

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

HOW MARK TWAIN SECURED A SECTION IN A SLEEPER.

My dignity was in a state now which cannot be described. I was so ruffled that—well, I said to my companion, "If these people knew who I am they—" but my companion cut me short there and said, "Don't talk such folly. If they did know who you are, do you suppose it would help your high mightiness to a vacancy in a train which has no vacancies in it?" This did not improve my condition any to speak of, but just then I observed that the colored porter of a sleeping-car had his eye on me, I saw his dark countenance light up. He whispered to the uniformed conductor, punctuating with nods and jerks toward me, and straightway this conductor came forward, oozing politeness from every pore, and said: "Can I be of any service? Will you have a place in the sleeper?" "Yes," I said, "and much obliged too. Give me anything, anything will answer." He said: "We have nothing left but the big family stateroom, with two berths and a couple of armchairs in it, but it is entirely at your disposal. Here, Tom, take these satchels aboard."

He touched his hat and we and the colored Tom moved along. I was bursting to drop just one little remark to my companion, but I held in and waited. Tom made us comfortable in that sumptuous great apartment and then said, with many bows and a perfect affluence of smiles, "Now is dey anything you want, sah? don't make no difference what it is." I said, "Can I have some hot water and a tumbler at 9 to-night, blazing hot?" You know about the right temperature for a hot Scotch punch." "Yes, sah, dat you kin; you kin pen on it. I'll get it myself." "Good! now that lamp is hung too high. Can I have a big coach candle fixed up just at the head of my bed, so that I can read comfortably?" "Yes sah, you kin, I'll fix her so she'll burn all night. Yes, sah; an' you can jest call for anything you wants, and dish yer whole railroad'll be turned wrong end up an' inside out for to git it for you. Dat's so." And he disappeared. Well, I tilted my head back, hooded my thumbs in my arm-holes, smiled a smile on my companion, and said gently, "Well, what do you say now?" My companion was not in a humour to respond, and didn't. The next moment that smiling black face was thrust in at the crack of the door and this speech followed: "Laws bless you, sah, I knowed you in a minute. I told de conductah so. Laws! I knowed you de minute I sot eyes on you." "Is that so, my boy? (handing him a quadruple fee). Who am I?" "Jennul McClellan," and he disappeared again. My companion said vinegarishly, "Well, well! what do you say now?"

REVIEW OF THE FEMALE EDITOR.

Miss Eva C. Kinney, on taking the editor's chair of the Ellis, Kansas, *Headlight*, writes in the following light-headed way:

How glad we are we've got to be an editor at last! We always thought we knew just how to run a paper, and now we've got such a splendid chance.

We'll show those stupid men exactly how it ought to be done. You won't catch us getting into any fusses, or rows, or anything. No, indeed; we'll use tact, and tact, you know, is the principal thing in running a paper.

We won't meddle in politics, and that will save all the trouble with politicians, and we'll never swear—no, never. For the life of us, we can't see the use of swearing in a printing office. It don't make type set itself up; it don't create items—unless you happen to hit somebody with a club and have to pay the cost—and it don't pick up pie half so quick as fingers do. Yet the editors all think they can't run a paper without it, but we'll show 'em.

We're so glad we're an editor, and we're going

to make such lots of money; we won't spend it all for beer and cigars either. No, indeed; we'll be benevolent and do good with it. We'll give lots and lots to the missionary society—make presents to all our friends—buy books and flowers for the poor, and—oh, yes! maybe we'll build a church and endow a college, and have our name painted on one of the windows with a design. Yes, of course, we must have a design on the window. Let's see a pair of scissors and a paste-pot would be appropriate, would it not? Or a boy with a roller—but then roller boys always have dirty faces, and the artist wouldn't want to paint dirt, would he?

It's such fun to be an editor! Think of the sweet revenge we'll take when we stuff the producers of some aspiring genius into the waste basket. And then with what an exquisite thrill of pleasure we'll take our pen and write the same author a polite little note, telling him we should have been delighted to publish his excellent article if we had only had room, and wouldn't he like to subscribe for our paper, or get us up a club? Ah, we've had experience! That's the way the men editors used to do by us when we were "only a writer." And sweeter still will be our revenge on those editors themselves, who used to crush our budding genius with cruelly polite sarcasms! There's that horrid, old bear of the Hays City *Sentinel*, when he published our sweet, little poem, about "Birdie," instead of remarking on the smoothness of the measure, or pathos of its sentiments, he intimated that we'd been sighing for a lover. It wasn't true, a bit; but ah! little did that rash man think we were one day to be his peer. Oh, dear, its getting late, and there's another column of type to go up, no copy ready, and all these advertisements behind time but it's lots of fun to be an editor.

