

## The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

River Styx—driftwood.

It is never too late to pay an old debt.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"You official bulletin" is the latest mode of calling a man a liar.

An Illinois legislator, being offered a bribe, rejected it with scorn. He said the other side had offered him double that sum.

Providence claims a bank cashier in whom everybody places implicit confidence. Now is the time for him to get in his work.

Little Rock has four militia companies, but as there is no hall in the town fit to dance in, they are looked upon as a pretty useless set.

The boy who has been as lively as a cricket all summer suddenly shows a predilection for headache at the first sound of the school bell.

An old adage says that "courtesy opens many doors." This may be true, but it's infernal discourtesy that doesn't shut them again.

They have neither cows, rats nor snakes in Greenland, but then the style of bonnets doesn't change once in sixty years, so it isn't a paradise for women after all.

There are eighteen "greatest living Topsy's" on the American stage, with the backwoods of Michigan yet to be heard from.—*Dodon Post.* All-fired few left there.

The "utterly utter" kind of talk has infected the street gamins, one of whom, after picking up a more than usually fragrant cigar stump, exclaimed to his friend, "Jack, this is quite too positively bully."

The Italians say that the man who sells the bearskin before he has caught the bear is a fool. The Italians are wrong. It takes a mighty smart fellow to effect such a sale. And once done he can skip with the funds.

The Niagara Falls Gazette advertises the finding of a pocketbook in the streets of that village. As it was empty, the chances are that the owner had hired a hack for half an hour, and then having no further use for the pocketbook threw it away.

A young widow has married again. An old friend of the family reproaches her discreetly. "I am sure, my dear," he says gently, "that you have not chosen as wisely as you might have done; had your poor dear husband been alive he would never have let you make such a match."—*Paris Paper.*

The Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, is charged by the Toronto World with taking a "cart-load of grog" along with him on his recent trip to Manitoba. He probably wanted to show the people of Manitoba that, although he was a temperance man, he was no confounded bigot.—*Peck's Sun.*

Darwin may be quite right, as far as this country is concerned, in stating that man sprang from the ape, but he certainly has not this opinion of the average New Jersey hotel keeper, provided he has "put up" with him for a week; he would rather suspect them as coming from their pet bird—the mosquito—when he learned how successfully they bled with their "bills."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A clever sell is perpetrated on the guests of Glen Mountain House, Watkin's Glen, N. Y. On a tree near the piazza, fronting the glen, was hung a cage carefully covered with a piece of calico. Upon it was posted the following notice: "Blind red bat from Havana. Raise the cover carefully, as the light might injure his eyes!" It is fun for the initiated to sit there

quietly and see victim after victim cautiously raise the curtain, and disclose suspended within the cage—a brickbat!

Force of imagination: "You know," said Rice, "how the negro likes possum. Two darkeys were riding from the field after a hard day's plowing. They began to talk about the good things to eat. 'T-a-k-e a good f-a-b-t possum—pah bile him—put him in ole fashion Dutch oving—roas' him brow,' the other darkey's eyes rolling and mouth watering as the description went on, 'sarve him up wid c-o-o-n graby.'—'Shut yo' mou't, yo' niggah! I'll fall right off'n dis boss.'—*Texas shiftings.*

### EPITAPH ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

Collisions four  
Or five she bore;  
The signals were in vain,  
Grown old and rusted,  
Her boiler busted  
And mashed the excursion train.  
"HER END WAS PIECES."

—Puck.

### On Account of Mesquito.

MR. AND MRS. PEPPINJAE'S MIDNIGHT SKIRMISH.

You could not have found anywhere perhaps a more congenial pair than Mr. and Mrs. Peppinjac. During their six months of married life their cup of domestic felicity seemed to be full—in fact running over. Mrs. Pep., it is true, affected aesthetic to an extent all out of proportion of her husband's income; but Pep. (who was a down-town grocer's clerk) was indulgent, and emphatically declared that he would have no other than an *Aesthetic* for a wife.

A mosquito did it. Peppinjac, after having mashed two or three mosquitos the other night, and captured another that was leisurely browsing along the side of his nose, became furious, and jumped out of bed and swore that he would drive out the enemy (he belongs to the militia) or suffer ignominious defeat himself.

It is a good thing as a rule for a wife to emulate her husband in worthy undertakings. This time it was a lamentable mistake. It would have been far better if Mrs. Pep. had stayed in bed and been a spectator only. But no.

