

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A Lesson in Cookery.

Miss Cicely Jones is just home from boarding school and engaged to be married, and as she knows nothing about cooking or house work, is going to take a few lessons in the culinary art to fit her for the new station in life which she is expected to adorn with housewifely grace. She certainly makes a charming picture as she stands in the kitchen door, draped in a chintz apron, prettily trimmed with bows of ribbon, her bangs hidden under a Dolly Varden cap, and her dimpled white hands encased in old kid gloves, while she sways to and fro on her dainty French kid heels, like some graceful wind-blown flower.

"Mamma," she lisped, prettily. "please introduce me to your assistant."

Whereupon mamma says: "Bridget, this is your young lady, Miss Cicely, who wants to learn the name and use of everything in the kitchen, and how to make cocoanut rusks and angels' food, before she goes to housekeeping for herself."

Bridget gives a snort of disfavor, but as she looks at the young lady, relents and says: "I'll thy."

"And now, Bridget dear," says Miss Cicely, when they were alone, "tell me everything. You see I don't know anything except what they did at school, and isn't this kitchen lovely? What makes that ceiling such a beautiful bronze color, Bridget?"

"Shmoke," answered Bridget, shortly, "and me old eyes are put out wid that same."

"Shmoke—I must remember, that; and Bridget, what are those shiny things on the wall?"

"Kivers—tin kivers for the pots and kittles."

"Kivers—oh, yes. I must look for the derivation of that word. Bridget, what are those round things in that basket?"

"Praties! where hez ye lived niver to hear of praties? Why thim's the principal mate of Ireland where I kim from."

"Oh, but we have corrupted the name into potatoes; such a shame not to keep the idiom of a language. Bridget—do you mind if I call you Bridget?—it is more euphonious and modernizes the old classic appellation. What is this liquid in the pan?"

"Och, murder! Where wuz yez raised? That's millick, fresh from the cow."

"M-i-l-l-i-c-k, that is the vernacular, I suppose; of milk, and that thick, yellow coating?"

"It's crame. (Lard, such ignorance.)"

"Come, now, Biddie, dear, I must get to work. I'm going to make a cake all out of my own head for Henry—he's my lover, Biddie—to eat when he comes to-night."

Bridget (aside)—It's dead he is sure thin, if he ates it!"

"I've got it all down here, Biddie, on my tablet: A pound of butter, 20 eggs, two pounds sugar, salt to your taste. No, that's a mistake. Oh, here it is. Now, Biddie, the eggs first. It says to beat them well, but won't that break the shells?"

"Well, I'd break thim this time if I were you Miss Cicely; they might not set well on Mister Henry's stumach ef ye didn't," said Bridget pleasantly.

"Oh, I suppose the shells are used separately. There! I've broken all the eggs into the flour. I don't think I'll use the shells, Biddie; give them to some poor people. Now what next? Oh, I'm so tired. Isn't housework dreadful hard? But I'm glad I've learned to make cake. Now what shall I do next, Biddie?"

"Excuse me, Miss Cicely, but you might give it to the pigs. It's meself can't see any other use for it," said Bridget, crustily.

"Pigs! Oh, Biddie! you don't mean to say that you have some dear, cunning little white pigs! Oh, do bring the little darlings in and let me feed them. I am just dying to have one for a pet. I saw some Canton-flannel ones once at a fair, and they were too awfully sweet for anything."

Just then the bell rang, and Bridget returned to announce Mr. Henry, and Cicely told Bridget she would take another lesson the next day, and then she went up stairs in her chintz apron and mobcap, with a little dab of flour on her tip-tilted nose, and told Henry she was learning to cook, and he told her she must not get overheated and worried for he didn't care whether she could cook or not; he should never want to eat when he could talk to her, and it was only sordid souls that cared for cooking.

And meanwhile poor Bridget was just slamming things in the kitchen, and talking to herself in her own sweet idiom, about "idgits turning things upside down for her inconveniencing."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Hang out a sign, "Beware of Paint," and nine men out of ten will draw their forefinger across the newly painted surface. The tenth man never learned to read.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

"Lecturing makes me jolly," says Olive Logan. Doubtless she referred to certain lectures and in this connection it would be interesting to know what Mr. Sikes thinks about it.—*N.Y. Star.*

A prominent lumberman in Burlington has had his coat of arms painted on the panels of his carriage, with the Latin motto "Vidi." Which by interpretation is "I saw."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Write me a verse," she cried,
"Upon this album's page."
"Averse I am," he quick replied,
She shot off in a rage.

