



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A physician gives directions "How to see the blood circulate." His method is not as simple as the old way of calling a prize fighter a liar.—*Norristown Herald*.

A paper in New York is called *The Wheel*. It ought to circulate, but most readers would soon "tire" of such a name. It would flourish better at the Hub.—*Norristown Herald*.

Christmas trees are looking spruce. Children pine for them.—*Boston Post*. By gum! Yule—yew'll be sorry for re-uh-ning these old puns. This subject is trees on.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

In looking oar the photographs of aquatic herows, the scull of Haulan is found near the head.—*Boston Globe*. We understand that photographs of Haulan are not for sail.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

"Judie, the actress, makes \$40,000 a year in France and Russia, and saves nearly all of it." She has evidently acted Judic-iously—in not acquiring a husband to squander it for her.—*Norristown, Pa., Herald*.

Certain Democrats in New York have formed a club called the "Hyenas." If they intend to howl for office and dig up dead and buried issues, the name is a singularly appropriate one.—*Norristown Herald*.

An Irishman who was very near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and they were both to fire at the same time.—*Detroit Every Saturday*.

The following from the *Norristown, Pa., Herald*, is not bad:—Secretary Thompson says we have a navy. We don't dispute his word, but the man who is sitting upon it should be invited to get up, so that our navy can be seen.

When Theo was five years old, she having been taught that it was rude to stare at people, was heard calling from a room in which sat an exceedingly stout lady: "I'm not staring, mamma; but isn't she fat?"—*Detroit Every Saturday*.

The first part of last week, people were all stove-up. Coal comfort they received at home, too. It wood anthracite any man to be chilled at one's very hearth-stone. It makes one's burden too grate to bear.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

There is a horrible rumor abroad that Sarah Bernhardt, after fulfilling her present engagements in this country, will start out on a series of annual farewell tours, covering a period of three years, before her return home.—*Norristown Herald*.

Adolphus:—The howel is a tool used by coopers for smoothing the insides of casks, and for giving a general finish to their work. You would be astonished to see howel they hoop'er up, and how 'staving' the cask looks, when finished.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

A certain musical critic is so full of melody that he eats soup with a tuning fork.—*Boston Globe*. We presume it is also natural for him to pause and rest at a bar.—*Somerville Journal*.—A breakfast on note meal suffices, and he likes to see Do-ra prepare it.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

It has begun. The shower of almanacs. It's enough to make us all-maniacs.—In our youthful days the small boy had plenty of lip, but now it's a mouth with a kid attached.—"Snow use, a rain of terror is upon us, to flea or fly, or meet the man with a paper bill, and tall'on's too.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

Eldest daughter: "I think you might let me come out, mamma! I'm twenty, you know, and surely I've finished my education!" Festive mamma (by no means prepared to act the part of Chaperone and Wallflower): "Not yet, my love. Society is so hollow! I really must preserve that sweet girlish freshness of yours a little while longer!"—*Punch*.

The *Brooklyn Eagle* describes a paper carnival at which a young lady appeared with a fan made from the *Danbury News*. We are glad some one has succeeded in raising the wind with that estimable paper.—*Danbury News*. So are we, brother Bailey, but this is not the first time a bustle has been created, by a young lady, with the *Danbury News*.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

"Anything new and fresh this morning?" our reporter asked in the Lagonda House office, the other day. "Yes," replied the lone occupant of the office. "What is it?" queried the reporter, whipping out his note-book. Said the diamond-stud man, edging his way toward the door: "That paint you are leaning against." The hotel man is now in the care of a physician and the reporter is in jail.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

The *Lancaster Examiner* says that a poor man "with his wife, horse, wagon and thirteen dogs, has taken winter quarters on the Greenland Hill, along the Philadelphia pike." The man must be very poor indeed, and it is hard to understand how he will be able to keep from starving this winter with only thirteen dogs. What he wants is a few more dogs. As it is now, he is a proper subject for charity.—*Norristown, Pa., Herald*.

