

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The Schoolmaster.

Ed. E. Edwards, Boston Transcript.

The curiosity I have to show you to-day, children, is perhaps the most wonderful in the collection. He beats all.

The schoolmaster, it is said, trains the young idea how to shoot. He is not himself given to shooting, however. He takes more delight in the rod than the gun.

The schoolmaster is supposed to know everything. This is a mistake. There is one thing he does not know. He does not know how soon the school committee will find a man who controls more votes to take his place.

The schoolmaster is not a military man, but his principal assistant is. The name of this assistant is Corporal Punishment. It is to be hoped the Corporal will soon be remanded to his private life.

The schoolmaster is sometimes called a tutor, and occasionally he is called an ass. On the whole, an astuter man is seldom found.

The schoolmaster thoroughly understands the rule of three, but always insists upon the rule of one. So you see his understanding is out of all proportion to his rule.

Although the schoolmaster is a ruler of the boys, he has his own ruler. If he be not stick himself, his ruler always is.

The schoolmaster is a very inquisitive person. He is always asking questions. His is a question-able calling.

The schoolmaster can be found in all classes. He is also given to classifying knowledge. I sometimes think I would be in his classify could.

The schoolmaster is good at figures. He would cut a pretty figure if he were not. He is the figure-head of the school, or should be; but sometimes a boy gets ahead of him.

He is also good at spelling. He can stand a long spell in a good situation without flinching.

He is always correcting the errors of his pupils, and consequently has but little time to attend to his own.

The schoolmaster is not a man of war, but he often employs a monitor. He would be all at sea without his monitor. He gets the monitor to see in his place.

O, shun misbehaving, children, or the see of the monitor shall overwhelm you.

The schoolmaster teaches A B C, but he cannot make a bee see.

Every sort of ology is taught by the schoolmaster, but tautology is no better coming from him than from anybody else.

In a school of young rascals the schoolmaster is always the principal.

Some schoolmasters are actuated entirely by the law by love—love for their situations. Some entirely by hate—hate to give them up.

The schoolmaster loves to have callers at his school; but habit has so possessed him, that he not only collars his scholars, but he also scholars his callers.

I used to wonder at the schoolmaster during my school days, but my school daze will never return.

"Do you want a brand-new joke?" he said, as he came in with a three-by-five smile on his countenance, and holding his side to save his vest buttons. "The best thing you have heard this season, and you want to put it right down. I just thought of it as I came around the corner. Here goes: Why is a bald head like the future state? You give it up of course. Well, because there is no dying or parting—" The inquest will be held to-day.—*Middletown Transcript.*

To a Dish.

AN ESTHETE'S RHAPSODY.

Consummate Dish! Full many an ancient crack
Is seamed across thy venerable back;
And even through to thine æsthetic face
Cracks run, to lend a more enchanting grace!
What matter though the epicure now loses
The juice which through thy gaping fissures oozes?
Thrice happy Table-cloth! Thou knowest not
The too too beauty of yon greasy spot.
To think that with a little vulgar butter,
This High Art Dish can make thee look so utter!

Alas! I rave. Thou art but silent clay,
And canst not speak, nor e'en hear what I say.
Yet, oh, I love thee, Toest of all Toes!
I would not have thee whole, e'en could I choose;
And were it possible thy cracks to cure,
My brain must burst—no more could I endure.
My brain, say I? Fool! blinded by my passion,
I quite forgot that brains are out of fashion.
What brains can we intense ones need or wish?
We live for soul, a feather, and a Dish!

—Mrs. Charles G. Moore, in *Harper's Bazar*.

Ball-Room Etiquette.

A. H. Ister, Columbus (O.) Capital.

A certain rising young blood writes me that he is anxious to know just now how to behave at a ball or private party.

Listen, young blood.

Wear as heavy stogas as your feet can possibly stand, as this will enable you to make such noise on the balance step as to attract such general attention to your presence; and besides, when you step on anybody else's feet you will enjoy the satisfaction that your labour has not been in vain.

Don't bring a partner with you if you can help it. It's lots of fun to cheat another fellow out of his company, besides it goes to show that you ain't anybody's fool or tool.

If anybody asks you why you came alone, tell them you didn't care to bring your girl without knowing just exactly what kind of a crowd was going to be present.

If you are a poor waltzer make it a point to dance only with the best lady waltzers in the room. This will be making things pleasant for your partners with a vengeance.

