

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Spoons.

BY ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

"Oh, Emeline! Oh, Emeline!"
I heard a lover say—
"The hours are short, I've staid too long;
Sweet, sweet, I must away!"

"Ah, Gussie, dear, why hasten thus?"
The maiden questioned shy—
"You are the son-light of my heart;
It's boy-ed up when you're nigh."

"I fondly pledge to you my love—
(Now don't my collar muss!)
How strange it is that you seem true,
And yet are all beau-Gus."

"To-morrow week," she whispered soft,
"You must come here to dine."
He said he would, but ere that day
He dropped his Em-a-line! — *The Judge.*

A Colonel Outranked.

A man doing business on Woodbridge-street west took a coloured man into his employ a couple of weeks ago, and during the conversation previous to settling terms he remarked:

"When you wish to address me you can call me Colonel."

"Was you a Kernel in the wah?"

"No matter; you can call me colonel, and I will give you an extra quarter per week for so doing."

"Dat's all right, Kornel—I'll aim that quarter suah's yer bo'n."

At the end of the week the labourer hung around after he was paid off and was asked if there was any trouble. He scratched his head, hesitated and said he would finally explain himself on Monday morning. When Monday came the employer remarked:

"Now, then, Samuel, what is the matter?"

"Nuffin 'tall, boss—trouble all gone."

"Well, what was it?"

"Wal, you see, de driver of a coal cart down yere diskivered dat I was callin' you Kernel for two shillin's a week. What does he do but offer me fifty cents a week to take the kernel off of you an' put it on to him."

"And you wanted to do it?"

"Wall, I kinder felt dat way kaze I'ze workin' fur low wages, but I saw him Sunday and fixed it all right."

"How?"

"I'ze gwine to keep right on callin' you Kernel for two shillin's a week, and I'ze gwine to call him General for seventy-five cents a month? What shall I begin on dis mornin', Kernel?"

He gets his extra quarter per week right along, but he now addresses his employer as "bos."—*Free Press.*

Drowning the kittens hurts the old cat's felines.—*Unidentified Exchange.*

The principal plank in political platforms—"plank up."—*Elmira Telegram.*

The devil has one redeeming trait. He never gives a boarder a cold room.—*Whitehall Times.*

"Abundance, like want, ruins many," however, let us risk it on the abundance.—*Evansville Argus.*

"Why, Eunice, Eu nice girl!" he said. And it was not taffy; it was punning alliteration.—*Newton Republican.*

No, dear, I did not mean to say you could not sing as good as an old cow; you can, dear.—*Wheeling Journal.*

The girl pressed the leaves, but the boy pressed the girl. The press is mighty and must prevail.—*Rochester Express.*

"You have scent for me and I have come," as the polecat said to the inquisitive kitten seeker.—*New York News.*

A setter is generally supposed to be a dog, and yet a compositor is a splendid type of the setter species.—*St. Louis Hornet.*

David Davis was not born great; but by reason of a good appetite he has had greatness thrust upon him.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Owing to a decrease in the poultry population there was a marked dearth of coloured camp-meetings this season.—*Boston Times.*

A man, trying to make his way through a ball-room full of waltzers, said he had just made a tour round the whirled.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

Naturalistic information:—"The worm will turn." Skeptic—"Not always." Naturalist—"O, yes, if it does not turn into a butterfly, it turns into dust."—*Quiz.*

A boy yesterday afternoon breathlessly rushed into Noble's bakery with the exclamation: "Say, mister, ma wants a bake of loafer's bread."—*Lockport Union.*

A father with marriageable daughters, like a maiden with sensitive skin, often dreads the winter because it brings so many chaps on his hands.—*Toledo American.*

A ballet dancer died recently in Naples, leaving a large fortune. This shows how easy it is to accumulate wealth when one dresses economically.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

"I shall give you ten days or ten dollars," said Judge Walsh to a trembling wretch. "All right, judge," answered the t. w., "I'll take the ten dollars."—*The Judge.*

The young lady who sent some water pitchers to a friend as wedding presents appropriately ended her note, begging their acceptance, "ewers truly."—*Somerville Journal.*

He had been telling her stories of himself and had done a great amount of bragging. When he had finished she kissed him and murmured: "This a kiss for blow."—*Puck.*

