

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

THE AMATEUR LAWYER.

The young lawyer conducting his first case before a jury is worthy of the deepest commiseration. Take him, for instance, in the criminal court, before which he has a case. While the prosecuting attorney is tying the first witness into bow-knots and untying him again, the amateur sits listening intently, but endeavouring to look as unconcerned as a marble statue in a thunder storm. He throws in timid objections every time he thinks he sees a hole, and as each one is overruled by the court he puts on a stern look as much as to say:

"I'll knock the wind out of that in the supreme court."

When the prosecutor, usually an old and able attorney, dryly says, "Take the witness," the youthful aspirant trembles a little and endeavours to swallow something that is sticking in his throat. He feels that every eye in the room is upon him, and that they are as hot as stove lids. He fires a few invidious questions at the witness and warms as he proceeds until he is brought up standing by: "Oh! your honor we object to such irrelevant questions," followed by a few scathing remarks from the prosecutor. The court sustains the objection and advises the young lawyer to keep within the bounds, which sets him to wondering wherein flounder the bounds are. Objection follows objection, and each one is promptly sustained. He wonders why it is that a free and independent people will tolerate such one-sided justice. He lunges ahead blindly now, until he becomes so confused that he does not know whether he is a practising attorney with a gilt sign, or a fly-wheel on a steam wood-saw. Finally he runs out of questions, and with a sigh of relief, or something, tells the witness: "That's all."

So he grinds through, and at last the prosecutor rises and proceeds to address the jury in a masterly style. As he progresses he picks the evidence produced by the defence into particles fine enough to be incorporated into eddies. The youthful Blackstone wrestler begins to feel uneasy as his mind reverts to the fact that in a few moments he must deliver his maiden speech. He wishes the prosecutor would hold his grip and keep it up until time to adjourn court, feeling satisfied that he could make a splendid speech the next day after a night's fighting on the evidence. He tries to remember what the witnesses swore to, but cannot recall their evidence to save his life.

The prosecutor finally winds up with a grand peroration, and as he says: "And in conclusion, gentlemen of the jury," the youth nervously fingers his moustache, if he happens to have one about him, and wishes he had never begun the abominable business. Cold chills are fingering him all over the back as if measuring him for a new shirt, and his spinal column acts like it was tired and wanted to sit down a while. Like Banquo's ghost the lump in his throat won't down by an obstinate majority, and he swallows at it and wonders what he is going to say and how long it will take him to say it.

As the prosecutor calmly takes his seat the young lawyer rises and moves to the front. He dare not look at the audience, and tries to imagine there is no one in the room but himself and the 12 sphynx-like forms in the jury box. The eyes of each juror are fixed upon him, and he would almost relinquish his hope of heaven if some one would raise a cry of fire to divert their attention until he gets a start. Finally he shrugs his shoulders and manages to remark: "Gentlemen of the (swallow) jury." Very good. He then surveys them for a moment, and every man in the box thinks he is endeavoring to read their thoughts, but he isn't. He is wishing to gracious he could read his own

thoughts. At last he strikes out and goes for them about their intelligent looks, and how he feels that his client's interests are safe in their hands. At the same time he feels serious doubts as to their safety in his own hands. He worries through his speech with an average of two swallows at that lump to the sentence. The prosecutor closes the argument and the case goes to the jury, who retire to a secluded room to chew tobacco and ask each other what they thought of it. It so happened that the flimsy testimony against the accused warrants a verdict of not guilty, whereupon the amateur grasps his client's hand and whispers: "It was a hard fight, but I got you out of it?" Then he rises, loads up enough law books to swamp a mud-scow, casts a triumphant look at the prosecuting attorney, who smiles pleasantly in return, and walks slowly and majestically down the side to the door with as much dignity as if he owned a western railway. Oh, you can't deny it, even you old veterans—you've all been there!—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

WHY MR. SPOOPENDYKE AND HIS WIFE DID NOT GO TO THE MASQUERADE.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Say, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he hurried in, hot and breathless, late from his business, "did you get me a fancy dress for the masquerade to-night?"

"It's all ready" replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, beaming. "You go as—let me see— I go as a Spanish guitar girl, and you go as—as—it's either Louis XIV., or Oliver Cromwell, or Sir Robert Burns, I've forgotten what the man called it."

"I do, do I?" said Mr. Spoopendyke, glaring around. "I go as one of 'em, do I? As they are all dead, and as I will do for all three, praps you'll get me a coffin. Show me the coffin. Fetch out the interconvertible catafalque and help me on with it. Has it got sleeves?"