An Oriental tale—"The camel's."—*Boston Cour.*
The old soldier said: "I'm a veteran, navy surgeon."—*New York News.*

The boy who is well shingled by his parents will shed water.—*Exchange.*

Yes, James, a lame excuse often goes without crutches.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

The fellow who was much struck by a young lady wanted to return a kiss for the blow.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Plump girls are going out of fashion. Excuse us for remaining so confoundedly old-fashioned.—*Whitehall Times.*

There are a good many men just now with one foot in the grave and the other in the grog-shop.—*Ky. State Journal.*

Greece was once a power among nations, but now it is only a spot of oleomargarine on the map.—*Peck's Sun.*

Concerning Earl Beaconsfield, it Duzretli seem as if England could get along without him.—*American Queen.*

Jacob is the first fireman on record. His ladder was a daisy. It brought down the angels.—*Nashville Sunday Courier.*

A man who helps his town in no other way can always do lots of good by taking the leading part in a funeral.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

Conkling says: "If I once cross the river I'll never come back." We move that he be given free transportation.—*Oil City Derrick.*

For printers only: "Compositors are like Russian criminals in at least one particular—they stand in dread of an out.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A writer says: "In Persia woman is a piece of furniture." So she is in this country, when she happens to be a Sophy.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Jones says when he was a boy it was Palm Sunday all the year round with him. No wonder Joacs was never married. He never cared to ask for a lady's hand. He got all he wanted of that article in childhood's happy hours.—*Boston Transcript.*

The unseasonable cold weather will put planting back so much that even funerals will be delayed.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Aleek Stephens, it is reported, will shortly commence an action against Sara Bernhardt for infringement of his model.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Mines have been discovered in St. Petersburg. As they are genuine ones it is not likely that these will ever be quoted on the market.—*Puck.*

A Fashion item says "bugs of all sorts and sizes appear on spring bonnets." Some spring beds are similarly afflicted.—*Norristown Herald.*

An exchange describes a ballet dancer's dress. The description, though short, is about three inches longer than the dress.—*Norristown Herald.*

Bristol girls are preparing to beat the Delaware ice gorge all hollow. They perform the feat in an ice cream saloon.—*Burlington Enterprise.*

Our forefathers could not harbor the idea of paying taxes on their tea, so they compromised the matter by harboring the tea.—*Yacob Strauss.*

As this is the last year of the world and we need money to travel on, subscribers are requested to pay up promptly.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

Beecher says "we pray to much." This explains why the average newspaper man's breeches always bag at the knees.—*Titusville Sunday World.*

A lady, who has been cheated out of wearing pretty spring clothes, says she will take "summers vengeance on the weather yet."—*Richmond Independent.*

A correspondent asks our opinion of spelling reform. We believe in spelling it as we always have—r-e-r-e, f-o-r-m, form, reform.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Perhaps there is no sadder sight than to see a maiden lady of forty or thereabouts, sneak off by herself for the purpose of rocking an empty cradle.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

When a young man will pay \$2 for a delivery wagon and a pie-bald horse to take his girl out for a Sunday drive he really means to marry her for love.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pleasure is a dangerous will-o'-the-wisp. It leads a man scampering through life until he stumbles over a tombstone and falls into his own grave.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

"Thou rainest on my bosom," sang the earth to the April showers. "Oh, dry up! growled the sun, as he shone out from behind the clouds. No music in his Sol.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

Mrs. Smith is nothing if not classical, and when her landlord, Mr. Casca, sent in his bill, she said to her husband, "See what a rent the envious Casca made!"—*Breakfast Table.*

The legislators of Maine are on honest set. They saw that there is not money enough in the State to corrupt them. Recent travelers through Maine state that this is true.—*Puck.*

In Boston street car conductors, in uniform, pass themselves off on guileless girls from the country as naval officers. But where the preponderance of females is so great, a girl isn't to be blamed for believing anything a man tells her.—*Louisville Sunday Argus.*

A young gentleman called on a new acquaintance the other evening, and vows he will never call on her again. He says though she was not all his fancy painted, the fence was. Owing to the paint on his new spring suit he has not benzine since.—*Rochester Herald.*

A Berlin butcher has written a five-act comedy that is about to be presented in that city. The author, it is presumed, "steaks" his reputation on its success, and the actress who speaks the tenderloins will be "dressed to kill," of course. The price of admission for choice seats will be fore-quarters.—*Norristown Herald.*