

## The Joker Club.

## "The Fun is mightier than the Sword."

## THE HIGHWAY COW.

The hue of her hide was dusky brown,  
Her body was lean and her neck was slim,  
One horn was turned up and the other turned down,  
She was keen of vision and long of limb;  
With a Roman nose and a short stump tail,  
And ribs like hoops on a home made pail.

Many a mark did her body bear;  
She had been a target for all things known;  
On many a scar the husky hair  
Would grow no more where it once had grown;  
Many a passionite, parting shot  
Had left upon her a lasting spot.

Many and many a well aimed stone,  
And many a brickbat of goodly size,  
And many a cudgel swiftly thrown,  
Had brought the tears to her loving eyes;  
Or had bounded off her lony back,  
With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound  
For helping herself to her neighbor's corn;  
Many a cowardly cur and bound  
Had been transfixed on her crumpled horn;  
Many a tea-pot and old tin pail  
Had the farmer boys tied to her time-worn tail.

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man,  
Though sometimes tempted to be profane,  
When many a weary mile he ran  
To drive her out of his growing grain;  
Sharp were the tricks she used to play  
To get her fill and get away.

She knew when the deacon went to town;  
She wisely watched him when he went by;  
He never passed her without a frown,  
And an evil gleam in each saugy eye;  
He would crack his whip in a saugy way,  
And drive along in his "one horse shay."

Then at his homestead she loved to call,  
Lifting his bars with crumpled horn;  
Nimbly scaling his garden wall,  
Helping herself to his standing corn;  
Eating his cabbages, one by one,  
Hurrying home when her work was done.

His human passions were quick to rise,  
And striding forth with a savage cry,  
With fury blazing from both his eyes,  
As lightnings flash in a summer sky,  
Redder and redder his face would grow,  
And after the creature he would go.

Over the garden, round and round,  
Breaking his pear and apple trees;  
Trampling his melons into the ground,  
Overturning his hives of bees;  
Leaving him angry and badly stung,  
Wishing the old cow's neck was wrung.

The mosses grew on the garden wall;  
The years went by with their work and play,  
The boys of the village grew strong and tall,  
And the grey-haired farmers passed away,  
One by one as the red leaves fall,  
But the highway cow outlived them all.

—Countryaide.

Corsets, like men, are tight when on a bust.  
Every well regulated ocean steamer has a poker deck.

A doctor is always in demand until he comes around with his bill.

"You are an immense swell," as the small boy said to the balloon.

A young lady in New York has appropriately named her dog Penny, because it was one sent to her.

When a thief steals five cents he don't think half the dime that some day perhaps old nickel get him.

"Honesty is the best policy." But you have to pay the premiums in this world, and realize on your insurance in the next.

Too often the only point contained in newspaper communications is embraced in the first four words, viz.: "I have no idea."

A Connecticut genius has invented a pipe which he names Lucy. We do not see what he calls it lucifer, unless it always ready to strike a match.

Bismarck has received as many as thirty American letters by one mail asking for his autograph. Murderers and great men are bored to death by this mania.

Teacher, to small boy: "What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?"  
Small boy: "Pull down the blinds."

The successful race horse always wins by four feet, yet he may come but only two fore feet ahead, and yet if it wasn't for feet he would forfeit the race.

These are the days when the old as well as the neuralgia let poor mortals know they haven't yet moved out of the tenement for the summer season of 1881.

Some of the railroads are announcing half-fare rates to the watering-places, and that's about what you get at some of the hotels when you arrive there.

When a young man wants to protect a young lady he naturally puts his armor round her.—*Boston Globe*. And she likes such a coat of mail.—*Hampton*.

Just because a man goes through the rain without an umbrella, it doesn't prove that he is a philosopher. It only shows that somebody has appropriated his water shed.

A West Virginia man, when he comes down stairs taking four steps at a time and his wife after him, generally remarks that he "came down by the Pan Handle Route."

Young gentlemen of slender means will be pleased to learn that poison having been found in ice cream at Atlanta, Ga., that tippie has been declared a dangerous compound.

Surf bathing has not attained a great degree of popularity this year. Old ocean needs to be plumbed for "hot and cold water," in order to make it attractive as an envelope this season.

Billington says the present style of gentlemen's straw hats is quite funny. The hats have no attic, and the first thing a man knows when he puts one on his head goes clear up to the roof.

"No willow to form a basket was ever woven more easily than children may be influenced in right ways by wise parents." And in many cases no better "influence" than a good tough willow can be used.