"It isn't a coffin," explained Mrs. Spoopendyke, "it's a doublet and—"

"It's a doublet, is it? Well, that relieves me of one of 'em. I thought from the way you spoke, Mrs. Spoopendyke, it was a triplet. Is there a trousers with it? Got a shirt? I told you to get me a ban-it suit, didn't I? Fetch out this Cromwell business? Show me this man Burns! Any sword go with it?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke brought forth a worn red velvet jacket, trimmed with tarnished braid, and a pair of yellow velvet knee-breeches, slashed up the sides. This she supplemented with a felt hat and a pair of jack-boots armed with spurs.

"Maybe it's a bandit snit after all," she suggested.

"Which is the Louis XIV. end of this thing?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Where does the Oliver Cromwell part begin? Show me the Burns element on the schedule! If I'm going to get into this thing chronologically I must begin with the measly king and wind off with the dodgasted poet; which is the king part?" and Mr. Spoopendyke shot out of his business suit and drew on the velvet trousers—"Where's the rest of 'em!" he demanded, surveying an expanse of unclotted limbs. "This whole thing is only one leg. Where's the pair for the other leg? Give me some trousers," and Mr. Spoopendyke scowled about him.

"Don't the boots come up and meet them?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, in some trepidation.

Mr. Spoopendyke pulled on the boots, but still there was an exposed space of nearly a foot.

"I suppose this bare-legged arrangement is the Burns part," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. "He was a Highlander, and this much of me is Burns. Show me the Cromwell part now. Is that hat it?" and Mr. Spoopendyke put on the hat and breathed hard. "Where's the rest of me? My head and legs are all right; bring me my back and stomach!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke handed him the jacket, and he plunged into it with a jerk.

"That's what you wanted?" he howled. "Couldn't you make more'n three epochs of me? Didn't the man have but three historical dates? Pull that jacket down a couple of centuries, can't ye? Don't you see the dod-gasted thing is two hundred years from reaching the waistband of the Burns breeches?" and Mr. Spoopendyke tugged at the abbreviated coat and snorted with wrath.

"Maybe that was the way it was meant to go," argued Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I saw—"

"You sawed off the coat and pants; now s'pose you saw off a rod of this hat and patch 'em out again!" And Mr. Spoopendyke thrust his arm to the shoulder through the Covenant-er's hat, and split the coat of the lamented Louis from tail to collar-band. "Look out for some Scotch romance!" and he ripped off the pants and fired them into the grate. "Here comes another page in the annals of crime!" and the boots went out of the window.

"And we—can't go—go to the mas—masquerade at all?" sobbed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Write an epitaph on the back of my neck, and I'll go as a tombstone!" yawned Mr. Spoopendyke. "Put three bells in my side and a torn stair carpet at my back and I'll go as a French flat! Discharge the hired girl and get up a cold dinner, and I'll go as a boarding house! But if you think I'm going to any measly masquerade in baro legs, like a baby, and bare-backed like a circus, just to advertise a hymn-book, a gin-mill, and a broad-ax factory, you're left, Mrs. Spoopendyke. You hear me? You're left!" And Mr. Spoopendyke drew on his night-shirt.

"It's too awful mean for anything," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she laid away the Spanish guitar girl's costume, and warned up her crimping-pins. "I tried to get something that would suit him, and he don't appear pleased with it. Another time I'll get him a sheet and a pair of socks, so he can be a Roman senator, and if he is disappointed and tears 'em up it won't cost so much." With which profound reflection Mrs. Spoopendyke said her prayers, and planting her cold feet in Mr. Spoopendyke's bed, sank gently to rest.

A quiet game—Whist!

His far route blackened a good many men.

Always goes around with a long face—An alligator.

The load believes that hop-position is the life of trade.

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

You cannot judge of a woman's weight by the volume of her sighs.

Electricity in Franklin's time was a wonder; now we make light of it.

"No use stalking?" said the forester when he arrested a deer-stealer.

In Texas when a man wishes to cut an acquaintance he uses a bowie knife.

"Fine feathers do not make fine birds," but they certainly do make fine beds.

Westport will plant 500 acres with onions this year. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

"That is what I like," said the tramp; "good country board," as he laid himself down on the floor of the barn.

"Chin Long" is the name of a Charlestown washerman. He should have been a lecturer.

A new definition—A jury is a body of men organized to find out which side has the smartest lawyer.

A young man in Laramie has such an exalted opinion of himself that he has to sit up on a step ladder to pare his corn.