

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

"RECTITUDE" CONDEMNED HIM.

Some time ago Nathan Jones, a colored man in whose general character there was a lack of laudable ambition, was arraigned before a Little Rock justice and fined. Jones went down in the country, became a leader among the negroes and was elected Justice of the Peace. The other day 'Squire Gilwig, before whom Jones had been arraigned, and whom the waves of politics had submerged, went down into Jones' neighborhood, drank bad whisky and killed a man. He was arrested and taken before Judge Jones for examination.

"Prisoner at de bar," said the colored Justice, "de las' time I feasted dese judicial optics on yer face, I was in hock an' yersef' was de musical director ob de festive occasion. I recognize my lack ob larnin', sah, an' went ter a night school. My frien's seein' in me de stuff outen what big men is made, put me on dis bench, while yer own frien's, failin' ter see dem features in yerself, took yer offen de bench. Yer is charged wid killin' a man. De charge am pretty well sustained, an' blamed of I see how yer's gwinter git outen dis fix."

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I am aware that I am seriously situated. I fined you heavily when you were drawn up before me, and now, especially as my crime is great, I do not expect mercy."

"Yas, sah, yas. Now my mode of precedent is a little different to that put down in de statuary books. When a man what is guilty ob two crimes is arrested an' fotch afore me, I discharges him on de little crime, but I holes him on de big one. Now, yersef' is guilty ob two crimes, de littlest one ob what is killing a man."

"I can't be charged with but one crime," exclaimed the white man.

"I'll show yer in a minute. When I wac afore you, arter I had paid my fine, what was it yer said?"

"I don't remember."

"See if yer can t'ricollock."

"I believe I told you to keep your feet in the path of rectitude."

"Yes, dat's it, and when I aaked yer to say dat word agin, yer turned away and commenced talkin' wid a lawyer. Dat word struck me, an' I wanted it. Arter I was elected I needed it, but couldn't ricollock it. On dis account justice was cheated, an' I is certain dat de higher courts hab dat word. Now, sah, I'll discharge yer fur killin' dat man."

"Thank you, judge."

"But I'll keep yer in jail an' see dat yer's bung fur keepin' me outen dat word. Mr. Constable, put de han'cuffs on de larned gen'leman."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

AMERICAN FABLES.

A Cat which had just settled herself between the sheets for a nap was aroused one night by howls and yeowls on the roof of a shed near by.

"For the land's sake! but what is that?" she exclaimed as she rose up on end. The howls continuing, she got out of bed, raised the window, and called out:

"In the name of mercy, what is wanted and who are you?"

"I'm a Free Citizen," was the reply.

"But why those howls?"

"I'm singing. Fact is, I'm serenading you."

"But I don't want it. Go away or I'll injure you for life."

"But the Man refused to move a foot.

Hair-brushes, bootjacks, water-pitchers, and bedsteads were heaved at him in quick succession, but he dodged each missile and continued to sing until the Cat cut her throat in desperation.

MORAL.

Turn about is fair play, and the chance is sure to come.

THE WOLF AND THE GOOSE.

A Goose who was prowling through the forest one day in search of prey, observed a Wolf sitting on the limb of a tree and called out:

"Good morning, my Dear. You are looking unusually well this morning."

"That's all Taffy," replied the Wolf.

"Pon honor, but I'd give a thousand dollars to have your complexion."

"Would you?"

"Indeed I would. And such eyes as you have got! Yum! yum!"

"Do you really think so?" grinned the pleased Wolf.

"You bet! Why, if I had your form I'd go on the stage and make my fortune."

The Wolf put his finger in his mouth and looked silly and felt flattered, and the Goose licked her chops and continued:

"Please come down and let me take the pattern of your coat-tails. Such a graceful set I never saw in my travels."

The Wolf came down with his ears working with delight, and had only reached the earth when the Goose sprang upon him and chewed him into dishcloths.

MORAL.

Beware of the Goose.

If you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

Amateurs may fish all day without catching anything, and there is no reason why a fox is necessary for the pleasure of a fox-hunting party.

"Pa, what is an employment agcut?"

"Why, my son, he is a man who is very anxious to get work for others to do. He himself doesn't want any."

The meanest kind of a man is the man who will at this season give to tramps a straw hat when he knows that if the tramp wears it he'll get gnyed to death.

We see that "fur-lined circulars are fashionable again." People had much better advertise in the newspapers than waste their money sending fur-lined circulars through the post-office.

"Where do all the Boston and Harvard boys go?" was a question asked the other day.

"Out West to raise cattle, so that the country boys may have a chance to come to town," was the reply.

A rural dame entered a rolling mill the other day, and asked if they kept rolling-pins. She was accompanied by her husband, who wanted to purchase a field-roller. This is reliable, if true.

It has been discovered that wherever a cyclone has struck a neighborhood every person in four counties around has become a liar, while the effect on the local newspapers has been simply appalling.

"Women ought to take more exercise in the open air," says a medical authority. Evidently talking over the back fence to the woman next door is not considered open air exercise.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

A little three-year old girl, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed—"Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

"Young Achilles" wants to know if "we think cigarette smoking is injurious to the brain?" Oh no, not a bit of it, "Young Achilles." No man with brains enough to hurt will be guilty of smoking them.

Brown prides himself upon his firmness. He boasts that he never gives way to his feelings. The boys say, however, that his feelings wouldn't suffer from any giving on his part—not to any extent, you know.

He was making a call and they were talking of literature. "The Pilgrim's Progress," she remarked, "always seemed to me painful. Of course you are familiar with Bunyan?" He said he had one on each foot, and they bothered him a good deal.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I have advised many ladies to try your "Favorite Prescription," and never see it fail to do more than you advertise.

Yours truly, Mrs. A. M. RANKIN,
141 Bates Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

An actress who has lately figured as plaintiff in a libel suit at New York, was again in court this week, as a witness. She was twice asked her age and refused to answer, but finally compromised the matter by saying, "I was born in July, 1853. I guess you can figure from that."

At a recent marriage in Brooklyn "the bride wore a dress of brocaded plush of crushed strawberry hue." A man never wears a pair of trowsers of crushed strawberry hue save when he goes to a festival and sits down on a plate of the fruit. And that is what he generally does—if the paragraphs don't lie.

A Detroit grocer is trying to make his friends believe that while he was stooping over some butter he was knocked senseless and robbed. An intelligent jury will decide whether the suspected parties did the knocking down, or whether the smell of the butter was the guilty party. And as to robbery, there is butter sold in Detroit that no living man can rob of a single scent.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foo Chow'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 *Carharodon Rondelctii*. 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.

To avoid loss in the Mails, please send money by REGISTERED LETTER.

Only imported by HAYLOCK & JENNEY,
Sole Agents for America. 7 Dey-st., N. Y.