

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Roderigo, the Bandit; or, Tiz He! Tiz He!!

(From the *Yonkers Gazette*.)

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

CHAPTER V.

Ajax wuz sittin on the frunt stoop ov hiz cassel rapt in thort, the gaulin raze ov Sol wuz hessin among the drupin urbs, an the royl king wuz rubbin the swet of his forrid with a hank-reher wicli mus a cost a doller cauze the thur-momitor dont make no distinkshuns.

Suddintly, an az if by magick, the clatter ov a charger iz hurd frum without the cassel fentz an the king lept to hiz fete like a pop-corn, an with evry limiment ov hiz face curld with frite he sung out "Tiz he! tiz he!!"

If the reeder will retek it wuz the same sentiment that Hebe Angelia shoutid, an you wood think ware tha wuz both so aul-fired sertin about it that it mus a bin he. But wuz it he? an if it wuz, hoo wuz it anyway? Ahar! the kombat depens, let us ravel the mistery.

CHAPTER VI.

Twuz moonlite on the plazer; the sof zefers wuz gambolin mong the sunflowers, baskin in the dewy glebe, an over ori there wuz a swete hush like a haf ded baby. Hebe Angelia wuz sippin the bam ov the danety hollyhorx cluserin in the foles ov the gentle gras-plat.

Orl at wuntz a manly figger huv in site, a purple velvit vest glissened in the starlite, a melodeon voyce remarked, "Me own, me own!" an the nex mimit Hebe Angelia wuz hidin her blushes on a galant nek.

"Hast pined for thine Roderigo, me own candy anglit?" he ten'erly sung out.

"How canst the askest me that crewil question?" she wisperd, lookin' out ov the nuberhood of his watch poket like a burd takin a anglewurm from itz mother.



"Nay, forgiv me the base calermy, cherrybin ov me life," he answrd, clingin to her with both arms, like a pumpkin vine. "I art blind not to see the hanker in them creamy eyes. Cum to me, swetics of swete swetes, an tell me I art forgiv."

She seme to be as kum as possible, but she crep in n'er the eyes ov hiz chin an' lay there like a cole pancake.

Suddintly she histed her hed out of its nestlin place, and openin her sorrill lips, an with a voyce like a bag-pipe away orf, sez she:

"This mus' be pardeece!"

With one spring he wuz a milcawa from her, an feelin in hiz pokits. Spicion wuz in hiz glowin eye, an he kep a sayin to hissel, "Kood I be sich a puttybed az leve them dice in 'my weskit!" But he kooden fin em, an feelin better he wakt to ware she wuz sportin herself agin a silver stachoo of Genural Bonypart, an sez he:

"Seuse me, I had a kink in my bak, but it iz orl over now, and"—

Wot more he wood sed wuz drown in a soun of hevvy boots trampin tords the dore.

Like a scared squirl, she lung her arms up to the sealin an shoutid:

"Fly! me nobil warryer, fly! tiz he! tiz he!!"



CHAPTER VII.

Itz about time to settle this nere biznis. Itz gittin mernottinus, an nobody noze wether itz the same he there tizin about, or wether thares vauw: heze. Letz sort em out.

To kum rite out an hit the nale on the hed, Ajax wuz down on Roderigo, an Rod wuz downer on Ajax. Ef Hebe had died wen she had ther mezels, flured bin no trubble, but she didout, an' now Ajax wuz sorry he hadent helped ther mezels stid of sponin fore dolluz for paten' medicinz to help Angelia.

Ajax knowed that ef Roderigo married the gal thayd lay planz to smuggil on the krown ov Spane, an Roderigo knowed about the same thing, an so his hart went for Hebe with much purchizin, an wenever he smelt a rat Ajax wood go for Rod with hiz bran new kowhlid boots to the same ekstent.

So you see the ment in the cokenut. Ef ether wun hurd the uther kummin, or the swete miuks ketched site ov approachin foolsteps, thare wuz-ent any quicker way ov bringin on a stu than singin out, "Tiz he! tiz he!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Twuz nite; silenz wuz ovryware ekeep wen a treetode wood koo in the korn pach, but az a generl thing it wuz stillern that. To be shure thare wuz an owl krokin the welkin now an then, but the welkins ust ter that, an besides you woodent be abel to prove it wuz nite unles the owl showed up.

Pritty sune a winder wuz hysted, an a still smorl voyce trikeled out, sayin':

"Hisst!"

