

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

THE DOVE OF THE BRIDGE MAN.
(From the Burlington Harbinger.)
With many a curve the trunk I pick,
With many a shout and sally;
At station, siding, crossing, switch,
On mountain grade or valley,
I heave, I push, I sling, I toss,
With vigorous endeavor,
And men may smile, and men grow cross,
But I sling my trunk forever.
Ever I sling!
I bust trunk forever.
The paper trunk from country town
I balance and dandle;
I turn it once or twice around
And pull out both the handles,
And grumble over traveling bags,
And monstrous sample cases;
But I can smash the maker's case
Like plaster paris cases.
They holler, hollers as I go,
But they can stop me never,
For they will learn just what I know,
A trunk won't last forever.
Ever I sling!
And in and out I wind about,
And here I smash a letter,
I turn a grip-sack inside out,
Three times a day, at least, do,
I tug, I jerk, I swear, I swear,
I toss the light valve,
And what's too big to throw, you bet,
I'll fire it round in pieces,
They murmur, murmur, everywhere,
But I will heed them never,
For women weep and strong men swear
I'll law their trunk forever.
Ever I sling!
I'll bust trunk forever.
I've cowed the preacher with my wrath,
I own the judge's ermine;
I've spalled both brief and ribbon;
And books, and socks, and cards, and string,
The numerous to mention;
And ladies' clothes and women's things,
Beyond my comprehension,
I've spalled, I've scattered, and I've slung,
As far as space could sever,
And scatter, scatter, old or young,
I'll scatter things forever.
Ever I sling!
Scatter things forever.

THE BOSTON GIRL'S WOE.

"The snow has drifted around my heart,"
Sighed a fair young Boston girl, as she and her
Brooklyn hostess sat on the floor, facing their
boots, the other morning. "No longer do the
spring violets bloom in my life."
"May I enquire what has chagrined you?"
asked the Brooklyn girl, sympathetically.
"I will tell you all, from cosmos to Omega.
You shall know why existence is henceforth a
burnt prairie to me. Ah! the dream has flown.
The grasses are bending over the grave of that
bright hope."
"Did he leave you?" invoked the Brooklyn
damsel, in tears.
"Not voluntarily. We were segregated, but
through no fault of ours. It was the dispelling
of a vision."
"But won't he come back?"
"I fear me nay. Such a differentiation is not
to be overcome. I will tell you. We loved.
The moon couldn't beam but he'd hitch up a
team and drive into my out-stretched arms.
"My!" ejaculated the Brooklyn girl.
"Always. He came, until I looked for him as
for the stars. Every night until one. Then he
came no more to our brown stone mansion door,
no more. And my heart is sad and weary.
Listen, I have a father. Pitiless, cold, relent-
less, but still he is my father, though he has
frozen up my young blood. I assure you it is
really all icebergs."
"Did he say the young man mustn't come
any more?" asked the breathless listener.
"He did not. He welcomed him, like the
whirlpool's rings that swallow up all sorts of
things. Gave him cigars and talked with him.
Pa was too awfully sweet at first, and that's
what makes me sit sad and sighing, and feel as
though I'm surely dying. I'm just perfectly
terribly out up about it!"

"Then how did he come to go away? I'm
crazy to know."

"You shall hear how the disintegration origi-
nated. All the time pa was treating him so
nicely he didn't like him. He was making up
his mind to have him leave. Oh! the saddest
word of tongue or pen is the terrible word of
these bad men. Pa separated us. Like the
pouring of the vengeful sea he separated my own
and me."

"How did he do it? What steps did he
take?"

"Give me your attention. You shall know
the facts from the protoplasm to the finish. I
will tell you of my awful doom, right here in
your cheerful little bedroom. I wanted an
Easter hat. I said to pa, Must have it. Was
coming to see you, you know. Says pa, 'Give
up the lover or the hat. Can't have both.'"

"And you?"

"Gave him up, of course. How could I help
it? The hat is lovely, but my heart is stone.
I move alone without any comfort. It was
hard to wreck him, but there was no other al-
ternative. Pa made me choose. Don't you
think it pretty?"

And the two girls went down to breakfast, the
forlorn girl singing, in a low, sweet voice, "The
good sword is rusted, the good knight is busted."
—*Brooklyn Sunday Eagle.*

THE LAY OF THE FORT.

(From the Kansas City Times)

Edith De Laney reigned as a queen
Of highest social station;
She set the fashions, and, I ween,
She set her jealous sisters green.
With envious perturbation
Edith De Laney had a beau,
Herbert Fitzherbert Deyveraux:
Ho! ho!
A beau.