—*Meriden Recorder.*

It is emphatically denied that Mrs. Ole Bull is to marry Mr. Bjornsen, the Norwegian poet.—*Rome Sentinel.* Does the lady give any reasons for her ejngular refusal?—*Burlington Hawkeye.* Not jet.—*Rome Sentinel.*

"What would you do, Mr. Colfax," asked a cabinet-maker of the Hon. Schuyler, "if you were offered a place in the President's Cabinet?" "What would I do?" quoth Schuyler. "Well, I should smile."—*N. O. Picayune.*

If we ever start a newspaper we shall call it "The Blood." It would have a circulation all over the world.—*Whitehall Times.* Better call it "Taffy"; they all will take it, and even "the children will cry for it."—*Gouverneur Herald.*

"What is the meaning of a back-biter?" asked a gentleman at a Sunday School examination. This was a puzzler. It went down the class until it came to a simple urchin, who said, "Perhaps it's a flea."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

After the official of a Kansas town had vainly endeavored to disperse a mob a minister mounted a box and made the simple announcement: "A collection will now be taken up." The result can be easily guessed.—*The Modern Argo.*

The business of a telegraph company is "spread from pole to pole."—*Yonkers Gazette.* So is that of the washerman.—*Somerville Journal.* So is that of the hair renewer.—*Lockport Union.* So is that of the politician.—*Waterloo Observer.*

A machine to invent plausible excuses for a man whose business detains him "down town" until midnight, and whose wife always salutes him upon his return home with the conundrum: "Where in the world have you been until this time o' night?" would make the inventor richer than Vanderbilt in less than two years.—*Watson's Illuminator.*

In reply to the question, "What are the wild waves saying?" we would suggest that it must be, "Come and see us next summer, and don't forget that we charge \$4 a week for board."—*Philadelphia Sun.*

If David Davis and Mahone work together as Independent, some people will be reminded of the complet:—

"The animals came two by two,
The elephant and the kangaroo."

—*Mobile Register.*

There is a town in Ohio called Gore. It must be a bully place for blood.—*Steubenville Herald.* It seems to us that dressmakers ought to thrive there.—*Salem Sunbeam.* That's sew. It took us some time to see the point, though. Ahem!—*Boston Times.*

"It will never be known how heavy a bass drum is," says the New Haven Register, "until the stage manager of a show orders one from a local brass band, and three stalwart members pass the doorkeeper without tickets, and struggle manfully in carrying the weighty instrument to the rear."

Two comical-looking characters met at the Galveston union depot. Said one: "You don't live here do you?" "No, I don't." "What a singular coincidence! I don't either." "Are you from Seguin?" "No, I am not." "By thunder! another coincidence! I'm not from Seguin either. Shake, old fell!"—*Galveston News.*

A thoughtful mother christened her boy "Ray," with the impression that it would be a difficult one for his companions to nickname. The first time the lad returned home from school he informed his gentle parent that the boys called him "Snootsy," and the stunned woman couldn't imagine how "Ray" could be corrupted into such a beastly appellation.—*Unknown Punster.*

An engaged young man is late in paying his regular visit at the dwelling of his musically inclined betrothed. The young lady is anxious. The family sympathizes with her anxiety. Suddenly the bell rings and the calm blue sky of peace reappears in the young girl's eyes as she exclaims rapturously, but ungrammatically: "That's Him! How exquisite his technique is on the bell-pull, and—oh, the breadth of his ring!"—*French Paper.*

The McGregor News critic went to hear Remenyi play on the violin. The following is a specimen of how it affected him: "The note in G was so masterly diminished, that we shut our eyes and thought we heard the hum of some golden insect flying out of some upper window on a summer day—flying on glad wing away to some meadow." It is very evident that Heifer must go back to the asylum for an additional six months.—*Lockport Daily Union.*

Customer: "Those cigars I bought here yesterday were mighty bad." Dealer: "Bad! Why, sir, I've sold thousands and thousands of those cigars, and you're the first one to find fault with them." Customer: "I don't know anything about that, but I know that when I tried to smoke—" "Ah, I see, I see! That's where you made a mistake. I suppose you wanted them to treat your friends with. I thought there must be some mistake about it."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Seizing the gigantic Indian around the waist, the brave boy lifted him into the air and flung him headlong down the chasm. Panting, the boy stood and watched the Indian's body fall from crag to crag, until it disappeared in the darkness below. Just at this moment—" Just at this moment the father of the boy who was reading this trash came along, lifted the youngster by the ear, and in the woodshed matinee that followed, the boy had no thought of flinging the old man down a chasm. There was no chasm handy.—*Detroit Free Press.*