

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

A young man from one of the back towns came in to buy a present for his girl last week. His wondering gaze being fixed by the gorgeous display in a dry-goods window, he entered the store and bashfully stepped in front of a pretty young lady behind the counter. "How much are these?" he inquired, pointing at a pair of hand-ornely wrought, nickel-plated garters in the window. "Seventy-five cents," replied the young lady sweetly, handing out the articles in question, and blushing slightly. "I think they are a kinder pretty, don't you?" inquired the young man, anxious for somebody else's opinion. "Very," replied the young miss; "they are the latest style." "Everybody wears them, don't they?" continued the young man. "Almost everybody," said the young lady, affecting an unconcerned air. "I was going to get them for a girl that I know," said the young man, somewhat nervously. "Do you think she would like them?" "I should think she might—I don't know," returned the young lady, blushing again.

"Well, I don't hardly know myself," said the young man, taking one of the dainty articles and examining it closely. "You don't suppose they are too large, now, do you?" "Why—!—I," stammered the young lady, the blush growing deeper. "They seem sorter big like," continued the young man, not observing her confusion; "but, of course, I wouldn't be certain. She's middlin' size, but not very fat, and maybe these would be a little too loose. I should think she was just about your business, an' if these would fit you, of course they'd fit her. Now just suppose you try them on, an' if—"

"Sit!" exclaimed the young lady behind the counter, in an awful voice that lifted the young man's hat on the end of his hair. "you are insulting!" And she swept away to the rear of the store, leaving the bewildered young man standing in dumb amazement, holding in his hands what he supposed was a beautiful pair of bracelets. And when one of the men clerks came and explained his mistake, the young man from the back town struck a direct line for his team, and in a very brief space of time was tearing towards home at a rate that threatened to irretrievably ruin the old family horse. He won't buy any bracelets until he's married.—*Philadelphian Chronicle.*

HOW FASHIONS CHANGE.

"It's twenty years since Jinks was won."
Quoth Mrs. Jinks, reflectively:
"My fiery hair he wouldn't bear;
It seemed a flame prospectively."
"But now my Jinks is all my own,
He's full of tender passion;
He loves the glare of my red hair—
Thank to the latest fashion!"

OCCIDENTAL SLANDER.

And she wrote in a handwriting clerky,
And she talked with an emphasis jerky;
And she painted on tiles
In the sweetest of styles,
But she didn't know chicken from turkey.

A MIDDY'S JOKE.

Dr. Foord Clark, a young sea-going surgeon, and an enthusiastic servant, arrived in port a short time since as the surgeon of the British ship, *John o' Gaunt*. The ship was from Calcutta. The voyage, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*, of January 20, was long, and it was so monotonous as not to furnish to the active intellect of the young surgeon all the phenomena that the *servant* could crave. One of the midshipmen determined to improvise some phenomena for him. At first he contemplated a sea-serpent, but as sea-serpents are becoming very common, and are a good deal of trouble, he finally determined on the electric light, occasionally seen by unusually tough shell-backs aloft in the rigging of ships at sea, and which is

known as St. Elmo's fire. He got the Mate's bull's-eye lantern, and on a very dark night he climbed aloft, lit it, and made it fast at the mast head. Descending, he rushed into the cabin, and announced to the Doctor a remarkably well developed case of St. Elmo's light. The Doctor bounded on deck, examined the light, made a sketch of it, and finally the midshipman boldly volunteered to go up and interview it. He went up, blew out the light, and descending, told the doctor he had touched the flame with his finger, when upon he instantly received a tremendous electric shock, and St. Elmo's light disappeared. Dr. Clark found the depraved young man's pulse at 102, so he put the midshipman's arm into a sling, put a whiskey sling into the midshipman, and put the midshipman and both slings in the sick bay, and thereafter, during the rest of the cruise, and as a premium innocently paid to a case of very atrocious wickedness, he prescribed to the young hero who had blown St. Elmo's fire out of the Mate's bull's-eye lantern daily rations of tobacco and grog. Upon the arrival in port of *John o' Gaunt*, Dr. Clark wrote a very abstruse account of the matter, which was published in an evening contemporary, and he also forwarded to the *London Graphic* a much more detailed account of the phenomenon, together with water-colour sketches of it which he had made. The doctor having subsequently sailed as surgeon of the *Zelandia*, Thomas Y. Powles, commander of the *John o' Gaunt*, to whose knowledge the perpetration of the joke had come, also in a communication to the evening contemporary "gives the whole business away," not to raise a guffaw at the expense of a young gentleman whose requirements as a physician and as a scientist are admitted by both bodies, but that the joke that theedium of a long voyage and the excellence of its own inception and execution made pardonable may not serve as a false beacon for other scientists.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

As Mr. Francis Brod Hart's might have woven it into a touching tale of a Western gentleman in a red shirt:

Brown, o' San Juan,
Strange I'm Brown,
Come up this mornin' from Trisco—
Ben a salin' my speer-stacks down
Ben a knockin' around,
Fer a man from San Juan,
Party considerable frequent—
Jes' catch outer that streak o' the dawn!

