

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

PREHISTORIC SMITH.

David L. Proudfit, N. Y. Graphic.

A man sat on a rock and sought
Refreshment from his thumb;
A dinotherium wandered by,
And scared him some.

His name was Smith. The kind of rock
He sat upon was shale.
One feature quite distinguished him—
He had a tail.

The danger past, he fell into
A reverie austere;
While with his tail he whisked a fly
From off his ear.

"Mankind deteriorates," he said,
"Grows weak and incomplete;
And each new generation seems
Yet more effete."

"Nature abhors imperfect work,
And on it lays her ban;
And all creation must despise
A tailless man."

"But fashion's dictates rule supreme,
Ignoring common sense;
And fashion says, to dock your tail
Is just immense."

"And children now come in the world
With half a tail or less;
Too stupid to convey a thought,
And meaningless."

"It kills expression. How can one
Set forth, in words that drag,
The best emotions of the soul,
Without a wag?"

Sadly he mused upon the world,
Its follies and its woes;
Then wiped the moisture from his eyes,
And blew his nose.

But clothed in earrings, Mrs. Smith
Came wandering down the dale,
And, smiling, Mr. Smith arose,
And wagged his tail.

A FEW WORDS TO THE GILLS.

In the first place, remember that you are ladies, and therefore entitled to such little courtesies as the gentlemen have the power to bestow. Never return thanks for these attentions. Why should you thank gentlemen for giving you what is already yours by right of sex?

Remember, also, that a pretty hand is one of woman's chiefest charms. Never assist your mother in household duties. It doesn't so much matter how her hand is sprawled out by hard work. She is out of the market.

As it is a standing article of your faith that men are all fools, you do right in fitting yourself for their companionship.

Learn to be as like them as possible. They seem generally to be in love with themselves, and it naturally follows they must admire anything that reminds them of the object of their love.

Make yourself proficient in slang language. It is awfully jolly, and can be acquired by the shallowest-brained ones among you.

It is useful in all varieties of conversation, and by frequent use it will prevent tiresome talkers boring you to death with their profundities.

When in company or any public place, get together, two or three of you, and giggle consumedly. This will show your vivacity. Vivacity is an excellent thing in woman.

Among women, whispering will serve you, but among men, talk right out. It is your duty to be attractive, and by loud talking you attract attention more easily than by any other means. Two young ladies in a rail car are sometimes so attractive that not a newspaper can be read understandingly by any one of the men passengers.

Never read anything solid, anything requiring thought. Thought brings wrinkles, and wrinkles are horrid.

There is no need of your knowing anything. If you should become wise, you might, when married, discover your husband to be a fool. It is much better for him to think you one. You will live all the happier.

Never mind the inside of your head, so that the outside is attractive. Women and pictures are intended for admiration. Who ever heard of a picture poring over a musty old book?

Woman is the weaker vessel. Never take exercise. It might give you muscles. Men dislike strong-boiled almost as much as they do strong-minded women. It seems to detract from their own strength.

When you are married, your husband will furnish funds for dyspepsia remedies. So you need not be anxious on that score.

Never mind what your mother says against flirting. There is no occasion for her to indulge in that kind of fun.

When a strange man accosts you on the street or remarks on you in an audible tone, giggle with all your might, look around once or twice, and when you catch his eye, giggle again. It is fine fun, and by adopting this course you will have plenty of it.

In your clothing always strive to be "toney." Never mind your health. Better be dead than out of style. Besides the doctor must have a living. If you should all dress as sensibly as the men, half of the medical profession would starve to death, and the other half be forced to take refuge in the poor-house.

Always go to church. It is a splendid place to show your bonnet. In order that nobody may miss seeing it, make yourself as conspicuous as possible.

You can do this by rustling the leaves of the hymn book, playing with your fan, jingling your bangles and constantly turning about in your pew.

If you are employed in a store never talk of anything but shop when outside of it. No matter whether others enjoy it or not. So long as you are interested, what matter? Do not other people talk of things in which you are wholly uninterested?

