

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A PARAGRAPHIC TOAST.

Around a Breakfast Table,
Seven paragraphers sat;
Each, justice had been able
To do this and that—
The steak, the rolls and salad,
The waffles, coffee, beer,
And one proposed a ballad,
And one a toast to cheer.

The *Sun* rode high in heaven,
The hour was drawing nigh,
When one from out the seven,
Must say a long good-bye—
This *Moss* was quite distressing,
That he must go abroad,
A *Boomerang*, depressing,
To all around the board.

Each *Eye* was read with weeping—
No *Herald* of good cheer—
Each felt his need of steeping,
His woes in lager beer.
The one whom fate had singled,
To sail in treacherous ship,
His tears with others mingled,
And tightly clutched his *Grip*.

This sad *Tribune* of seven,
Had drank each his fill,
And eaten the draughts which Heaven,
Bequeaths to them who will.
The *Free Press* of each flinger,
Warmed up each other's heart,
To spirits high and chipper,
Before the time to start.

High, bold, and *Independent*,
The would-be exile stood,
No cringing, meek defendant,
But one of caste and blood.
The *Enterprise* of nations
Concentrate in his frame,
He scorned the free lunch rations,
And gloried in his name.

With *Wit* and *Wisdom* flowing,
Like rich petroleum well,
Beneath the *Herrick*, glowing
With thoughts that burn and swell.
Each jester shot and tallied,
His mildest quip a host,
And one proposed a ballad,
And one a parting toast.

The *Argus*-eyed of jesters,
Then slowly rose aloft,
"Since we're but vintage testers—"
He spake in accents soft—
"Tis meet that I should offer,
A sentiment so rare,
That each his hand will proffer,
And shout it through the air.

"And so, here's to the paper,
Which credits sure will shower,
On him who burns the taper,
At midnight's holy hour.
Who steals our pocket-book steals *Chaff*,
A thieving journal played is:
The cribbing of a paragraph,
Should doom the thief to *Hades*!"

—Quincy Modern Argo.

HE WROTE FOR THEM.

"I see," said the editor, eyeing the card in his hand; "you are Mr. Stephen Bulwer Dam. Good name. Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Stephen B. Dam, what can I do for you?"

"Why, you see, I am a contributor to the press. I write for *Harper's* and I lust a—"

"Strange—I never saw your name—you probably write under a *nom de plume*. I see, you have a manuscript thrown off in a lei ure moment?"

"Exactly. Written under pressure of inspiration. You see I contribute to *Scribner's*—"

"Singular I never noticed the signature; possibly an anonymous writer? Your supply is greater than the demand, and you have brought one of your latest gems here?"

"Precisely so. I do a great deal of literary work for Lippincott and—"

"Odd it hasn't come to my notice. Let me see the manuscript."

"What wilt give for the story? I couldst not give up the child of my brain without a bargain first. My pen glides for the *North American*—"

"Tis mysterious I never observed it. Under the circumstances I must see the manuscript before I make a bargain."

"Wouldst not reputation avail? Have I not sent scores of articles to the *Atlantic*—?"

"But what have you written? I never saw your name?"

"Innumerable poems, stories, essays for all the leading publications."

"But what in thunder have they published?" exclaimed the now irate editor.

"Well, I canst not say they didst publish anything. I saidst that I wrote, I contributed."

"Boy," shouted the editor to the youth who ran the establishment; "show this gentleman the way of egress. Thou canst retire. Stephen thou canst go," and he waved a chair over his head in excitement. "I wouldst not harm thee, but thou mayst skip out. Thou canst, Stephen B. Dam."

Then the contributor took a flying leap from the end of the editorial box toe, and the editor sat down in the waste basket and wept.

NO LONGER A DREAM.

"Life was a sweet fair dream for me until a short time ago," said Jones, with a sigh, to his friend Brown.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Everything glided along the placid stream of life with a calm, unruffled motion. Sweet songs came to us from the birds, and at night the blest influences of nature stole upon our hearts and wooed us to rest. No pen can describe the scene. Everything was lovely until—"

"Until?"

"A week ago."

"And then?"

"And then Mrs. Jones began painting on pottery."

St. Julien is too maudest to beat Maud S's time.

The chicaneries of gas companies might be called a gas trick trouble.

A genius is a man who can write paragraphs when he has a corn on his foot the size of a bay-window.