Better to take this life with ease
Than be always in a rush;
Better to raise a man on "threes,"
Than draw to a "bob-tail" flush.
—*Richmond Baton.*

A grate annoyance—clinkers.... A heated term—cayenne pepper.... Company front—a false shirt bosom.... A banana skin generally opens the fall business.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A correspondent of *The Texas Siftings* asks: "When two families move into the same village, which should 'call first?" The *Times* answers—that depends upon which holds the best hand.—*Whitehall Times.*

"It's better, faith," says Pat, "to love and be desaved, and live, thin to love, and commit suicide, and hear the undertaker say, 'Boys, sure an' it's an ass we afther buryin' to-day!"—*Philadelphia Sun.*

A maiden went into the water
To bathe; but her mamma she sater,
And after some effort she catur,
And back to the sea beach she brater,
Like a lamb lead away to the slater
She told her she always had thater
An obedient, dutiful dater,
And if she had done as she'd' tater,
She'd have staid on the shore; and she'd' ater
Resist her desire for the water.
—*Puck.*

Editor of New York Paper—Jupiter Pluvius! Seventeen odes already this morning to the "Welcome Rain," "Welcome the Rain," "The Ever Blessed Rain," "Blessed be the Rain." "Boy, get a bucket of water, stand at the head of the stairs and douse it over the next man or woman you see coming up who looks as if suffering from pluvial poesy!"—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Don't imagine that a husband can live as a lover does—on moonlight and kisses. He will come home to his meals, hungry as a bear, and any little knowledge of cookery you can pick up during courtship is about the best provision you can make for future happiness.—*Proof Sheet.*

And now the good husband kisses his wife goodbye after breakfast and hurries down the steps as if his store was on fire, and can't hear a word she says as he leaves. This fall deafness always comes to husbands about the time the magnolia and oleander tubs have to be carried into the collar.—*Evansville Argus.*

An awful typographical error occurred the other day. It was in a wedding notice and it read, "Rev. Mr. Smith inflicted the ceremony." "Officiating at the ceremony," was what the writer wrote, but in the light of the present may we not say the compositor for once builded better than he knew.—*Lockport Union.*

Charles Augustus was on his knees to his girl, telling in poetry, and prose, and melody, and song, etc., how much he loved her, and what she was to him, when he choked up and stopped. "Ah," she remarked in a pitying voice, "I think, dear Charles Augustus, that you are too fool for utterance." The jockeying was dismissed without the usual benediction, and services have been discontinued.—*Steubenville Herald.*

"So Mr. Textual has been preaching for you for the past year?" asked Brown. "Are his pastoral relations pleasant with the society?" "That's just what the trouble is," said Fogg. "we like him well enough, but his relations are anything but pleasant. Two unmarried sisters and a cross grained aunt are two many for us. No, they are not pleasant."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Few people," says a writer, "realize what a wonderful delicate structure the human ear is." It is a remarkable organ, that's a fact. Ask a man for the loan of ten dollars, and the chances are that the ear won't hear you. Softly whisper, "come upland take something," and the ear manifests an acuteness that is truly marvelous.—*Norristown Herald.*

A citizen of Detroit entered a Michigan avenue grocery the other day and said he wanted a private word with the proprietor. When they had retired to the desk he began: "I want to make confession and reparation. Do you remember of my buying sugar here two or three days ago?" "I do." "Well, in paying for it I worked off a counterfeit quarter on the clerk. It was a mean trick, and I came to tender you good money." "Oh, don't mention it," replied the grocer. "But I want to make it right." "It's all right—all right. We knew who passed the quarter on us, and that afternoon when your wife sent down a dollar bill and wanted a can of sardines, I gave her that bad quarter with her change. Don't let your conscience trouble you at all—it's all right!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE NEWSPAPER IN THE FAMILY.—Every family should have its regular newspaper, and there are scarcely any so poor that a weekly can not be had at least, even if a slight luxury be curtailed to provide for the cost. Parents should encourage their children to read the papers regularly; not those of the story kind, but papers which contain the news of the day. It is important that children be early taught to inform themselves as to what is going on in the world; they then become familiar, not only with the history of their own country, but with that of others, and they are thus early enabled to form a habit, and accumulate a treasury of knowledge, which will be as valuable to them in after life as any other branch of their early education.