

## The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

## AMERICAN FABLES.

A Peasant took great pains to sharpen up his knife in anticipation of an opportunity to strike down a Doe which came every day to drink at a certain spring. As he crept through the Forest the Knife was accidentally thrust into his own leg. Dancing around with the pain, and angered at the sight of blood, the Peasant cried out:

"Base ingrate! You have stabbed me?"  
"It is true that you have been stabbed," replied the Knife, "but had you not sharpened me for the purpose of drawing blood this would not have happened."

## MORAL.

Lies and scandals sent out of the kitchen may come back home through the front door.

## THE GOOSE AND THE HARE.

A Hare, which was running away from pursuit, came to a stream, and was hesitating about making the plunge, when a Goose alighted near him, and inquired:

"Pray, what is the matter, to put you in such a tremble?"

"I am pursued by the dogs!"

"Oh, that's it? Well, the dogs won't touch me."

"But they will soon devour my meat unless I cross the stream. Please give me a lift on your back."

"You should have been born with less legs and more wings," chuckled the goose, and she flew away and left the Hare to get across as best he could:

A few days subsequently, the Hare was crossing a meadow, when the Goose came running and fluttering and cried out:

"For mercy sake! aid me to escape!"

"What's the trouble with you?"

"I am pursued by a man who seeks my quills and feathers, and unless you help me away I am doomed."

"Oh, that's it? Well, I have no quills or feathers to lose!"

"But you will help me to get away?"

"You should have been born with less wings and more legs," replied the Hare, and off he galloped.

## MORAL.

It's a long lane that has no turn.

## MRS. LANGTRY.

Mrs. Langtry is still a topic all over town, though chiefly above Madison Square. Some of the critics say very cruel things about her "Rosalind"; but so long as the crowd keeps on rushing to see her she probably won't care. This reminds me, by the way, of a Jersey man who came to town the other day to have a look at her. He had heard that she was from Jersey, and he felt that every Jersey man should do his duty. After enjoying a fifteen-cent restaurant dinner he asked for a three-cent cigar and said to the man at the desk:

"Been to see that 'ere han'some Jersey woman yet, Cap'n?"

"What Jersey woman?"

"Sho! I guess ye know. Ther ain't so many of 'em that's beanties. Lemme see, what's her name? Bangtree, or sunthin like that."

"Oh, Mrs. Langtry."

"That's it, Whar kin I see her, Cap'n?"

"At Wallack's."

"How much does it cost t'git in?"

"Oh, not much; a dollar."

The Jersey man fell back, but edged up again and said:

"That's purty steep, by gosh: ain't ther no way cheaper'n that?"

A brilliant idea struck the man at the desk, and he promptly gave the member from Jersey the benefit.

"Yes," he said, "you can get a good look for twenty-five cents."

"That's my figger, old man. Whar?"

"At Bunnell's museum, on Broadway."

"What's she doin' thar, though?"

"Why, haven't you heard of the Congress of Beauty? All the handsome women in New York are there, showing off for a prize of \$200. If you hurry up you'll see Mrs. Langtry before she leaves to get ready for Wallack's in the evening."

"By gum, I'll do it. Twenty-five cents. Much obliged, Cap'n; gimme another o' them segars."

He turned up in the same place for supper, and resumed the subject. "Well, she is a beauty, an' no mistake. Gosh! but I didn't think they turned out cunny women so han'. some as that over in Jersey. No, sir."

"You saw her, then?"

"Saw her? Cap'n, when I invest twenty-five cents I want the goods for my money. Yes, I saw her. I had to poke roun' some time fust, but arter a while I asked a young feller which was Mrs. Langtry, an' he pinte her out. He was so p'ite that I asked his name, 'n he said he was Hosscar Wilde. Yes, indeed, she's a beauteous beauty, dead sure. Gimme another o' them segars."

The softer your job, the easier it is to get hard money.

To save a dollar is the easiest thing in the world—don't spend it.

Anything but a pleasant trip: Falling over a sidewalk obstruction.

The poorest borrower can always return thanks.—*New York News.*

Definition of a soldier of fortune—A soldier who has none.—*From the French.*

Bugle trimmings are recommended for a windy day.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Come up higher," said the choir leader to the tenor who sat with the congregation.

"I never hear anything that's said against me," remarked the deaf man.—*Boston Star.*

To a communist in a beer saloon the ship of State is a schooner.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The journalist, like the carpenter, makes a living by means of his ads.—*Lowell Courier.*

An adage amended: Birds of a feather flock on new bonnets.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

This criticism is made on Tennyson—that when he descends to simplicity he rises to grandeur.

Bismarck is said to look like a dollar store when he gets all his decorations on.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

We suppose trout fishing is called angling because there's nothing straight about it.—*Somerville Journal.*

There is an East Indian lady in Paris who can talk in twelve languages. Fortunately she is not married.—*Boston Post.*

The False Prophet who is disturbing Egypt is the old man who knew how the election would go.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The man who was hanged at the yard-arm had his obituary under the head of "Ship-noose."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A lady's train has to take the back track.—*Boston Transcript.* So has the person who steps on it.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The husband who finds himself confuted in argument by his wife instantly begins to out-roar her.—*Freifrau von Ebner-Eschenbach.*

An exchange says: "Women seldom stop to think." True enough, but you might have added: "But they never fail to stop and talk."

A prima facie case: When a clock is accused of being behind time there is something wrong on the face of it.—*Troy Telegram.*

Dyspepsia, liver complaint, and kindred affections. For treatise giving successful self-treatment address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

At Cleveland a man has invented a "vacuum gun." This is bad. It is always the empty gun that kills the small boy.—*New Haven Register.*

Strange as it may appear, no one turned up at Philadelphia during the Penn celebration who remembered William.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Translated from the *Omnia*: Housewife—"Before I you employ, must I you ask, 'Have you a lover?'" Servant maiden—"One? I should snile!"

A Western editor tells what he would do if he were a jackass. A rival journalist remarks that what people want to know is what he would do if he wasn't one.

Many London ladies crop their hair short. It is painfully evident that the married men in the city will soon lose their grip.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Mistress to new cook—"On Wednesdays and Saturdays I shall go to market with you." New cook—"Very well, mum, but who's agoin' to carry the basket, mum?"—*Quiz.*

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a most powerful restorative tonic, also combining the most valuable nerve properties, especially adapted to the wants of debilitated ladies suffering from weak back, inward fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, or from nervousness or neuralgic pains. By druggists.

## EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil

Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.

This Oil is abstracted from a peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as *Carodon Rondeletii*. Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing was discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.50 per bottle.

## Hear what the Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case.

I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much better.

I have been greatly benefited.

My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Dey-street, New York, enclosing 1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—EDITOR OF MERCANTILE REVIEW.

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