For a wile everything hissted, but bime by Hebe Angelia (for she wuz the voyse) poked her hed out ov the casement, an seen a movin form below she wuz jus about to sing out "Tiz he!" but she see wot a goose she wuz makin ov herself, an she shut up.

Time krep along, an so did a dork figger, witch kum up behine Angelia, an befors she had a fare chants to skreoch, clapt a klammy han over her mouth, an all wuz rapt in mistery.

Wat menes theze strange going on? Did Roderigo fly when Hebe sang out to him or did Ajax kam his frownz, or wuz it all a dreme or wot? It iz lef for the historyan to ansor.

CHAPTER IX.

That time Ajax threaten to go in an tan-Rod he change hiz mind. A suddint strategy lit in hiz hed an he went an hired the cook to hint to Angelia that an lopotment wood be a good idee. Angy wuz delighted an sent a note to Roderigo sayin if he wood be under the balkinny at ten oklock she wood jump out to im. The cook showd the note to Ajax before sendin it, an Ajax arrange to be on han, chop up Roderigo, katch Hebe wen she lit, an then splane the joke at his leshur.

But the cook tole Roderigo an he got in the cassel by a secret allej, and so it wuz that he

happen to kum in an muzzle Angelia jus in the nick ov time. In a few swete wurd he made himself reckonize, an after kissin her a kuppler duzin times he wispered a fu words an with jint but low chuckles they went to the kornor ov the room an drag the silver stachoo ov Bonypart over to the winder.

Then the lite-harted made poked her wavin tresses out the winder an in tonz az sof az a man wun with an overshoe on she shoutid:

"Artist thare, my dearest Rumyo?"

"Na, Julyet, was I not, I was not Rumyo!" floted up to her in a speech that seem like peach juice.

"An the dust not quale?" sez she.

"Quale?" he hollared furiously; "in the proud Maxikin ov yuth tharz no sich wurd az quale. Cum, cum to theze baronyil armz out-stretchin now to klutch thee!"

"I cum, Rumyo, I cum!" she sung out, but oh my kuntrymen, wot a fall wuz thare, for she lied about it, an stid ov cummin herself they shoved out the stachoo, an it fell on Ajax, an if a mash potatee wuzent wuth more it mus a bin mitey mene potatee in the fust place.

KONKJUSHIN.

The reeder will remember that in the openin chapter thare wuz sunthlin sed about Hebe hevina a bruther. Weve kep mum about him becauze it wuz ment to fetch im in rite here, an prove him to be Roderigo, an forbid the bans. But az we hadent raked in omny other chap to marry to Angelia, itz better to let the bruther stay good an ded, than fetch him in an condem the gal to ole madenry. So heze ded—jus az ded az if hed ben kild plum in the openin chapter. The reeder kan rely on this.

An so our story enz. Ajax never nu wot hit im, but Spane mus hav a king, an so to save hiz kuntry Roderigo akseptid the han ov the fare Angelia with the krown an keze ov the safe, and so till the nex row kum up the kuntry wuz smooth az a beever's tail, an the luvin pare drank in the swete peace ov them that haz no konshinse, an thare daze wuz alwaze like a cent ov nu-mode straw.



A COMPLIMENT FROM JERSEY.—We welcome with fraternal grip, Toronto's humorous journal, *Grip*. From the title page to the colophon, it is brim full of fun, and with this lighter vein of good natured humor, runs a broad stream of aggressive satire at the follies of the day, political, social and nondescript. *Grip* is the *Charivari* of the Dominion, and fearlessly attacks evil, vice and corruption in every form. It is no respecter of persons, and goes for peer and peasant, officials high or low alike, using the shillalah of sound argument and the keen blade of ridicule or sarcasm. It is an illustrated weekly, and in this form the graver is as efficient as the pen is trenchant. Its cartoon of "The Syndicate Giant" in the current issue, is a capital hit, and the vignette on the "Canada Navy" is a good natured jeer at the recent gift of the training ship, *Charybdis*, by the Queen. *Grip* has secured a firm hold on the affections of our brethren across the lakes, and is rapidly getting his fingers in his button holes of the universal Yankee nation. Success to him, and may he stick.—*Burlington N. J. Enterprise*.

Florence: "Oh, granma, isn't it terrible? there's a live dandelion out in the back yard!" Grandma: "Oh, gracion! how careless those circus people are. What shall we do?"—*Meriden Recorder*.