



THE JOKER CLUB

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

"Bricks without straw"—rubrics.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

The man who missed his footing probably had his boots stolen.—*Boston Transcript.*

An equestrienne who can't hold her roan, should ride somebody else's sorrel.—*New York News.*

Some men are called nuffs because they are used to keep a flirt's hand in.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

Bernhardt is not a "girl of the period," but her resemblance to an inverted exclamation point is striking!—*Argo.*

Many persons will accept the olive branch only from such persons as they cannot lick.—*Prudent Wilkins.*

A Frenchman saw a negro smoking a new meerschaum. "Thunder!" he exclaimed, "why, the pipe's coloring him!"—*Ex.*

A gun is loaded with powder; a table is loaded with the delicacies of the season. Both go off, and both kill.—*Philadelphia Item.*

An exchange speaks of a pig born with a trunk. We suspected it all along, for we've seen them in the cars with a valise.—*Rockland Courier.*

"You can't come," she remarked to him, as he tried to snatch a kiss from her rosy lips, as they were out star-gazing the other evening.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

First despatch: "Think I will soon be a star actor." Second despatch: "I want to come home; please send me \$—; company 'b.?'"; s.?'?—*Gowanda Ent.*

The passenger elevator may be all very well, but the quickest and surest way of getting up stairs is to come into church late with a new and gorgeous bonnet.—*Stanford Advocate.*

What the ex-Secretary of the Navy likes about the isthmus canal is that it won't have any water in it until he is dead. That is the kind of a sailor the Secretary of the Navy usually is.—*Hawkeye.*

It is quite proper for every one to remark that this cold weather is hard on the poor. Some men might possibly be laboring under the idea that the poor had a soft thing of it.—*M. Quad.*

No more our darling Winifred
Will bang her golden hair,
A spell of fever left her head
As smooth as china ware.

—*Argonaut.*

Talk of fellows being born with a silver spoon in their mouths; there is a man in this neighborhood who was invariably spanked with a silver slipper embroidered with glass beads. Think of that!—*Wheeling Leader.*

Fond father.—What, more money! Why, Mary, I gave you ten dollars yesterday! Mary.—Yes, father, but I was robbed! Fond father.—What! How? Mary.—Why, I paid ten dollars for the articles, when I only ought to have been charged five! Fond father.—Explain, my dear. Mary.—Why, Sallie McKeever told me that they had charged five dollars for the goods, and five dollars to help pay the rent of the store! There! You see I was robbed! Fond father.—Oh! Well, Mary, here's ten dollars more, but please avoid rents in your goods in future!—*Philadelphia Sun.*

"What luck did you have fishing yesterday, Breckenridge?" asked a gentleman of a well known impecunious gentleman who owes everybody. "Splendid! While I was out on the wharf twenty men with bills called at my house to collect money."—*Salem Standard.*

Why should a woman stoop to censure?—A winter resort: blowing on cold fingers.—A steam propeller's engine is the champion screw-driver.—Funeral benevolence: "a dead give away."—Speak of a man as you find him. That is, if you find he is obfuscated, bluntly say to him, "Old fellow, you're drunk!"—*New York News.*

"Mother, may I go out to skate?"
"Yes, my darling Julia,
But don't you try the figure 8,
For it will surely fool you!
Just as you make the lightning whirl
To show your springy muscle,
The boys will see a foolish girl
Sleigh-riding on her bustle."—*Ex.*

Another one of Geo. Washington's servants died recently. George was always particular in choosing his servants. They were all long-lived. When the world comes to an end one of George's servants will pick it up and jump into space with it. This will exterminate that class of servants. Until then we expect to chronicle the death of at least one a year.—*Geo. E. Garrett.*

Dr. Schliemann says that he "did not even find the trace of a sword in Hissarlik." Will he inform us if he found the trace of a harness?—When a Boston girl asks for a fiddle string at a music store, she says: "Please give me an intestine of the deceased feline."—It is easier to get up early in the morning, when you retire at night, than it is when you wake up in the morning.—*Whitehall Times.*

A Colchester woman, who was crippled by a poor piece of road while driving, sues the town for \$10,000 damages. She got fifty dollars. The case was proven, but she was driving on Sunday, which the law forbids except when on an errand of mercy. She was not on an errand of mercy. Very much to the contrary. The moral of this is, that when you are looking for a lost dog on Sunday, send some one else.—*Danbury News.*

The ties on which the rails of business are laid—advertise.—Saturn is the ladies' favourite planet, because it wears such lovely rings.—What is the difference between a patriotic cuss and a cat-rat-ic puss? If so, why?—A man was arrested near here for stealing property over in Iowa. He will be tried for Iowa robbery.—A friend of ours who failed to take his girl sleigh riding says she treats him so coolly since that he is obliged to wear his ulster in the parlor.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

'Twas Sunday eve and the small boy stood
With his ear to the keyhole pressed.
And he saw his sister Bessie's head
On Mortimer Thompson's vest.

