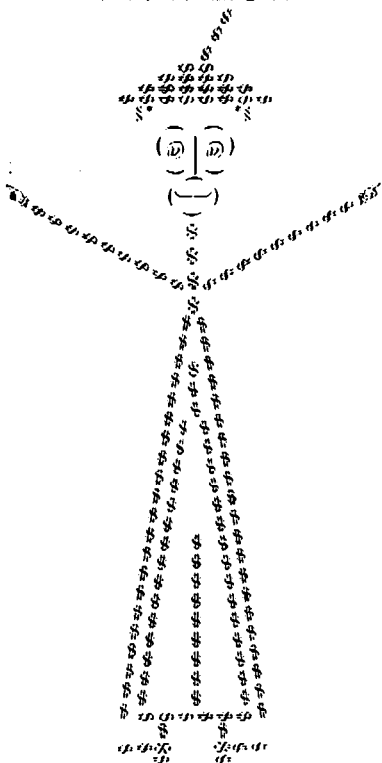


The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."



SARA BERNHARDT

Waving her adieus to L'Amérique from the deck of the steamer.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

THE RITUALIST DIRECTOR.

Let me introduce a fellow, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
Quite a Ritualistic swell, ah! lardy-dah!
Who a holy Grecian bend does,
Is of haggerty suspenders.
And aesthetic taste tremendous, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
Yes, his taste is quite tremendous, lardy-dah!
He admires a surprised choir, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
And a swinging censer's fire, lardy-dah!
The church he likes to keep it
Set the priest above the people
And a cross above it's steeple, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
Not a Protestant plain steeple, lardy-dah!
He intones both prayer and psalter, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
And his Anglican high altar, lardy-dah!
(If we take on trust the scandals
Spread by evangelic vandals)
Trims with flowers, fruits, and candles, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
All of which as tools he handles, lardy-dah!
Of all churches that are common, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
He believes the English oldest—then the Roman, lardy-dah!
All other creeds his view in
With a holy hate pursuing,
He'd prefer to see their ruin, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
Yes, he'd gladly see their ruin, lardy-dah!
Of his age's many crazes, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
That which me most amazes, lardy-dah!
Is to set forth deep devotions
By strange dancing-master motions
And church-millinery notions, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
Which true manly feeling so shuns, lardy-dah! — *Puck.*

It is dangerous to walk in the country at this time of the year, when the hedges are shooting and the bull rushes out.—*Waterloo Observer.*

This is the time that Vennor predicted frost for May. He must use an ice cream freezer for a horoscope.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

A fortune awaits the man who will invent a sensible yet tasteful style of summer dress for men. The linen collar is played out.—*New York Commercial.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

Being invited to speak before the young ladies of Vassar College, Hiram Green, Esq., "late Justiss of the Peece," made a speech, as follows:

"YOUNG LADIES OF VASSAR: I appear before you as a representative of an age which is about to shoulder its earthly career and stock of experience and march head first into eternity. For 4 years I once served my native town as Justiss of the peece, and as I cast my eye across the lovely sea of rosy cheeks and banged foreheads I feel like an old veteran bee in a flower garden of new blown roses, with a muzzel on so as to prevent him from sucking honey.

"Each one of you has a career of usefulness afore you, and when you sling away your slate pencils and other school books, some chap is awaiting to ask each one of you to preside over his cottage and keep his stockin's darned. But let an old man jess give you a leetle good sound advise. When a feller comes and asks you to be his'n, and tells you that he will take good care of you, because the world owes you both a living, tell him politely to go to thunder, for if you marry him, he will send you out with a bill to collect agin the world, and the chances are ten to one the world will never pay onless you lay aside your silk dresses and take the world by the throat, while your husband sits around, sucks an old pipe, and helps the corner grocery man hold down bar'l covers.

"Never put yourself under the charge of a man who addresses his parents as the "old man" or the "old woman," for if you do you'd wish you'd enlisted as missionary to teach the Eskimos how to play crokay.

"Never put your little hands into the shaky paw of a chap who hangs around lager bier saloons, for if you do the chances are that while yourself and children are asking for a leetle flour, the miserable man you've hitched to will be spending his money to buy bricks to build a poorhouse with. Never place your destiny in charge of a chap who is ashamed to labor. If a fellow apologizes to you for the honest occupation he may be in, and is ashamed to take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and tackle industry, tell him to "right about face!" for jess as sure as your little hearts are sighing for a good honest breast to lay your head agin, he'll commission you as chief engineer to a washtub, while he employs his time bossing the job and waitin' for something to turn up—which something will never come around until his toes turn up toward heaven.