Right thar lies my home—
Right thar in the red—
I could slop over, stranger, in po'try
Would spread out old Shakspeare cold dead.

Stranger, you freeze to this: there ain't no kinder gin-palace
Nor no variety-show lays over a man's own rancho.
May be it hain't no style, but the Queen in the Tower o'
London
Ain't got naathin' I'd swap for that house over thar on the hill-side.

Thar's my ole gal, 'n' the kids, 'n' the rest o' my live-stock;
Thar my Remington hangs, and that there's a guddle-cake be'mlin'—
Fer the two of us, pard— and thar, I allow, the heavens
Smile more friendly-like than on any other locality.
Stranger, nowhere else I don't take no satisfaction
Gimme my ranch, 'n' them friendly old Shanghai chickens—
I bring the original pair I'm the States in eighteen-hifty—
Gimme them, and the feelin' of solid domestic comfort.

Ver parding, young man—
But this landscape a kind
Er flickers—I low 'twas the po'try—
I thought that my eyes had gone blind,
Take that pop from my belt!
Hi, thar—gimme yer han'—
Or I'll kill myself—Lizzie! she left me—
Gone off with a partner man!

Thar, I'll quit—the ole gal
An' the kids—run awa!
I be darned! Howsomever, come in, pard—
The griddle-cake's thar, anyway.
—H. C. Bunney in Scribner.

ABOUT LOVE.

Mr. Factandfancy has noticed—
That the boy who is most afraid of the girls
is the first to be corralled into matrimony.

That the little boys prefer boys to girls.
That they soon change, never to go back to their early love.

That the little girls love the girls best.
That they don't get over their preferences as soon as the boys do—some of them never.

That women love the men because they love everything they have to take care of.

That men love women because they can't help it.

That the wife loves her husband so well that she has no thought for other men.

That the husband so loves his wife that he loves all women for her sake.

That the married man is apt to think himself all-killing among the fair sex simply because he has found one woman fool en ough to marry him.

That homely husbands are the best. They never forget the compliment paid them by their wives accepting them.

That homely wives are the truest. They know how to make the most of what they have.

That the man who marries late in life does well.

That the man who marries young does better.

That the man who never marries is to be pitied.

That the woman who marries does well.

That the woman who does not marry does better nine times out of ten.

Where was she when he spider? and where will she beetle he sees he again?

A tramp will not go away empty handed from a good man's door if he can reach an overcoat from the hall-rack.

When yesterday I asked you, love, one little word to say, your brother interrupted us; so please say yes ter day."

Teacher—"What are the principal races of men?" "Sinart boy at the foot of the class—" "Go-as-you-please races, mum."

The leading journalists of America are to meet in convention this spring, having for their object the elevation of journalism in the United States.

Secretary Windom is entitled to the thanks of an exasperated public. He has ordered that the coinage of the three cent nickel piece be discontinued.

A gentleman asked a Cincinnati belle if there was much refinement in that city, and she replied, "You just bet your boot—we're a cultured crowd."

Those people who hold Jupiter responsible for the bad weather would probably blame Mars if one of the children fell off the fence and broke his neck.

A New York man has discovered an "invisible soap." It is the same article that small boys have used in their morning ablutions from the most remote periods.

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling a patient's pulse, "that you consider me a humbug." "How odd it is," responded the patient, "that you can so accurately tell a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

A newspaper man went fishing yesterday and he came home with nothing but a little half-pound bass. "Is that all you caught?" asked his friends. "That's all," he replied. "How many bites did you have?" "One," exclaimed the fisherman, and the whole crowd dried. "He's found! He's found! Here is the honest fisherman!" He'd have had fifty invitations to drink in ten minutes if a small boy hadn't broken through the crowd and said: "See here, mister, you gave me a bogus nickel for that air fish." And now that crowd has no faith in human nature.