Then he ran to his parent stern and told,
And the parent stern replied:
"There ain't no harm in a vest; slide out."
But she had refused to slide.

"There ain't no harm in the vest, I know;"
And his eyes flashed bright that minute:
"But isn't it dangerous, dad," he asked,
"When Mortimer Thompson's in it?"
—*Stanley Huntley in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mother Shipton's prophecy to the effect,

"The world to an end should come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

is a barren ideality. Any man or woman in this or any other age who knows enough to know when the world is going to end knows enough not to make "come" rhyme with "one." Why didn't she make "potato masher" rhyme with "divine afflatus," and then people might have been deluded into the idea that she knew what she was talking about. Get out, old gal, you don't know the end of the world from the end of a clothes line, and you had better start an opposition prevaricating machine to Eli Perkins.—*Stuebenville Herald.*

Is it fair to say that a carpet is asleep because it has a long nap?—It is always advisable to have a good conductor on a lightning express.—Is it not time that Washington Cabinet Pudding was dished up with Garfield sauce?—It doesn't always follow that the furthest tree is a fir tree.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

This is the week that Sitting Bull does not surrender. Last week was his week to surrender; but it stormed so, and he had already surrendered twice during the month, that he concluded to let the whole matter go over for the present, and start in fresh with the new year. It is just as well.—During the recent political campaign in Brazil, for the election of senators, thirty-five persons were seriously wounded. Going through a campaign in Brazil cannot differ materially from going through college in this country.—Dr. Felton, a congressman from Georgia, claims that there was fraud at the late election in his State. He was defeated.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

"Did you ever observe," said Col. Gilhooly to Major Spilkins, as they meandered down Galveston avenue, "did you ever observe, Major, how difficult it is to get a straightforward answer from people generally?"

"I don't think I ever did."
"Well, sir," continued Gilhooly, "I'll bet two schooners of beer that we can go into a dozen stores and ask if they have certain things, and if they have not got them the store-keeper will not say so plain out in one single instance."

Spilkins investigated his clothing, and finding two car tickets, it was a bet.

Then they strolled into a French or Italian fruit store, and Gilhooly asked:—

"Have you a nice green watermelon for sale?"

"Watermelon!" exclaimed the astounded foreigner, "zis is ze wintaire season."

"I didn't ask for any meteorological information. Anybody who pays \$10 a cord for wood is apt to suspect that summer is fading away; besides I have got an almanac at home. Have you got a green watermelon?"

"Here is ze orange, ze banana, and ze apple."

"Don't want lessons in Botany. Have you got a green watermelon?"

"Ze green watermelon is not ripe."

"I didn't ask whether it was ripe or not; I merely asked you if you had one; but come, Spilkins, let's go. He will give us a lecture on the French revolution before he answers the question. Let's meander."

The next place was a millinery establishment.

"Madame," said Gilhooly, "have you a fried mule for sale?"

The lady got as red as a turkey gobbler, and craning her neck out, said:—

"Sah?"

"Have you a fried mule in your elegant establishment?"

"I've got a husband, sir, and brothers, who will protect me from insult."

"I didn't ask you for your pedigree, ma'am. I've got one of my own. There is no insult intended. I merely asked you a civil question."

"I've got a husband. John! Oh, John!"

"No need of calling him, ma'am. If you will say that he is a mule you needn't produce him. We will take your word for it."

"John! Oh, John! come quick, here are two galoots insulting me."

"Let's go," said Spilkins. "I'll pass an appropriation to pay for the beer."

"You might as well," responded Gilhooly, "for you won't get one to answer straight out. If you go into a drug store and ask for a cranberry pie, or some baled hay, or a copy of 'Pope's Essay on Man,' or an accordion, they will spring some new life-encourager on you, or a box of bunion eradicator."

And they went and got the beer.