



### THE JOKER CLUB.

#### "The Hun is mightier than the Sword."

It is not necessary for a man to keep his mug at a barber's shop, but he must take it there to be shaved.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

When one sees a man thrown from his saddle over the head of a horse, he must recognize the power behind the thrown.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

A prisoner at the grate. Turnkey—"Are you in for contempt?" Prisoner (with indignation)—"No, sir, I haven't fallen that low—it's a simple drunk."

A story in three chapters: Chapter I.—Jones started a drug store. Chapter II.—His cash ran out. Chapter III.—Jones followed his cash.—*Philadelphia Item*.

When a grocer advertises every variety of "raisins" for sale, does he include derrickts, pulleys, jack screws, yeast, rope and tackle and that sort of thing?—*Lampton*.

A candidate for the situation of coachman advertises in a Cork paper that he has good testimonials, and is "both courageous and a good shot."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"Come right into the house children," shouted Mrs. Shuttle. "You are making more noise and uproar than a session of Congress. What do you suppose the neighbors think?"

A new Paris paper is called the *Idiot*. It is not as one might suppose a branch of the *New York Tribune*.—*Boston Post*. No; the *Tribune* is complete in itself.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Beaconsfield ascribes all his greatness to woman. Adam laid all his trouble to the same source. Adam, we are ashamed of you. Beaconsfield, you are a gentleman.—*Boston Transcript*.

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

A California heiress was left \$50,000 worth of diamonds which she could take possession of on her wedding day, and it is not surprising that the first fellow who offered himself was accepted.—*Boston Post*.

The weather yesterday was just what might have been expected. The President will know better another time than to put a greenhorn into the Weather Bureau just before Christmas.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Clem Johnson lost his hat in a gale of wind, the other day, and after chasing it quite a distance, he sat down and said: "I gib up in dis gust, and I see afeared I'll hab to go home in dis guise."—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

The farmer's wife would be profane who would darn the tares her husband sowed.—*Waterloo Observer*. And the farmer would be ungrateful who would tear the darns that his wife had sewed.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

A man who paints signs on fences and rocks fell from a precipice in Colorado last week, and was killed. Precipices should be encouraged.—*Ec*. This incident will have a tendency to bluff those nomadic disfigurers of nature's handiwork.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

There was a fight imminent between two boys on Elm street Monday evening. One of them darkly intimated that he was bigger than the other. The smaller one, who is the son of a deacon, defiantly retorted, "I don't care if you're as big as a church debt; you can't scare me."—*Danbury News*.

Emma Abbott tells a St. Louis reporter that the stage kiss is "cold, dim, pale phantom—unsatisfactory, elusive and empty." Miss Abbott ought to substitute a *Hawkeye* reporter for that tenor. If there is anything the staff of this paper can throw soul into it is a radiant kiss.—*Hawkeye*.

We had to avoid meeting our enemy yesterday. We had a friend with us who would grab our coat-tails and hold us back as we started to annihilate the wretch, but there was nobody to restrain him, and it would have been very embarrassing for him. So, out of consideration for his feelings, we avoided him.—*Boston Post*.

When the cook placed the turkey on the table, upside down on the dish—that is with its back up—the head of the house got his back up, too, gave her a withering look and almost profanely asked if she "s'posed he was going to crawl under the table and cut a hole up through the plate, to get at the breast of the fowl?"—*Norristown Herald*.

Says funny Fuller, of Rockland, Maine:—"About this time the young lady of the country learns through a series of deep, dark plottings that her young man wears number four boots. The same young man will be sorry that he prevaricated, when he tries to thrust his number seven feet into a beautiful worked pair of number four Christmas slippers."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed a young lady, entering a public hall the other evening, "what a dreadful odor of carburetted hydrogen!" "Mum?" said the janitor, with a puzzled countenance. "The smell of the carburetted hydrogen," she explained. "That's no kind o' gin, mum," replied the janitor, "that's garse; the pipes is leaky, mum."—*Boston Transcript*.

Nobody wants to be Secretary of the Navy for the remaining two months of Mr. Hayes' rule. A man couldn't more than get the trick of walking with his feet wide apart, pulling his trousers up every little while and hailing people with "avast there, messmate," before he'd become an ordinary landsman and then those habits would make him appear ridiculous.—*Boston Post*.

