



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Thanks.

Mr. GRIP wishes to convey his best thanks to the members of the paragraphic fraternity who so generously contributed to his ALMANAC—as well to those whose articles the editor was obliged to omit for want of space, as to those whose contributions appear. The ALMANAC is now abroad in the land, shedding its rays of humor, and receiving the kindest notices of press and public.

The greediest man in the world—The railroad hog.—*Modern Argo.*

He won her, she won him, and that makes them both one.—*Lampton.*

It's hard to fool castor oil—that is, its hard to take it in.—*Unknown Ex.*

No fair-minded man will find fault with the grab-bag.—*Boston Transcript.*

As the school boy's brain is bent so is the Latin verb declined.—*N. Y. News*

GRANT parses "Presidency" and "White House" as indeclinable nouns.—*N. Y. People.*

Crows are the worse behaved of birds because they carri-on so.—*Denielsonville Sentinel.*

A Texas man has been born without a brain. The jury box yawns for him.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Mrs. SPIKE says orchestras are immoral because so many base viol men belong to them.—*N. Y. People.*

"Time is money;" but it wouldn't seem so, judging from the way some people spend it.—*Ed. I. Torridue.*

"What struck you most in Italy?" a newly returned traveler is asked. "The sun," says he.—*New York Herald.*

Teacher—"Bob, what's the meaning of sweet-meats?" "Canned fruit put up for company."—*Pulaski Democrat.*

If it be true that circumstances form character, some persons have led very uneventful lives.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The youth who mustard enough courage to kiss his sweet heart is now suffering from a blister on his lip.—*Waterloo Observer.*

A young fellow who had a rich aunt to keep him in money, referred to her as his fine aunt cial backing.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The human skeleton consists of over 200 distinct bones, a regular bone anser for the medical student.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

What an object of pity that man is whose extreme sense of dignity won't allow him to have any fun in the world.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

A man named ICE is in the West Virginia prison. They do not allow him a fire for fear he will escape by thawing out.—*Oil City Derrick.*

If deaf persons can hear through their teeth, why cannot the blind be made to see through their eye teeth?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

If some men were as thin as the assertions they make, they would have to be tied down to keep from blowing away.—*Heavy Weight Chrystal.*

The manner of the man who shrinks from responding to a sentiment offered at the festive board partakes of quail on toast.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The woman who sews patches on the seat of her boy's pants, is the real messenger of piece. She heels the breeches.—*Keokuk Gite City.*

"This is a high-handed outrage," as the boy remarked when he found that his mother had put the cookies on the upper shelf.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is stated that EDGAR A. POE was an inebriate. He even confesses in one of his poems to one sup on a midnight dreary.—*Marathon Independent.*

A few years' experience as editor of a country paper will "knock the stuffin' clean out" of a fellow's poetic imagination.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"How long shall girls be courted?" asks an English newspaper. Not later than 2 o'clock in the morning, we think, excepting when it rains.—*Elmira Free Press.*

The mercury is gradually sinking lower and lower, and the first thing we know it will be a candidate for governor of Kentucky.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Breeches of promise—those which your tailor for the last two weeks has been assuring you would certainly be finished by Saturday night.—*Sunday Voice.*

If a man is bald it is said to be conclusive evidence that he has been thoroughly married. A smooth head and a smooth life seldom go together.—*New York Herald.*

The only bulb that will keep all winter without being wrapped in sixteen old dresses and laid down cellar is that little fellow in the thermometer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

If a man can't make both ends meet let him sit down on the end of a shaky barrel. When the head caves in the problem will be solved to his complete satisfaction.—*N. Y. People.*

A woman may be strictly temperate, yet when she is continually looking at the reflection of her back hair in the mirror, she raises the glass too often.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Another American girl is to marry a nobleman. Why is it that our girls refuse to support their own countrymen? There is a lack of patriotism somewhere.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A writer says that "the ballot is the only protection the American citizen is in need of," and yet the average American will keep right on carrying an umbrella when it rains.—*Rome Sentinel.*

We know of a benevolent man who is always sorry he didn't send a Thanksgiving barrel of flour to somebody, but he never thinks of Christmas until it has gone by.—*Elmira Free Press.*

"It is vulgar to pay more than \$50 for a Christmas present," says an exchange. Perhaps it is; but if any of our friends should break this rule on our account, we shall overlook the offense.—*Boston Post.*

"Idleness always envies industry," may be a truthful old adage, but we can distinctly remember the time that we could sit on the fence and watch our respected father and brother IKE hoe corn and not envy 'em a bit. *Keokuk Constitution.*

There was a young man from Cabul, Who tried to shake hands with a mule, His neighbors took pains To hunt up his remains, And they wrote on his tombstone—Phool. —*N. Y. People.*

EDISON makes light of a piece of paper. We suppose it is too late for suggestions, but if he is looking around for incandescent substances, it strikes us that still better results may be reached by using a section of a politician's nose.—*N. Y. People.*

Drunkenness causeth all crime; rum causeth drunkenness; sugar-cane maketh rum; niggers grow sugar-cane. Hang the Ethiopians! This is a chain of reasoning. The reasoning of the inquisition hath always consisted of chains.—*Puck.*

When you see a young man in gorgeous apparel walking about the streets with his arms in curves from his body like the wings of an over-heated turkey on a summer's day, it isn't because he is in pain. It is because he has been "abroad."—*Lovel Courier.*

Will science please stand up and tell us why a girl who freezes to death every time she has to sweep off the front steps, can ride fifteen miles in a sleigh with nothing around her but some other girl's brother's arm, without getting a blue nose?—*Meriden Recorder.*

'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark, 'tis sweet to hear the hum of bees and the merry laugh of childhood, but there is something about the sound of a man learning to play the cornet in the room next to yours that reminds you of an exhausted paragrapher trying to snatch a dead joke out of its coffin.—*Merry Andrews' Bazaar.*

In this season of benefit fairs and suppers, the church expects every man to do his duty. Monday it is a ham, Tuesday it is a chicken, Wednesday, it's a cake, and the plot begins to thicken; Thursday, it's an oyster supper, Friday, you must buy a ticket, Saturday, it's something else, and if you don't take it all in, well, it's because you're wicked.—*Stamford Advocate.*

It is astonishing, now that we come to think of it, how intoxicated a man can get on turkey and cranberry sauce sometimes.—*Pomeroy Democrat.* Yes, and we know a man who became so thoroughly drunk, merely by going down to post his books, that two policemen couldn't convince him that he wasn't a candidate for the Presidency.—*Oil City Derrick.*

One of them says: "So many poets die ere they are known." Too true, too true! When an editor discovers the quality of his verses he kills him on the spot without stopping to ascertain his name. The poet's father should take him around and introduce him to all the people in the country, and then it might be different. He would be known before he died.—*Norristown Herald.*

"This is a cold world"—especially in the winter time. But Prof. PROCTOR says it will not be as cold as the moon now is for 2,500,000,000 years yet. Some of us may be dead before that time arrives. The Washington monument may be finished inside of 2,500,000,000 years, but it is feared HANLAN and COURTNEY will still be wrangling over their forthcoming boat race.—*Norristown Herald.*