

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

FABLES AND ANECDOTES BY LITTLE JOHNNY.

My sisters young man he says cats is pisen wen they are et harty of, but three or fore won't hurt no bobby, but if he thinks Ide eat om he is ded rong. Once there was a feller et a cat and it wasnt good for him, cos it made him creep on the rufe of the would shed nights and houl, and be fired boot jacks at.

Mary, thats the house made, she has rwote some potry bout cats, and is mity proud, and Uncle Ned says he will put it in the paper if I dont, so here gese, no lallin:

The cat it has got 4 feet,

And it has got a tail,
and it pers wen you stroke its back the rite way,
But bewhere its sharp to nake!

Theres nothing beautifuller than cats

Wen they are little kits,
But some day they grow up to be big Toms,
And hunches their lacks up, and makes a big tale
and spits.

Cats catches mice, wich if they wasent cot

Wude be drawnd in the honey,
And the preserfs, and jams, and jellys,
And pisen Billy and Johnny.

Now I never seen sech rot like that in ol my life, but Uncle Ned he says. "I beg for to remind you, fair yuth, that you have yet to pruse the work of Hektor A. Sturt."

If I was a potry feller like Shakesper, or Biron, or Mr. Jonnice, wich has got the wuden leg, or Misses Doppy, wich has got a red hed, or Mary, thats the house maid, I wudent rwite bout sech things as cats, no, indeed, it wude be all bout the eagle, wich is the king of berds, and flops his wings, and screams, and fixes his eye onto the sun, and soars apper than anything! Once there was a eagle wich was a sho, end a man wich was to the sho he dropt a silver dollar, and it rolled in the eagle's cage, and the man thot it was lost and went a way. Thot eagle he lookt at the dollar a wile, and then he called his wife and said, "That joker throde his poker check in here, and I gess he thot Ide swoller it cose it has got a chicken on one side, but Ide be a shamed to be found ded with sech a lookn rooster in the stumack of my belly."

The rhi nosy rose has got a horn onto his nose, and wen he meets a ephalant he roots him in the belly like the rhi nosy rose was a hog, and the ephalant he whollops the rhi nosy rose with his trunk like beatin carpets, and then it is wich can hold out the longest. The rhi nosy rose has got the tuffest hide, but the ephalant he has got the fattest belly. It says in my picter book that wen the rhi nosy rose has got his horn into the ephalants belly the ephalants grece gts into the rhi nosy roses eyes and puts em out, and I ast Uncle Ned if that was true. Uncle Ned he thot a wile, and then he said, "Yes, Johnny, it was true a long time ago, but one day the rhi nosy roses they held a plitical meetin for to see if some thing cudent be dun to keep out the grece. There was just as many plans for to do it as there was rhi nosy roses, and them wich had the best plans and made the longest speeches was the blind fellers. One feller he sel, after a wile, that he had give the subjeck much attention, and wile he wasent shure the mischif cude be entirely done a way with, he thot some thing cude be done tord it by keepin away from the ephalonts. Then they put him out of the meetin, cos they said this was a practicke subjeck and they didnt want no fine spun theories."

"Finally a rhi nosy rose wich hadent sed any thing he got up and sed, 'Mister Chairman, how wude it do for to shet up our eyes wen we prod om?"

"Then they all hollered 'Hooray! thats jest wot we was a bout to say our own selfs, we wil make this feller our king!'

"And Johnny, they done it, and give him a throne of gold, and a dimon carown, and a big jack kanife, and a kite, and a peg top, and some fire crackers, and all the gum wich he cude chew. And thats wy the ephalonts has all gone into the sho bizness."—S. F. Wasp.

The frailest not—forgot-me-not.

A useless waste—one that will not be squeezed.

Would a toothless sheik speak gum-Arabic?

The coming man!—Ah! he hath a bill! I flee!

A rod and lyin' catches the biggest fish of the season.

The proper place for undressed kids is in the bath tub.

Nothing succeeds like success—unless it's an ice dealer.

A miss is as good as a mile, if sho hasu't but one lap.

Men who swing the scythe are generally swathy fellows.

There is a good deal of em—"ocean" in modern sea-songs.

The kick of a mule is a healing process, yet it makes a man sick.

"Ad, I posa!" exclaimed Ad's fat sweetheart as she struck an attitude.

Smith calls his mother-in-law a windlass, and says she is always wound up.

When does the Ethiopian change his kin? When he exchanges his wives.

Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but the plug hat covers more fools.

Nature keeps the ocean tide, and that is why it does not run away like a river.