Write your name on every lady's programme in the room, whether you intend to dance with her or not, as by your so doing you have your choice of all the dancers present, and can readily work up a plausible excuse from dancing with any certain one, who you supposed, because she was good-looking and handsomely dressed, was a good dancer, but after the opening dance you saw enough of her dancing to convince you that you preferred to have the other fellows waltz her about. To be sure, this act will cause some kicking now and then, but don't let them worry you the least bit.

Whenever one of the floor managers, or a friend, offers to introduce a lady to you, demand that a map of her shall be furnished to you first. This will show that you are a blood of the first water and don't care to risk your reputation by being introduced to Susan, Jane or Mary, without first knowing how she stands in society, whether she is good-looking, dresses toney, can dance well, etc.

When you get into a quadrille set and your eagle eye falls on a certain couple who in your opinion are not quite up to your standard of tone, take your partner and leave that set at once, as this act will convince all present that you are too utterly toney for any use.

If you find it impossible to waltz, denounce the music, say you "never heard as bad before," or lay it to the floor; say "it's waxed too slippery," or that you "hate to dance on a muslin cover."

If you can't dance the new quadrilles, remark so that everybody in the set can hear you: "What's the matter with the caller?" and "Why didn't the managers hire something with a mouth to it?" etc. This will impress your fellow dancers that you are a born wit.

When you see a lady who doesn't care to recognize you, make it your business to tell her friends "she can't go in your crowd," and "wonder who had the cheek to bring her there."

This is my advice. Act accordingly, and if you don't succeed, don't blame me.

In a recent suit before a justice in this city a lady reluctantly testified that she thought that another Newark lady might be a good enough neighbour if she lived in a locality where the houses were twenty-five miles apart and was so crippled that she couldn't come over to gossip or borrow.—*Newark Call.*

A MINISTER of Irvine who was about to marry a couple, seeing the bridegroom sitting at the fireside with a most rueful countenance as if saying to himself "I canna, winna, manna buckle to," said to him, "What is the matter, James?" "Ah, sir," replied the doleful bridegroom, "this is a fearsome business, I hae been in many a hubble, but this is the warst hubble ever I was in."

"Can't take punched coin here," said the clerk gruffly. "It's all the change I've got. You'll have to take it," was the reply. "Makes no difference. See the sign: 'Punched or mutilated coin not received here.'" "Yes, I see the sign. But you sold me 'punched or mutilated' goods. This paper of coffee has got a hole in it and more than half the strength has leaked out." "Oh, well give us the coin and call it quits."—*New Haven Register.*

"Darling," she whispered softly, as they sat, locked in a fond embrace, gazing at the stars, "I have been told that each star in the heavens is a bright, pure, noble soul. Is it so, dearest?" "Yes, I have heard so," he replied, pressing a kiss on her lips. "And do you, darling," she continued, "do you—do you think I will become a star when I die?" "Oh, pshaw! You're too fat to be a star!" He protests that he said it without thinking, but she refuses to accept his apology, and the engagement is off. She is riding horseback to get down to star-weight!—*Philadelphia Sun.*

Mrs. Wigglesworth was reading the local paper. She began aloud, "The Inebriate's Home—" and then her eye caught a new fashion note and she paused an instant. "Well," sighed Mr. Wigglesworth, who was poking the fire and thought she had finished. "I'm mighty glad of it and hope he'll stay. I had an awful time getting him there last night, and the next time I see him rooting around in the mud and swearing about the bad sidewalks I'm going to let him alone." And Mrs. Wigglesworth, as her eyes wandered to the "birth," wondered what in the world her husband could be muttering about to himself.—*Rockland Courier.*

Intercepted Letters.

RURAL DELL, Oct. 1st, 1881.

MY DEAREST BELLE:—

Here I am in the country, far from all city delights, with (it is true) those purer enjoyments which nature presents in the shape of green fields, woods resplendent with the hues of autumn, fresh air, and eggs, and unadulterated milk, etc., and yet—You know how intensely I love nature in her varied aspects, and how hateful the artificial is to me, so much so indeed, that even in the depth of winter I could never bring myself to wear any ornaments (with my simple dress of white satin) but natural flowers, and endured with perfect sang froid dear prosaic papa's complaints and black looks when the florist's bill came in, and yet with all these surroundings I find myself sad and bored.

When Emma and Maud complained of being dull when staying with auntie, I used to con-