Prof. Tice, in his new Almanac, gives advice how to guard against lightning. But the Professor has forgotten one important guard against the susceptible fluid which is, "Never go into an editor's sanctum with your thumb spread all over an article, blood in your eye, and in a very high tone trumpet out, 'I want to see the dod gasted pelican that wrote that!'" Just about then is when the lightning foels for that man's liver pad with a paralyzing touch.—*Lockport Union*.

The 'Square' Man.—Josh Billings says, the square man mezzures the same each way, and haint got no wainny edges nor shaky lumber on him. He is free from knots, and sarp, and won't warp. He is klear stuff, and I don't care what you work him up into he won't swell and he won't shrink. He is amongst men what good kiln-dried boards are among carpenters, he won't season crack. It don't make any difference which side ov him you cum up to, he iz the same bigness each way, and the only way to get at him, enny how, iz to face him. He knows he is square, and never spends enny time trying to prove it. The square man iz one ov the best shaped men the world has produced, be is one of them kind of chunks that kant alter tew fit a spot, but you must alter the spot tow fit him.

"Well, well," said Billington majestically, "we musn't be too severe on the young fellows. I suppose I was as big a fool as any of them when I was young." "Yes," replied Fogg, "and you are not an old man now, Billington."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Well, I'm glad you've got worsted for once," said little Whippersnapper to Jimmy Tuffboy, who appeared in the back yard with a handkerchief tied about his cranium. "Worsted; you're right, it's the worst head I ever had put on me."—*New Haven Register*.

Snickins has sprung an unprincipled trick on his friends. Christmas he made each of his seven children presents of toy banks, and now every time a caller puts in an appearance, the sacred number encircle the guest like a flame of fire, from which there is no escape without a shrive, and cry in equal chorus: "Please Mister, give me a penny to put in my bank."—*Lockport Union*.

"What good deed have you done to-day, Johnny?" said a benevolent father to his heir. "I gave a poor little boy a cent, Papa," was the good child's answer. "Ah, that was right, and why, my son, did you give him the cent?" "I gave it to him, dear Papa, for a good three cent stamp, that he thought was only a piece of green paper." "Let us prey," said the father, and he got a strap and preyed on that boy for fifteen minutes by the watch.—*Steubenville Herald*.

An exchange thus tells how to turn a horn: "Rasp the horn on the outside if you wish to turn the horn in. It will give life to that part, and increases its growth wonderfully on the side rasped." Now what kind of word juggling is this. We respect a temperance man, but this recipe reminds us of the man who winks at the soda water clerk and says he will take a little coffee syrup in his.—*Lockport Union*.

"Well, my son, you have got into grammar, have you?" said a proud sire to his thickest chip, the other night. "Let me hear you compare some adjectives." Chip—"All right; little, less, least; big, bigger, beast; mow, more, most—" Proud Sire—"Hold on, sir, that's not right; you—" Chip—"Toe, tore, toast, snow, snore, snort; go, gore, gout; row, roar, ront—" Proud Sire—"Stop, I say; those adj—" Chip—"Drink, drank, drunk; chink, chank, chunk; wink, wank, wunk; think, thank, thunk—" Proud Sire—"You infernal little fool, what in thunder—" Chip—"Good, better, best; bad, wasser, wust; bile, biler, bust; sow, sewer, soup; pew, pure, purp—ouch! oh! giminedy dad—oh! oh! oh! oh!" The enraged parent had broken into the recitation with a bootjack.—*Oderous Comparison*.

Right up on their ears—Kangaroos.—Hotter than blue blazes—White blazes.—A circular saw—An old "saw" that goes the rounds of the press.—When the Indian captive is bound to the stake it is Lo tied in his affairs.—"Agreed"—as the man said when asked the meaning of the word "avarice."—"Teeth inserted without payin'"—remarked the tramp, as he bit into a stolen pie.—"What are givin' nuss?" as the sick man said, when he saw the doctor pass a bottle to his female attendant.—"Two soles with but a single thought," as the fisherman remarked, when he saw a pair of the latter fishes swimming toward his baited hook.—"When a candidate manifests a strong itching for office it is advisable to scratch him."—"This is the humorous, though rash, remark of the *Boston Globe*.—An Ethiopian was examining an old guu, the other day, when it exploded, the bullet just grazing the top of his skull—went off at a tan gent, as it were.—Bliffers says that it is no use for him to try to calm his wife when she gets on one of her tantrums. Like old Joshua Whitecomb he cannot pass a fire.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.