Fenderson was at the theatre the other night. "It was a burlesque, a take-off, wasn't it?" asked Smith. "Yes," said Fenderson, "that's what it was, I guess. They had taken off about everything they dared to."

They fine a man \$3 for swearing in Avon, Ill. It is an expensive job for a man to try to thread a needle in that town.—*Boston Post*. And people whose neighbors have hens no longer try to raise flowers.—*Somerville Journal*.

Edwin Booth dined with the Prince of Wales last week. We hope the Princess made the usual apologies about having no girl, the children being sick, etc. In America a dinner without these formalities would be a tame affair.

A bank clerk was yesterday seen negotiating for a box of strawberries, and was promptly arrested by the police on suspicion of being an embezzler. On examination he proved the fact that he was but acting as agent for one of the directors.

A loquacious man suffering from insomnia, was advised by his physician to get married. He took the advice, and meeting the doctor some time after was asked: "Are you troubled with sleeplessness any longer?" "Thank heaven, no," he replied, "but my wife is."

Of course you've met him, for he's everywhere, Go on the street, and you will find him there. Go to the bar-room; he's the first you'll greet. Go to the parlor; he's the first you'll meet. Go to the theatre; at the door he stands. Go to the park; you see him on all hands. Flee to the house-tops; to the cellar he, Still to your elbow he'll be ever nigh. Take to the woods, or rush to caverns dim, You'll find him there. There's no evading him. Where'er you go, he's always on the spot; We mean the man who asks you: "Ain't it hot?"  
—*Anon. Paraphraser*.

A school mistress should be up to urchin in knowledge.—*Detroit Free Press*. That is so, she she will probably never be Boycotted.—*Exc*

A mystic farmer is raising peacocks for the market, and expects to do a good business, although we have our doubts. Peacocks tell when it is going to rain; but, hang it, we don't want to know when it is going to rain. What we want to know is when it is going to clear off.

Ah, now we shall begin to read of the murmuring sea, of the silent sea, of the moonlit sea, of the restless sea, of the unruffled sea, and all that nerve-soothing panacea. It is pleasant, yen, it is delightful, but it means four dollars a day and everything "extra." Do not be beguiled by it.

Barnum's big glass case containing forty serpents of various sizes was smashed in Salem, Mass., by the horses running away. The street was strewn with anacondas, boa constrictors and other reptiles, and several other ex-Murphyites who witnessed the accident thought they "had 'em ag'in."

The man who gets on the steps of a street-car two squares before he arrives at his destination, and prevents every one from getting off and on without trouble, and the party who sits in front of you at the theatre and talks loudly when you are interested, will eventually land in the same harbor.

What England now wants is a second Westminster Abbey, to be devoted to the remains of great muscle men and champions such as Hanlan, Rowell, Archer, Jim Maco, leading Scotch kickists, and Irish stutlelah-slingers. Heads have had their day, and the age of legs and arms has come.

He was a bald headed guest at the New McCure, Wheeling, and when the waiter brought him a can of molasses and spilt it on his bare head, he didn't get mad, but simply remarked that it was "sweetness wasted on the desert hair." He felt amply revenged in getting off such a pun, and he ought to feel so.

On a Coney Island veranda the other day three hundred or more Brooklyn gentlemen were promenading with as many Brooklyn ladies when some wag yelled, "Look out, your wife's coming." Thirteen couple continued their promenade. The others slid round the back way and took the first train home.

A citizen of Atlanta, Ga., has in his possession, according to a local paper, an amethyst recently found in Rabun County, which contains a drop of water in the centre of the stone. This is said to be the only instance on record of any amethyst so peculiarly formed. That makes it an amethyst of the first water.

Four prominent physicians of St. Louis, all well known as expert shots, have arranged to shoot a pigeon match of twenty birds each, thirty-one yards rise. As physicians are noted for their ability to kill either at short or long distance we think the "thirty-one yards rise" might have been omitted. It is adding insult to injury.

No newspaper nowadays is complete without a weather prophet. We have secured one for the *Herald*, and here are his predictions for July:—The first three days will be fair or cloudy or warm or cool, with perhaps showers. The fourth will come on the day after the third, as usual. There will be some heavy showers, but no snow. The greatest storm of the month will occur between the 1st and 31st. The morning of the 21st will be decidedly cool, if there is a frost the night before. The latter part of the month will probably be extremely hot—and probably not. The comet will remain visible until it finally disappears from view. The Schuykill will not be frozen over this month, and the most profanity will prevail in areas where grain is levelled by storms. Stick a pin here.—*Norristown Herald*.