"If you want a college larnt chap, pick him out as you would a house, and remember that a college education on some chaps is very much like putting a costly mansard roof on a mud cabin.

"Recollect also, besides, that a one-story brain ain't no more fit to carry a three-story education than a canal mule is to play a Dutch comedy in a traveling theatre.

"When you see a feller that is slovenly, don't let your affections drop onto him.

"Tumble down fences, late gardens, and lots of crows in the melon patches will be your future lot.

"Fellers who live on their daddies ain't very good timber for husbands.

"A chap who depends on pa never gets above par in the market where ninnood is quoted.

"He is always sold short, and when the "old man" dies the clock will run down and such a husband will let his family starve when there is no tick.

"The man who is not tidy in his habits is the chap who is always wiping his nose under the bottom of the chairs and sofas, and you want to shun him as you would a hornet's nest, when the family are all at home taking their tea.

"Finally, young ladies, be careful in choosing a husband, or rather be careful in letting a husband choose you, for you'd better go down to your grave and have plain "Miss So and So" writ on your tombstone, than to let any of the hyenas who are travelling about to gobble up some little innocent Miss and lead you a life of

woe, bitterness, and hard labor, worsen than if you was a wife of the Czar of Russia with the Nihilists sending you valentines every twenty-four hours.

"Ladies, I have had my say, and now you can put your gum in your pretty mouths and resume your usual enchainments."

PRIMITIVE TAXIDERMISTRY.

The art of taxidermy out on Vinegar Hill is yet in its infancy. The leading taxidermist of that booming gold camp is as yet nothing but an amateur.

The art critic of this paper is in receipt of a stuffed weasel, which was the first handiwork of the Vinegar Hill taxidermist. Evidently he had not tried to taxiderm before.

The weasel is naturally a delicate, graceful little animal, with long, slender body and fragile proportions.

That's the reason he looks lumpy and unhappy when his remains are stuffed with baled hay.

The daddo editor who writes these hints on decorative art doesn't set himself up as an authority, of course, but simply suggests little points of improvement.

This paralyzed weasel is too flat, for one thing. In preserving weasels, to avoid destroying the outline, they should not be pressed like an Autumn leaf, but stuffed like bologna sausage.

The casual observer will also notice that the tail of this weasel is erect, which gives him a self-reliant, Roscoe-Conkling air, which ill-becomes the shy and timid little weasel.

This is true to nature. It jars harshly on the aesthetic taste to see a weasel with his tail over the dashboard that way.

The weasel does not jab his tail into the middle of the horizon like a jack rabbit unless he feels pretty hilarious. It is not his nature. We should study the habits of these animals, and when they are preserved try so far as possible to still retain the natural symmetry which they evinced in life.

One more suggestion. This weasel was evidently too dead before they tried to embalm him. The weasel should not be excessively dead when he is placed in the hands of the taxidermist. After the remains have lain in state for two or three weeks it is fair to suppose life is extinct, and the artist may then get his sawdust and poison ready to go to work.

The practice of embalming weasels who died the previous Autumn is now obsolete.

One more suggestion and we are done. In this specimen the eyes are omitted. This gives to the subject a vacant and preoccupied air.

In the absence of artificial eyes the artist should have inserted a pair of overcoat buttons, because the delicate taste of the brie-a-brucker is shocked when he gazes down into the lustrous depths once so full of life and soul, but now so full of bran and other inexpensive stuffing.

If the weasel were not so emaciated where he ought to be plump, and so plump where he ought to be attenuated, he would be more true to nature, and the cast iron lithograph which we herewith present would not look so much like a club-footed hat-rack as it does.—*Laramie City Boomerang.*

Many a good square man loafs round the corners till he goes home at rye tangles.

Soon be corn-planting time now, though lots of folks planted theirs with their last pair of boots.

Thomas Tiddell, who wrote in the first half of the eighteenth century, was not, strange to say, a humorous poet. "What's in a name?" —*Karl Marble.*

The new poke bonnets are ornamented with artificial shrubbery and make a woman look like a mud turtle sliding down a willow shaded bank.—*McGregor News.*