention?—Steubenville Herald.

The Meriden Recorder thinks the mule was never tamed evenly, for while this animal seems perfectly mild and tame in front, a wild danger lurks about the heels.

"Silence is golden." AUNT—"Has any one been at these preserves?" (Dead silence.) "Have you touched them Jemmy?" JEMMY—"Pa never 'lows me to talk at dinner."

An agricultural paper heads an article "How to prepare for strawberries." We have been prepared for them for several weeks, but the prices haven't been favorable.—Cin. Sat. Night.

A number of Italians are in town. They missed the gorgeous sunsets of their native land until the bill poster for the London circus arrived. Now they are all right.—Danbury News.

A man to whom a large tract of land in a neighboring State was bequeathed by a deceased uncle, didn't receive any deed to the property, but he said he would take the will for the deed.—Keokuk Gate City.

An observer of Vesuvius notes an increased activity in the crater at the time of each full moon. An observing Milesian remarks that he has discovered no difference in the activity of the crathur at any time.—Rome Sentinel.

He was watching a neighbor's boy climb a tree, and he had a look of painful anxiety on his countenance. "Are you afraid the lad will fall and break his neck?" was asked him. "No," he replied, "I am afraid he won't."

An old miser who was notorious for self-denial, was one day asked why he was so thin. "I do not know," said the miser. "I have tried various means for getting fatter, but without success." "Have you tried victuals?" inquired a friend.

The new style of wall decoration has raised havoc with the fresco painters. An ordinary hired girl, a kettle of paste and a few rolls of paper with dado and freize, and the housewife is her own artist, if half the figures are wrong side up.—New Haven Register.

The other day a boy on South Hill yelled so loud that he loosened his hair at the roots, and when the neighbors rushed in to see what the murder was about, they found he was only calling to another boy, standing just on the other side of a marble ring about six inches wide.

WASHINGTON's father was never known to use profane words. The nearest approach to it was when GEORGE confessed that he had cut down his favorite cherry tree. WASHINGTON, SR., feeling his loss very deeply, immediately went to MARY, his wife, and exclaimed: "My best cherry tree has been cut down, by GEORGE!"—Yawcob Strauss.

When brightly beams the evening star,
And nature sleeps in shade,
The young man with his light guitar
Goes forth to serenade.
And while upon the midnight air
His soul its music pours,
His girl, serenely unaware,
Lies on her bed and snores.

St. John Cin. Star.

An exchange, deprecating long visits, long stories, long essays, etc., advises persons to "Learn to be short." When our contemporary sends out a man to collect subscriptions, he will be surprised to learn that nine out of every ten persons have already mastered that lesson.—Norristown Herald.

"Here, John, don't eat those crackers up,"
Said she with a hateful snap;
"They're some I saved on purpose
To put in the baby's pap."
"Well," said JOHN, edging for the door,
And reaching for his hat,
"What makes you so cross about it, then?
Ain't I the baby's pap?"

—Keokuk Constitution.

The manager, being on deck, heard the painter, but failed to find out his whereabouts for some time. At length, looking over the stern, he desisted the man of paint, whose tune was merry and loud. He looked savagely at the man, who took no notice of his appearance, but continued his work until he was accosted by his superior with the following inquiry: "Do we pay you for whistling, sir?" "No," replied the man; "we gie ye thot into the bargain."—Proof Sheet.

"The circus is coming," remarked Mrs. Goodington, laying down her paper, "with no end of trained horses and caramels, hypothenuses and other bedizens of the forest and jingle. How well I remember the first time Daniel took me to the circus! As we entered the tainted enclosure, I said to him, 'How terribly wild the animals growl, don't they?' I was enamest frightened to death, till Daniel told me it was only the vendoes of peanuts and prize packages playing their rogation."—Boston Transcript.

Speculator to old miner in Leadville, handing him a bag of samples: "Gold quartz or carbonates?" The honest miner turned it over in his hand indifferently, took out his knife and picked at it awhile, and then asked, "Got much of it?" "Thousands of tons," answered the other eagerly. "How much do you suppose she'll run?" "Can't tell nothing without an assay." "But you can guess, can't you, you can guess?" "Oh, yes, anybody kin guess; but a guess is liable to be extravagant. Now, I should say—but, mind ye, I may go over the mark—I should s-a-a-y [turning the specimen over again and holding it up to the light], I should s-a-a-y that if ye can save the gold in this and catch the silver, and not waste the lead, that it might run about—well, about two dollars to the county."

Uncle BEN WURR, that antiquated, crippled and white-headed darkey always to be met in Woodward Avenue begging for a small loan was looking so proud and conceited yesterday that an acquaintance asked him the cause.

"Wall, I does feel a bit stuck up sah," replied the old man as he gave his old hat a new slant. "My ole woman am black as de spades ob diamonds, an' I nebber 'spose she 'mounted to a hill 'o beans, but a few weeks ago she was looken sick."

"Yes, sah, an' de oder day I called a doctah—same sort o' doctah dat tends on white folks. He looked at de ole woman's tongue, axed her 'bout a fousan' qeshuns, an' den he shook his head an' said dat her system was all run out."

"Run down, you mean."

"Yes, sah, an' then he tole her dat she mus' go to de sea-shore for free months dis summer to git her system back."

"But you can't even raise fifty cents."

"Dat's so, but Lawd bress you I can't we feel tickled an' stuck up to know dat my ole black woman am advised to do jist de same as de biggest white ladies in de land! Fo' de Lawd, but when de doctah said she had a system, same as rich white folks, an' dat she mus' go whar dey roll in salt water, dress in silk an' put up at a fo'-story hotel, why, I jist shouted till dey heard me way out in de woods!"—Detroit Free Press.