

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The following characteristic poem by Walt Whitman appears in the New York Critic:

Spirit that Form'd this Scene.

(Written in Platte Canon, Colorado.)

Spirit that form'd this scene,
These tumbled rock-piles grim and red,
These reckless, heaven-ambitious peaks,
These gorges, turbulent-clearstreams, this naked freshness,
These formless wild arrays, for reasons of their own!
I know thee, savage spirit—we have communed together,
Mine too such wild arrays, for reasons of their own;
Was't charged against my chants they had forgotten art?
To fuse within themselves its rules precise and delicate?
The lyric's measured beat, the wrought-out temple's
grace—column and polished arch forgot?
—But thou that revelest here—spirit that form'd this scene,
They have remembered thee.

Upon reading the foregoing our "too too" poet threw a couple of pages of an old dictionary into the hopper of his machine, inserted a wheel with a cog broken out here and there in order to secure the necessary hop-skip-and-jump measure, and ground out the annexed:

Spirit that Wrecked this Form.

(Written in front of a Glu-Mill.)

"Spirit" that wreck'd this form,
Colored this pimpled nose so red,
Caused these bulging and blood-shot eyes,
This brick in tile, and rags scarce hiding nakedness,
These maulin mutterings—all cruel work of thine!
I know thee, "cursed" "spirit"—we have hiccoughed
together—
Achieved a high old drunk, and reason didst dethrone!
Was't charged, perchance, and chalked upon the slate?
Or didst the fustil oil jerk demand more cash and less
previousness?
Thou made this "dead beat"—this played out, tempted
wreck—beery, impoverished, and forgot!
—And thou that brought him here—"spirit" that wrecked
this form,
Cost thirty cents a quart.

—Norristown Herald.

Mister Gipple, which has been a missionary preacher in Africa, he says, Mister Gipple does, that the ostridge is the longlegged bird in the world, but I gess he never seen Billy, that's my brother, on his stilks, high upper than the fence. Ostridges eats every thing wich they can find, and one time there was a ostridge which was a show at Wooderds Garden. One day Mister Wooderd got a carpenter for to bild a house for the ostridge, and the carpenter he set a keg of nails down, and got some boards, and then he went home for to role up his slefs and spit on his hands for to go to work, and when he come back the ostridge had et all the nails up. The carpenter he loked at the keg, and then he said: "Wotten thunder has went with all them nails?" Then the ostridge looked real sollem out of its eyes, much as to say: "I hope you don't suspeck me."

Then the carpenter he was so disgusted cos some boddy had stole his nails that he throdde his hammer down for to go way, and the ostridge it et the hammer.

Then the carpenter he see how it was, and he went to Mister Wooderd, and he sed: "I gess that rooster of yourn is a getting redly for to be a carpenter his ownself, but I can jest tell him he will starve at that business."

But Mister Wooderd sed his rooster wasent one of the starvin kind.

One day Mister Gipple was in Africa a sleep, and he was woke by a ostridge pulln off his boots which it et, and then it set down for to think. Then Mister Gipple said "Shew" but it didn't mind a bit. Then Mister Gipple he said: "I gess its got to be a regler seage."

So he wout and piled up a big pile of rocks and begun for to take off his jacket, but the ostridge it put its two facts to gether, and ven Mister Gipple he begun to let fly, the ostridge it got up and at every rock.

I never see such a fool as Mary the house maid is, she dont know a ostridge from a oys-

ter, cos one day she come in the room where me and Uncle Ned was, and she had a new hat on, and she sed: "Aint this a nice oyster fether on my new hat?"

Uncle Ned he took the hat and looked a long wile at the fether, and then he said: "Mary, the miller which sold you this hat has cheated you, cos the oyster fether is off a fried onc. You go back and tell her to change it for the fether of a stewed oyster, wich is nicer and jest the same price."

So Mary she went back to the miller shop, jest furious mad, but whon Uncle Ned ast her if they had done it, she only jest busted out a cryin, and had to be chuck under the chin, and givo a 4 bit piece, and tole she was a perfect little drommidary, wich made her mity proud. But Billy, that's my brother, he says a drommidary ain't nothing only but just a patient cammle, and one time there was a cammle wich was a show, and there was a docker which was a smarty, and the docker he went for to see the cammle. After he had loked a wile he took out his lanet and he sed to the show man: "Aint that swelling on yure horse's back about ready for to be opened?"

The show man he sed: "No, taint ripe yet, but if you wil come into the big tent Ile giv you 5 dollars for to pul a tooth."

