



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

"Hon. W. Macdonnell says he doesn't care whether the Syndicate bargain is ratified or not if he only can secure a copy of *Gur's Comic Almanac* for 1881.

Ladies should beware how they indulge in hor racing. A young lady barely escaped with her life while on the Brighton road last week, the trouble being that she couldn't hold her roan.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

Bernhardt has a wonderful picture called "The Young Girl and Death." There are two figures in it, and you can take your choice of the two, as to which is Bernhardt and which is the young girl.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"Well, I've done one good deed to-day," said Billington. "What's that?" asked his friend. "I have given a poor, deserving man an overcoat," replied Billington, turning about; "how do you think it fits?"—*Boston Evening Journal*.

Nineteen men out of twenty can pull a shot gun toward them by the muzzle and go their way in good health, but the twentieth man always happens to be a citizen whose loss is deplored by a whole community.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A young woman flung herself into a cistern in Newburgh but was fished out. A local paragrapher advised her as follows: "Cis-tern from your evil ways." But he won't joke that way when it comes cis-tern.—*Poughkeepsie Eagle*.

It takes five gallons of whiskey to cure an elephant's cold, and, since this fact came out, seven New York men have been sent to insane asylums, as nothing can convince them that they are not elephants suffering from colds.—*Boston Post*.

A Boston man was invited to a banquet. At the bottom of the invitation was the following: "Nota Bene.—Eight o'clock prompt." He read it thus: "Not a bean, eh? Then I don't go to the durned banquet, that's all about it."—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

A Bridgeport carpenter, while in a fit of anger, threw a hammer at a fellow workman and swallowed a screw he had in his mouth. It was an unfortunate affair, but it was better than throwing the screw and swallowing the hammer.—*Danbury News*.

Whenever you see a man mad enough to tear the azure robe of night all up the back and bust the buttons off, put it down he has been inveigled by his home ruler into some sort of millinery shebang, and got stuck for something handsome.—*Bloomington Eye*.

A patent medicine notice in many of our exchanges is headed "An Editor's Escape." We haven't read it, but we are glad that he escaped. We suspect that while the man with the bill was coming up stairs the editor jumped out of the window and slid down the rain spout.—*J. H. Williams*.

Two girls in an Illinois boarding school had a contest to see who could dress quickest on a wager. Three other girls acted as judges, and the air seemed full of lingerie, pictorial stockings and lots of things that no fellow even knows the names of, for seven minutes and thirteen seconds, when the winner smilingly emerged, faultlessly dressed, even to bonnet and gloves.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Scene in Cincinnati.—First speaker: How are hogs to-day? Second: High; are you in the market? First: Yes, are you? Second: Yes; do you intend to stick? First: To the last; how many hogs can you control? Second: Smith, Brown and Jones. First: And I've got Robinson; we'll "bull" the market.—*Phil. Sun*.

A Murray Hill girl has had one of her shapely feet modeled in marble, and has presented it as a birthday gift to her affianced husband for a paper weight. A St. Louis girl did the same thing, but the unesthetic creature to whom she is to be united heartlessly utilized the gift as a foundation for his new residence.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

It was a Vassar girl just graduated who inquired: "Is the crack of the rifle the place they put the powder in?" Another, watching the operation of a steam fire-engine, remarked in wonder to her companion: "Who would have thought that such a diminutive looking apparatus could hold so much water?"—*Wicked Exchange*.

When a young man brings his girl a half pound of caramels, four ounces of chocolate creams, a half pound of sugared almonds and a dozen squares of taffy, and she eats them all during the evening, it is the very gall and bitterness of hollow mockery, when he is leaving, for the young man to lovingly whisper to the dear girl, "Happy be thy dreams."—*Rockland Courier*.

Gilboly had bought a barrel of apples from De Smith's grocery, which did not give satisfaction. "What's the reason," said Gilboly, indignantly, "that the further down I go into the apples the worse they get?" "The reason for that is that you didn't open the barrel at the other end. If you had only done that the apples would be getting better all the time."—*Galveston News*.

Two little boys in a family on Munson street had a pull at the wish-bone Thursday. The eldest won, but the parting was so unexpected that he lost his balance and went over a stool, striking on the floor with such force as to split his coat the whole length of the back. For the life of him he can't tell now what he wished, and of course will never know whether he gets it or not.—*Danbury News*.