"Give me the other slipper, my dear," she exclaimed, bouncing out of bed. Erastus Peppinjac kicked it off, and his dear Marinda picked it up, flourished it with the air of a Minerva going into battle.

The twain waged furious war in their scant attire. Whack-whack-whack went one slipper, pat-pat-pat went the other. Peppinjac wasn't anything if he wasn't ambitious. Mrs. P. had killed seventeen to his sixteen, which he took as a reflection upon his skill. So when he caught sight of one kicking out his hind legs from a spot high upon the wall, he hailed it as a grand opportunity for scoring a point.

"I wasn't to make it even gamesters, Mirinda," he said, climbing softly upon a crazy table. Balancing himself on one leg, he made a wild swoop at the object of his attack. Unhappy man! The table tottled. He hovered a moment in mid-air. Then he came down upon the floor, buried underneath a confused mass of furniture, stovepipe, crockery and bric-a-brac, overturned in his downward flight.

"You ugly brute," screamed Mrs. P. at the sight of her smashed treasures.

"Mo brute?" demanded the prostrate husband attempting to crawl from under the stovepipe.

"You are just that and nothing else!" replied Mrs. P. "There's that lovely majolica, all gone to smash, and that beautiful china antique!"

Here the enraged wife made a sound through her teeth that could only be interpreted as a desire to put an end to the wretch at her feet by tearing him into small bits.

"Now my dear Mir—" began Pep.

"Don't dear me, you ungrateful creature," hissed Mrs. P.

"Well, you should never have got that ar stuff. My earnings are far too—"

"A beggarly income, indeed! But didn't you tell me, though, that you were a junior partner, and would soon be boss of the shop; and that you had a country resort; and that the children should have college educations; and that going to Europe would be just as easy as taking a walk in one's back yard? I say didn't you? Here it is almost the last of the season and I haven't so much as been to Coney Island."

"Oho, Miss!" replied Peppinjac, whistling. "Got a temper, haven't you? Don't I wish I had known it six months ago, though! Talk about being decent to me, will you! The old lady put her jewels away with Uncle Solomon and everything else but the parlour furniture to keep you in fine feathers. And didn't she tell me that I would get a fortune when I got you? Beauty without money, she said only went a little ways in making life easy. But here I am without either beauty or money but a shrew. Brute me?"

Mr. P. regaining by this time an upright position, Mrs. P. made a rush at him with her slipper held aloft. The husband parried her blow just as a duellist meets the sword thrust of his antagonist. Then the combatants retired to opposite sides of the room in prize ring fashion—both indeed scant of breath—and glared at each other.

Here the curtain must be let fall. The bed remained empty the rest of the night. People astir early in the neighbourhood might have seen a woman come out of the house carrying a travelling bag in her hand, and strike out with a step that plainly indicated a determination to go home to mother to stay. Two hours later a crest-fallen man issued from the same door, and after looking uneasily up and down the street he took his way slowly and disconsolately down town.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

### A Surprised Physician.

A DYING PATIENT RECOVERS THROUGH THE INTERPOSITION OF A HUMBLE GERMAN.—Some weeks ago Dr. G—, a very reputable and widely-known physician, living on C— street, was called to attend a very complicated case of rheumatism. Upon arriving at the house he found a man about forty years of age, lying in a prostrated and serious condition, with his whole frame dangerously affected with the painful disease. He prescribed for the patient, but the man continued to grow worse, and on Sunday evening he was found to be in a very alarming condition. The knees and elbows and larger joints were greatly inflamed and could not be moved. It was only with extreme difficulty that the patient could be turned in bed, with the aid of three or four persons. The weight of the clothing was so oppressive that means had to be adopted to keep it from the patient's body.

The doctor saw that his assistance would be of no avail, and left the house, the members of family following him to the door, weeping. At this critical hour, a neighbour, a poor and humble German shoemaker, appeared to the grief-stricken ones as a saving angel. He had heard of the despair of the family, and now asked them to try his remedy, and accordingly brought forth a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. As a drowning man will catch at straws, so the poor wife applied this remedy; she had no hope, but would try anything, as a matter of duty. The first application eased the patient very much; after a few hours they used it again, and, wonder of wonders, the pain vanished entirely! Every subsequent application improved the sufferer, and in two days he was well and out. When the doctor called a few days after, he was indeed surprised; for, instead of a corpse, he found a new-made man.—*Exchange.*