

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."



MR. SPOOPENDYKE AS AN AUDITOR.

'Now, my dear,' said Mr. Spoopendyke, 'if you'll bring me the pen and ink, I'll look over your accounts and straighten 'em out for you. I think your idea of keeping an account of the daily expenses is the best thing you ever did. It's business-like, and I want to encourage you in it.'

'Here's the ink,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke, growing radiant at the compliment. 'I had the pen day before yesterday. Let me think, and she dove into her work basket and then glanced nervously under the bureau.

'Well, do you suppose I'm going to split up my finger and write with that?' demanded Mr. Spoopendyke.

'I put it somewhere,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'Ah! here I have it. Now you see,' she continued, 'I put what money I spend down here. This is your account here, and this is the joint account. You know—'

'What's this?' asked Mr. Spoopendyke.

'That's your account; this—'

'No, no, I mean this marine sketch in the second line.'

'That?' Oh, that's a 7.'

'Suppose I ever spent seven dollars with a tail like that to it? If you're going to make figures, why don't you make figures. What d'ye want to make a picture of a prize fight in a column of accounts for? What is this elephant doing here?'

'I think that's a 2,' replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, dubiously. 'Maybe it's a 4. I can tell by adding it up.'

'What are you going to add up? D'ye count in this corner lot and that rose bush, and this pair of suspenders? D'ye add them in?'

'That's a 6 and that is a 5 and the last an 8. They come out all right, and during the last month you have spent more than I and the joint account together.'

'Haven't either. When did I spend this broken-down gumboat?'

'That ain't a boat. It's \$42 for your suit.'

'Well, this tramp fishing off a rock, when did I spend him?'

'It ain't a tramp. It's \$50 in cash you took, and I don't know what you spent it for. Look at my account, now—'

'What's the man pulling a gig for?'

'It's nothing of the sort. That ain't a gig, it's \$1 for wiggins. You see I've only spent \$22 in a month, and you've spent \$184.'

'You can't tell by this what I've done,' growled Mr. Spoopendyke. 'What is this rat trap doing in the account?'

'That's fourteen cents for fruit, when you were sick.'

'And this measly-looking old hen, what's she got to do with it?'

'That's no hen. That's a 2. It means \$2 for having your chain mended.'

'What have you charged me with this old graveyard for?'

'That's 15 cents for sleeve elastics. The 15 ain't plain, but that's what it is.'

'How do you make out I have spent so much? Where's the vouchers? Show me the vouchers.'

'I don't know what you mean,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke, 'but you spent all I put down.'

'Haven't done anything of the sort. Show me some vouchers. Your account's a humbug. You don't know how to keep an account.'

'Yes, I do,' pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke, 'and I think it's all right.'

'No you don't. What do you mean by getting up engravings of a second-hand furniture store and claiming that it's my account? You're a nice book keeper you are. All you want is a sign hung between you and the other side of the street, to be a commercial college. If I ever fail in business, I'm going to fill you up with benches and start a night school. Give me that pen,' and Mr. Spoopendyke commenced running up the columns. 'Two two's four and eight, twelve and four, sixteen, and carry one to the next and three is four. Here, this is wrong. You've got an eighteen for a twenty here.'

'Eh?' jerked out Mrs. Spoopendyke.

'This is \$204, not \$184. I knew you couldn't keep accounts. You can't even add up.'

'That makes your account even bigger,' responded Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'I didn't think it was so much.'

Slam went the book across the room, followed by the pen, and the ink would have gone too but for Mrs. Spoopendyke cautiously placing it out of harm's way.

'Dod gast it!' howled Mr. Spoopendyke, as he tore off his clothes and prepared for bed. 'You ain't fit to have a pen and ink. Next time I want my accounts kept, I'll keep 'em chained up in the back yard, and don't you go near 'em; hear me?'

'Yes, dear,' sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke as she slipped the obnoxious book into the drawer.



"The good alone are great," its hard to be a grater.

Venor-able in all probability means to be profitable.

A weather prophet is a seer, therefore every young man is a prophet, because they all profit by the weather and see her.

And these are the Congressman's seven ages—mucil-age, or the gummy period; mile-age, which he very soon begins to appreciate; scrimm-age, in which he frequently finds himself; tonn-age, a term peculiar to the Senate, indicating greatness; gilded age, which all desire to gaze upon; old-age, which comes apace; and dot-age, which ends this strange eventful history.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The sinners are becoming Wild at the thought of the world Cumming to an end, when they will be Shipton to eternity; beHined in their balance sheet and doomed to the Poole of despair—Pity there wasn't some Baxter-way to creep out of.

AFTER THE PARTY.—Elderly coquette (to two pretty girls): 'And I'm sure you naughty girls sat up ever so late talking us over. How I should like to have hid myself behind a screen and heard it all.' Horrid boy: 'No, you wouldn't!'—*Punch.*

Oh, protoplasm! Oh, protoplasm! Oh, mystic depth of the unknowable! Herbert Spencer has the dyspepsia, and it was brought on by eating peanuts. Thus does philosophy fail us in the most common interests of life, while unfolding before us the illimitable.—*Boston Post.*

A soft voice in a woman always goes with a gentle spirit. A gentleman sitting in a friend's parlor engaged in conversation with him was startled by a noise down stairs and paused to ask: 'What's that; a crash of crockery?' 'No, that's only my wife calling to me.'—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mrs. Grumper read a fashion note to her husband the other day which stated that a new style of dressing ladies' hair was coming into vogue. 'The men don't need any change, I 'spose,' said she. 'No,' answered Josiah, 'they have trouble enough taking care of what little hair their wives leave unpulled, without bothering about how to dress it.'—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

The plumber will go to the sea shore this Summer arrayed in his best. The hotels will know him by a supercilious smile which he will wear, and a gold tooth-pick, and the way he looks down upon common people. There is one consolation in the matter, however, and that is the unalterable fact that the plumber can't go bathing unless he gets wet just the same as other folks.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

There is a vacancy in the "devil" department of this office. This is the way it happened. We were writing about St. Petersburg, and had forgotten the name of the river that flows by it. "The Neva," replied our foreman, to whom we had propounded the question. "What! Neva?" said the printer's devil, which were the last words he spoke. The office will close early to-day, to allow the compositors an opportunity to attend the funeral.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A little Oil City boy, whose father gave him a printing press the other day, has already discovered the dangers and pitfalls which surround the path of the printer. He set up and printed a little gilt-edged card, with the warning phrase, "Paint, look out." By some means this card became fastened to his sister's hat, and hung just beside her left ear, where he who ran could read. And when she went down street there was a grin extending clear from Pearl Avenue to the Exchange. And that night the boy traded off his printing press for a yellow dog and a pop gun, with a chew of gum thrown in.—*Derrick.*

Mrs. Washington, the mother of George, was going to make soap. George and his father arranged a large cask with some straw in the bottom of it, and on top of the straw they put some ashes and then leached them. Mrs. Washington got her soap-grease all ready and in a short time the house was filled with that beautiful odor that betokens the process of soap-boiling is going on. With all her skill she could not make the soap come. On investigation it was discovered that some of the ashes used were from the wood of the cherry-tree George cut down, and no lye could be produced even from them. This shows the power of truthfulness.—*Exchange.*