A writer in an art journal says: "I do not think plates look well hung on a wall. They should be put on shelves in a kind of dresser." That writer's art taste is low. It needs cultivation. Next thing he will declare that coal-scuttles and wash-tubs do not look well hung on parlor walls, and he will relegate a decorated boot-jack to its proper place. If he were to go to Boston and promulgate such ideas he would get bounced.

A hatchet-faced woman, of about fifty-one summers, with a wealth of freckles in her face and a snuff stick in her mouth, got into a crowded car on Galveston avenue. There were half a dozen gentlemen on the car, but none of them offered to give her a seat. After she had waited a reasonable time, she said: "Ef eny of you galoots is waitin' for me to squat in yer laps, you are barkin' up the wrong tree, for I want you to understand I'm a lady." A dread that she was not in earnest caused six gentlemen to leave the car.—*Galveston News*.

Dolls, this season, dressed a *la mode*, cost all the way up to \$500. You can get one of the other kind—one that opens and shuts its eyes, eats ice cream, and understands handkerchief flirtation—for less money. But the \$500 doll doesn't make disparaging remarks when a man comes home weary at midnight, nor put its cold feet in the hollow of his back when he gets into bed.—*Yacoub Strauss*.—That's a fine lingo. We know one of the "other kind" that has cost us three or four thousand dollars, and the end is not yet.—*Springfield Sunday Times*.

The glow of the evening firelight had lighted up her face and she never looked more charming. Resting her head gently on his shoulder, and looking with her great round eyes full into his face, she murmured: "John, oh, John. The days of the closing year are fast being numbered, and—John, you can divide—them—by—four—" "Ah, Eliza, I've often thought of this, but I rather like addition more than division." "Then, why—should—our—lots—be divided—at all." And that beshful coot allowed himself to be carried away by her sophistries and agreed to enter that state where multiplication is the true mathematical science.—*New Haven Register*.

A Texas man said he preferred to fight a duel rather than act as judge of a baby show. This is surprising, as he could get more fighting out of a baby show.—"Would you like to look through the big telescope?" asked one girl of another. To which the latter replied: "No, I'd a great deal rather look through a key-hole."—"You don't know how glad I am to see you, Clara dear." "Oh; yes, I do," replied Clara dear; "Johnny told me he heard you say you would rather die than see me."—They tell of a very cultured divine in Boston who, instead of saying "The collection will now be taken up," impressively remarks: "The accumulation of money will now ensue."—*Springfield Sunday News*.

HE SENT HER A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Christmas was a sorry day for young Mr. Woolley. For weeks he had lain awake o' nights thinking what he could send his girl for a Christmas present. Yesterday morning he again counted his money, tucked up his greasy coat collar and strolled into a bookstore. "Ha, ha," said he, "I have it—a book of poems, thirty-five cents. But how will she receive it?" he queried, as he deposited the brass pennies on the counter. "This is, indeed, a world of tribulation; suppose my dear Charlotte should tell me that she would not accept it! The fates forbid it; and me—why, I would feel like dining in the back yard."

After a moment's reflection he bethought himself of a messenger boy. "Ten cents more gone," said he, sorrowfully, "and I must write a note. How would this sound?"

"MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"My Dear Charlotte:

"I send you this little book of poems. Please accept it as a small token of my esteem.

Yours truly,

"W. WOOLLEY."

An hour later, as Mr. Woolley was picking a chicken bone in his boarding house, a small parcel and a delicately written note were placed before him. Tearing open the letter he read:

"CHRISTMAS.

"W. Woolley, Esq.:

"Book received. Can't accept it. Have no use for a book on 'False Hair and How to Utilize It.' Farewell forever. "CHARLOTTE."

The bookseller had done up the wrong package; that was all!—*N. Y. Express*.

"My children," said a New Haven man to his son and daughter, both along in their teens a trifle, "if I should give you each five dollars, what would you do with it?" "I would buy something to read," replied the boy, the light of intelligence beaming across his countenance. "And I," said the girl with enthusiasm, "would buy something to wear." "You both do yourselves credit. It is natural that a boy just on the verge of manhood should seek to improve his mind, and girls of your age, my dear," as he stroked her curls, "always are thinking of good clothes. Here is the money, use your own judgment, both of you." The boy bought a full collection of "Wild Bill; or Life on the Plains" novels, and the girl a five dollar set of diamond jewelry.—*Thos. S. Weaver*.