While neglecting your health so far as dressing is concerned, be watchful in another direction. Remember that sleep is tired nature's sweet restorer. Therefore, lie abed till eight o'clock in the morning. Your mother will see that your breakfast is ready for you long before you are ready for it.

Honor your father's pocketbook and your mother's cooking, that you may never want for new dresses nor be obliged to cook for yourself.

—Boston Transcript.

OPENING OYSTERS.

There is just as much difference in the manner in which two men open shell oysters as there is in the way they go to church or walk on the street. Who has not watched a thorough oyster opener at an eastern oyster market, and observed the tender manner in which he takes up the shell and looks at it, as though it was a friend of his. He inserts his instrument between the shells as delicately as a dentist will probe an aching tooth, and by a little turn of the wrist your oyster is uncovered and reclining upon the half shell plump and juicy, inviting you to fire him down your neck. How different it is when an amateur attempts to open oysters. He commences by getting red in the face, and knocking off an inch of the edge of the shell, and letting all the juice run out and drip down between his fingers. He knocks some skin off his thumb, and that bleeds, and your heart bleeds for the oyster. He inserts an iron that looks like a stove hook into the shell, then prys and grunts, the shell opens and the oyster sticks to both sides of it and splits. He saws off the mantle piece that holds the oyster to the shell, and hands you the half shell with something on it that looks like scrambled oyster. The dirt from the shell gets on the oyster,

and it is about as much comfort trying to eat it as it is to eat a hickory nut that has been cracked by laying it down on the side and mashing it with a hatchet. The oyster opened by an amateur looks ragged and discouraged, and the man who opens it looks about the same, while the oyster opened by a man who understands his business looked as though it enjoyed life, and the man who opens it looks like a thoroughbred who is not ashamed of his business, and knows he can do it as well as anybody. The world is full of men who do everything the way an amateur opens oysters. They try to do that for which they are not fitted, and it is hard to make them believe they are not doing what they attempt to do well, but they always act as though they wanted to apologize for something being wrong. This oyster business is a little out of season, but you have all noticed how it is.—Peck's Sun.

OBSERVATIONS OF REV. GAMB TUCKER.

You may notch it on de palm's as a mighty resky plan
To make your judgment by de clothes dat kivers up a man;
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come across
A fifty dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.
An' wukin' in de low-ground's, you disciver as you go,
Dat de fines' sluck may hide de meanness' nubbun in a row!

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for Heben
Dat holds on to his petty but one day out ob seben;
Dat talks about de sinner wid a heap o' solemn chat,
An' nebber draps a nickel in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin' all de chunes.

But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloon's!
I nebber judge o' people dat I meets along de way,
By de places whar dey come from an' de houses whar dey stay;

For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty high,
An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de cage in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle ob de sea,
And you finds de smalles' possum up de bigges' kind o' tree!

—J. A. Macon, "Brica-Brac," Scribner for July.

Many a cross eyed boy has straightforward views.

He that lendeth to the tramp giveth to the saloonist.

If a pig's leg cured is a ham, is a grown hog's leg a hammer?

Although no soldiers desire a flogging, yet they all hanker after stripes.

A good many people don't know any better than to use parlor matches in the kitchen.

"Waiter, here's a fly in my tea." "Thank you, sir, I did not notice it." Lays down a check for five cents extra.

The man who has half an hour to spare generally drops in and occupies a half hour that belongs to some other man.

"There is always room at the top," says the proverb. Therefore advertisers always expect their announcements to go in at the top of the column.

Said Muggins to his Sarah, "Why, do you know I was a perfect fool when I was a boy?" said Sarah to Muggins (sweetly), "How little you show your age."

The revised New Testament is already doing good work. A Philadelphia woman knocked her drunken husband down stairs with a copy of it. For sale by all booksellers.

"Young Husband"—House-cleaning means for the women to tie towels around their heads and run the men into the street without any breakfast every morning for a week or so, while they break lamps and spill whitewash on the stairs.

The cigarette vice: "Do you know, Mr. Smith," asked Mrs. S., in a reproving way, "that that cigarette is hurting you; that it is your enemy?" "Yes," replied Smith, calmly ejecting a fleecy cloud; "yes, I know it, and I'm trying to smoke the rascal out."