Bliffers went into a down-town restaurant, the other day, and called for a bowl of bread and milk. The cerulean tint of the lactal fluid hardly suited Bliffers' fastidious tastes, and there being a pitcher of cream upon the table, Bliffers poured a generous portion into his bowl. The waiter, observing the operation, called out: "I say! What are you doing with that cream?" "Oh," says Bliffers, "I am merely rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's!"—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

A few nights ago the girls in an Indiana college got up a kicking match, for the championship, the one that kicked the highest to be awarded the belt. One of them tried to kick with both feet at once, and she sat down on her spinal column so itally that she was seriously injured. A college girl shouldn't kick at the ceiling with both feet at once unless there is a young man standing near to catch her in case of a fall—and then it would be advisable first to dress like a female trapeze performer.—*Norristown, Pa., Herald*.

These cold mornings are favorable for abbreviated salutations. The latest is:

"Good morn."
"Morn. Horn this morn?"
"No horn."
"Good morn."—*New Haven Register*.

Deuced clever, you know. But it reminds us of the scene in a play, where this brilliant conversation occurs:

"Good aft."
"Aft. Going to mat' this aft'?"
"Not this aft'."
"Good aft'."—*Hackensack Republican*.

The *Boston Journal of Commerce* says:—Bliffers alluded to the "Silver-tongued orator" recently, as Wind ill Phillips, because the poor man was suffering from an attack of colic.—"When you make an engagement to take your sweetheart out to skate upon the frozen surface of the lake, be sure you don't slip up on it.—Horses frequently show great affection for vehicles. When attached to each other they are generally hitched together and sent on their bridle tour.—It is the opinion of Hans Pfeiffer that a murderer upon the scaffold, although in a very serious position, is always bound to have his "leedle choke."

A young gentleman of Boston, who recently graduated from Harvard, and has come west to let the country grow up with him, has for some time been paying marked attentions to a beautiful girl on the west side. The other evening he remarked that "Endymion," the title of Lord Beaconsfield's new novel, meant the setting sun. She looked into the brightly-glowing grate a moment, and then said she thought his name should have been Endymion, as he could set around as long as any son she ever saw. Chicago girls are not always cultured, but they can bring a man to the scratch every time.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Our female reporter who gathers and dresses-up about town notes says she has to bustle to collar news, as some people don't take stockin' a female reporter. Hat makes no diff. to her, she says, for she can handle the ribbons as well as anybody, pin an item as deftly, embrace an opportunity, hug a delus'on, coax an unwilling witness, or press a subject, with the next one. And she can lay the young men reporters in the shade getting Madame Rumor to unbosom herself of secrets. Occasionally she muffs an item, gets sacqued or handicapped, but by legging around the outskirts, she gets lots the regular reporters miss. Then she can array ideas, cloak a thought, as well as any one. Take it all in all, however, a reporter's life is a frye-ful one.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

At last we have embraced Fauc. After a long and wild chase after the coy maid, we caught her, and she's a charming captive. We have invented a Gustophone. Men, blocks or miles distant, can taste what each other drink or eat. A man can hug a hot fire these winter nights and drink anything he wants by having the up-town bar tender put one end of the gustophone into his favorite drinks. So he can eat a princely meal by having the gustophone worked on his choice dishes at the restaurateur's. By very careful, intense application a man can kiss his wife or sweetheart, though she be miles away. Oh, it's delightful! It's perfect now, all but the kissing. By untiring practice, with and without the gustophone, we expect to make it altogether satisfactory in that branch of usefulness.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

Excelsior.

The shades of night were falling fast.
As through Toronto city passed,
A blooming maid in bloomer dressed,
With this device upon her breast,

GRIP's funny Almanac out this month, price 25 cents.

Her brows were knit, beneath her veil
Her eyes flashed like a comet's tail,
And like a clarion bugle rung
The tones of that outlandish tongue,

Fun is better than physic; got GRIP's comic Almanac, out this month.

Oh stay, the young man cried, and rest
Thy tired head upon this vest;
A tear rolled down her painted cheek,
But still she answered with a squeak,

The greatest hit of the day. Milk for the young, meat for the old, and crumbs for all in GRIP's comic Almanac. Don't fail to get one.