Early in Lent this belle bespoke
A dazzling Easter bonnet,
And, as the season's master stroke,
She designed the species poke.
With all the ladies on it,
It came, with glee so carefully,
She hastened to the glass to see:
"He! he!"
Quoth she.

The pains she took that poke to give
And shape it to her fancy
No inexperienced man could guess
She sat upon it more or less,
This cunning Miss De Laney,
And hammered it for many a day,
And slept in it, her parents say:
"Hey! hey!"
They say.

One man she strodded, as well she might,
Without the least compunction,
To paralyze the sex on sight,
And all "our set, you know," to smite
From Fifth street to the Junction
The ladies sigh, the horses shy,
The gamins in the gutter cry:
"Hi! hi!"
They cry.

Under the old ancestral oak
That evening, calm and pleasant,
Sat Edith, on her head the poke.
A strong, suspicious smell of smoke
Proclaims Fitzherbert present.
Around her waist his arm he threw,
That awful poke shuts out the view:
"Hue! hue!"
She too.

Farewell their little dream of bliss.
The silken cord is parted.
The cruel poke forbids the kiss.
"O, Edith, has it come to this?
I perish broken hearted!"
And Edith shrieks, "I die, Papa;
See us interred with great eclat!"
"Ha! ha!"
They are.

When trees leave it is a sign they will stay.
Salem Simbarn.

Noah wasn't drawing to a finish, but only to
pairs, when he filled the ark.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Ravens fed the Prophet Elijah, but they
never furnished much sustenance for Edgar
Allan Poe.—*Boston Courier.*

It will soon be fly time—that is to say, the
people will soon fly to the sea shore.—*Phila-
delphia Sun.*

Invention must be an illegitimate word, for
its father is never spoken of, while Necessity is
said to be its mother.—*Fulton Times.*

The early evidences Eve gave that she was
destitute of good raising was due to the fact
that she was born an orphan.—*Ky. New Era.*

Canastota, N. Y., has the measles. Let us
hope they Canastota-ly be abolished as they
have unanimously appeared.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A Maine man who died left a large quantity
of fish, beef and bread, and said: "These are
the provisions of my will."—*Philadelphia Bul-
letin.*

It has been ascertained that the reason for
placing lumber yards near to railroad depots is
to enable travellers to get a board easy. *Rich-
mond Independent.*

As a proof that hens have delicate aesthetic
sense, it is remarked that they always seem to
wipe their feet when they enter a flower garden.
Philadelphia Bulletin.

The saying that beauty is but skin deep
needs to be modified. Is there anything par-
ticularly striking about a chime of bells till
they have pealed? *Pond du Lac Reporter.*

The most fastidious man we know of, is
the individual who started out in a rain storm
to drown himself, and carried an umbrella over
his head so as not to get his clothes wet.
Whitehall Times.

They say that General Sherman has a great
weakness for wanting to kiss all the young
and pretty girls he meets. Great minds must run
in the same channel; give us your paw, General.
South Kentuckian.

Jay Gould has at last got to work on a rail-
road on Mexican soil. As he is a man that
never says much about his personal affairs, it is
not known who he intends leaving Mexico to in
his will.—*Peck's Sun.*

The man said he couldn't hire the applicant.
Said the young man: "I can prove that I am
perfectly honest." "Yes, I know," said the
other. "That's the trouble. You see I'm in
the coal business."—*Boston Post.*

The educated, often cultured hero never takes
a hint. He has no idea that under all the broad
blue skies there can be anything of more im-
portance than his opinions and theories, pre-
sented in fine, well-rounded periods. *Detroit
Chief.*

The girl who makes the acquaintance of every
young man she sees, without waiting to know
who or what he is, is held in the same esteem
by men as the yellow dog that will lick every
hand that puts its head. *Turner Falls Re-
porter.*

A Lowell woman accidentally swallowed a pin
the other day, and in exactly three minutes
afterward it came out of the ear of the cat she
was holding in her lap at the time. This is a
lie, but we wanted to get up one of those stories
that our readers can believe.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Skiggins' partner in business is his wife. She
entered the firm as a silent partner, and he
thought it would cure her; but he is left to
wonder now more than ever "why she talks so
much." She told him the other day, "no
woman's tongue could be a silent part'n'er,"—
and poor Skiggins fainted.—*New York Wit
and Wisdom.*

They say you can tell by the taste of beer
what the weather is going to be. How nice.
When your wife is uncertain about going out
with her new bonnet on, and says: "Dear, do
you think it will rain?" you can reply, "I'll
see, my love," and go out and take a drink of
beer, and she can't find a word of fault. We
demand a monument for the discovery of the
theory.—*Boston Post.*