"You wring my heart, Julia!" he exclaimed, passionately. "You wring my hand, John!" she returned. He wrung it.

A timid bird—the quail.—*Somerville Journal*.
A gay bird—the lark.—*Wit and Wisdom*.
A boastful bird—the crow.—*Phila. Sun*.

Murat Halstead has a brother that takes photographs. Our brother never could confine himself to photographs; he takes anything he can get his hands on.

A merchant possessed a fine yacht,
Had money, a house, and a fact;
In business he trusted,
And therefore he bustled,
And now it's all "gone to paucit."

There is a photograph of a handsome widow, framed and hanging on the walls of a Larnie photographer. A house fly the other day found it and christened it Widow Redott. No cards.

From the fact of a Boston paper of last Sunday containing an editorial entitled "Massachusetts to the Front," it is evident that the annual presentation of new potatoes to journalists has begun.

Fond mamma, giving first-born first lessons in arithmetic: "Now, darling, count your fingers, commencing at the little finger, one, two, three, four, five—" Darling—"No, no, mamma, thumbs don't count."

Here's a positive fact that occurred in one of the public schools in this city recently. A small boy was asked to name some parts of his body. He thought for a moment and then replied, "Bowels, which are five in number—a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

"Lorena" writes to know whether we have a "Poet's Corner" to the *Boomerang*. Yes Lorena, you can bet your sweet existence we have. In fact the "Poet's corner" is the most noticeable feature of this paper.

The season for fairs is approaching, when the small boy, who has got his clothes scented with tobacco (from being where men are smoking, you know), will go home to his mother, deathly sick on peanuts and gingerbread.

"William," she exclaimed, pushing him away from her, "you have been eating radishes." "Clara," he responded, reproachfully, "you forget that I live in a boarding house, and that radishes at this time of the year cost ten cents a bunch." "Excuse me, William," she said, penitently, and immediately rising up turned the lamp several degrees lower.

SPELLING REFORM.

A pretty young girl full of pique,
Got down in the mouth, so to spique,
And when people laughed
She thought she was chauged,
And she stayed in the house for a wique.

A flirting young woman once coughed
And her feminine friends called her sougled,
But she turned up her nose
And made them her fose,
And her motto became, "Look allougled."

A tramp, with his arm in a sling, called on Gilhooley for a quarter, alleging that his arm had been injured in the recent railway accident near San Antonio. "But yesterday you had the other arm in a sling," replied Gilhooley. "Well, supposin' I had. Don't you think a feller's arm gets tired of being tied up all day. Besides, I have got concussion of the brain, and can't remember half the time which arm was broken."

Tread softly—she is near,
Sassing her beau;
Throw gently—she can hear
The boot-jack go.
All her soft, furry hair,
Covered with dust,
She that was young and fair
Gone on the bust.
Aim for her silently,
Give her one whack,
Lay it on violently,
Right on her back.

A female boarder at one of the Long Branch hotels, who had made herself very disagreeable by her ill-natured remarks about some of the lady guests, met her match in a Boston woman, who, in the presence of a large company, boldly said:—"Excuse me, madam; is that hair all your own?" "Whose do you suppose it is?" was the answer. "Pardon me," returned the other, glancing at the offender's husband, a little, bald headed man, "I thought it might be Mr. C's."

"Do you love me?" "Yes," she answered, "better than anything else in the world. It's a beautiful night for a moonlight drive." A moonlight drive would cost at least \$3, and as he agitated seventeen cents in his right hand trousers' pocket he surveyed the lunar orb with a knowing gaze, and remarked:—"I should be so happy to take you, but it's a wet moon, and you know you are so liable to catch cold, dear." The next morning the disappointed maiden observed to her mother:—"Charley and I have quit. He knows a heap about the weather, but he's a perfect ignoramus about me."

KNOTT-HE, BUT NICE.

Says Reuben Knott unto his fair,
In language burning hot,
"Matilda, do you love me, dear?"
Says she, "I love you, Knott."

"Oh, say not so!" again he cried,
"Oh, share with me my lot!"
Oh, say that you will be my bride!"
Says she, "I'll wed you, Knott."

"Oh, cruel fair, to serve me so!
I love you well, you wot!"
"I could not wed you, Reub," says she,
"For then I should be Knott."

A light breaks in on Reuben's mind,
And in his arms she's got,
She looks demurely in his face,
And says, "Pray kiss me, Knott."