Man often wants a light for his "weed," and the widow wants a spark for hers.

When a man is cremated, does he go to the burn from which no traveler returns?

Never judge a man by the coat he wears. He may have borrowed it for the occasion.

If you want to get rich, mount a mulo, because when you are on a mule you are better off.

"All signs fail in dry times," as the bartender said to the boat who tried to give him the wink.

Some newspapers try hard to create a sensation, whereas they only succeed in making a bustle.

Toads, as a general thing, cat out doors; but you will sometimes find a toad-stool in a mushroom.

It has been said that gamblers travel on the deck. Wise men, who are not gamblers, should prefer the hold.

Cornell crew—before going to Europe, not since. Now the question arises, "Where was Cornell's crew loose?"

A woman always bears the consequences of love, but she generally manages to make some one else bear the expenses.

They were speaking of a miser just disensed. "Did he leave anything?" asked Smith. "He had to," was the laconic answer.

Jeems says he can prove that his sister Mary was born in Europe. When asked how he proves it he says, "She is a Moll tansc."

It is a very singular fact that builders, before commencing to erect an edifice, proceed to "spile" the ground upon which it is to stand.

Yes, she was in a stutta,
For she spilled some appie-butta
On her dress, and, oh! it hu't her—
Well I should smile to mutta,
And a girl who laughed—she cut her,
And wished her in the gutta,
She was mad enough to stutta,
But, gracious, she was utta,

Yes, utta,
So utta, awful utta.

Several ladies at the Saratoga hotels are said to swear by gum!... How sharper than a man-eater's tooth it is to have a crank for a mother-in-law.

"This is a dyer extremity," exclaimed the coroner, as he sat on the pedal end of a second-hand clothes dealer, after a railway train had passed over his body.

"'Tis the return of the tied," said a West Side lady plaintively, when her pet poodle came tearing up the front steps with four tomato cans fastened to its tail.

Burlington dogs are just now howling over the pressure brought to bear in keeping muzzlin' up to the present confined rates. They don't cotton to it at all.

A lot of Boston girls are going west in a bunch to get married. Poor boys, when you all skipped to the plains we thought you would be safe, but alas! they're on the trail.

"Grub hammer" is the newest poetry for gong... "You are playing roots on me," the moss said to the pine tree, "but I am going to keep shady about it." And he did.

Rather hard on the blessed state: Mary, who has met a chum chambermaid, asks, "How do you do, Margaret; where are you living now?" "Oh! I'm not living now, I'm married."

They were on shipboard. She said: "You impudent fellow! You're too forrid!" To which he replied: "I cannot help it! I must go after you! O be my mate, and let me deck you!"

It was probably an Irish missionary who, when about to be masticated by the cannibals, originated that beautiful and touching song:

My father was Irish,
My mother was Irish,
And I am Irish stew.

An attorney called to see an eminent judge, and sent his card up; the answer came: "The judge cannot be seen, he is in his chamber with scialica." The visitor, exclaimed: "Just my luck, there is always some cussed Italian just in ahead of me."

"Yes," said Flora, mournfully, "we were studying Latin together, Tom and I, and getting along so nicely, but a Latin expro-sion separated us one day." "How was that?" we asked breathlessly. "Why, *pars fuit*," Flora answered, heaving a great sob.

George is five years old. His mother had undressed him for a bath before putting him to bed. As he stood before her he said: "Now, mamma, I'm a kid." "Yes, my dear," said she "You know what kind of a kid I am, mamma?" "No, darling." "Well, nakid."

He who catches on to the biggest hunk of taffy in this world is very likely to succeed, although if he depends on the taffy to carry him along, the degree of his success won't be so big that he will break his back carrying it. Taffy and success go well together, but the taffy must not be allowed to melt and run over the success.

Circumstances alter cases. A lady, in a ball room, will wear a dress that would subject her to arrest, displayed on the street. She will wear a bathing costume considerably curtailed at both ends, and stand the stare of a thousand eyes; but if by accident she should be seen in a *robe de nuit*, buttoned closely from throat to feet, she would raise the roof with her serenas. O, fashion! Thou art a great fraud.

Great is the bicycle. It has numerous names. One is the "Columbia," named from Columbus who discovered America, and the rider thereof discovers America twice as often as he wants to. Then there is the "Mustang," and you mustang on or you fall off. A third kind is the "Harvard," and you harvard work to ride it you may be assured. A cheaper make is the "Otto," and a man otto get his life insured before he tries to manage it.