The dokter he was dlighted and went, and the show man he pinto to the eppalents tush and sed: "Now jest git a good holt with yure twister wile I let out the brass-trotd Siberian wolfs for to make remarks on behalf of the patient."

But the dokter he sed he gessed a loky motif wudo be bout the thing to make the propriate responches for sech teeths as them fellers.

My sisters young man tole her and me bout a trapper which come to a town where there was a circus, and after the circus pformence he went and hunted up the ring master and said: "Mister eude I speak to the stripy gent wich fishy ates at the little end of the wip?"

The ring master he said said wot was the nacher of his bisness, and the trapper he sed: "I got a new pair of Sandy go to meetin buckskin pants wich I thot mobby I eud swop off for a season ticket to the show."

The ring master he sed: "Are they reel buck skin, stout like solesher?"

The trapper he sed: "Yes, sir, they was made out of the skin of a saw buck."

Then the ring master he spoke up a other time and sed: "Are thay dubble riveted and copper fastened in the crotch?"

The trapper said the ring master eude bet his life.

Then the ring master he thot a wile and then he said: "The unfortunate sportsman wich you have come for to corrupt is over to the hospittle a gittin some poltices put onto his legs, but I tel you wot you do, you jest carry them pants down to the tavern and talk bisness with the yung lady wich rides 4 horses to once."—S. F. Wasp.

French Wit.

Nos bons domestiques:

Lady, hearing a crash in the dining-room—
Ha! John, another goblet broken?

John—Yes'm; but I was lucky—it only broke in two pieces.

Lady—That is what you call lucky?
John—Yes'm. Ah, madam, you don't know what trouble it is to pick up the pieces when a glass smashes to smithereens.

The old gentleman is snoring the snore of the virtuous in his easy-chair.

His youthful grandeeon rushes to his mother.
"Oh, ma! grandpa is in the parlour, sleepin right out loud!"

At the club an acquaintance beholds the young Ralph, who buried his grandfather only three short days before, playing with his usual indifference to everything else in the world.

"Ah, Ralph," he says, reprovingly, "at it again, already?"

"No," responds the young man, "I don't play any blue chips, as you see—no big ones—out of respect for the poor old duffer's memory."

The excellent husband arrives, pale and flushed.

"Well, what is wrong?" asks his friend.
"Wrong? Everything is wrong. Here is my wife who has run away with her cousin and left the house, and the expence-book not written up. Just as likely as not I shall be cheated by the cook."

One evening after a performance a friend burst in upon the composer with the congratulation:

"That was a tremendous hit. The fellow alongside of me almost brought the house down the way he pounded with his cane on the floor, and he would have been cheering too, only—"

"Only what?"
"Only he is deaf and dumb."

An elderly gentleman has just confided his domestic difficulties to a friend of fifty odd, who says, blithely:

"Well, old fellow, it is a pretty hard case, but, you see, you are beyond the consuming agonies of doubt, and that is always so much."

A gummy goes to see his friend, who has been wounded in a duel.

"And what was it all about?"
"O, nothing so simple. In walking along the street I sent, accidentally, a whiff of tobacco smoke into the face of a man who was passing."
"Ah, my friend, I always told you you smoked too much."

Apropos of M. Litre's death.

One day the degenerate son of a distinguished sire was endeavouring to be funny at the great positivist's expence, in the presence of M. Thiers.

"To demonstrate that man descends from the monkey," he said, "Litre has only one proof—himself."

"You will admit, my young friend," said M. Thiers, mildly, "that M. Litre has the advantage of reflecting credit on his ancestry."

A gold meddle—a burglar in a miser's coffers—
—*Marathon Independent.*

A western man refers to his tall, angular girl as his "big bone-Naney."—*Springfield Sunday News.*

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," unless the fellow is feeling in our pocket for our watch.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

Some persons are never buried in thought because they can not find soil enough to cover themselves with.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Brown loudly boasts that his heart is always in his hand. Fogg says Brown is so close-fisted that he is in no danger of ever losing it.—*Boston Transcript.*

Smithville would be an appropriate spot for the Smith family reunion; in the grove just back of the "Smith Manufacturing Company."—*New Haven Register.*

The season has arrived when the orator, who does not know a side-hill plow from a potato bug, will deliver beautiful discourses on agriculture on the fair grounds.—*Whitchell Times.*

When you are telling a friend a joke poke him in the ribs. He'll be more interested in the yarn, and can put a mustard plaster on the sore spot when he goes home.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

"Small bonnets are shown in felt," says a fashion exchange. Yes, and they are also shown and felt. The impression they make on the old man's pocket-book is most decidedly felt.—*Rochester Express.*