

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the S word."

DER LEEDLE SHARMAN POY.

BY JAMES ROY NICOLSON.

Dere vosh a leedle Sharmen poy,
Vot leed' shust roundt der shdreet,
Dot vosh so vond of saushages,
Or anydings to eadt,
Und used to hang aroundt my shstore
Vere I soldt saushage meadt

He vos a leedle Sharmen poy,
Vot blay't upon a fludt;
He sometimes blay for pennish,
Und dut vas very goodt,
Und sometimes he would blay vor fun,
Vere beople never stoodt.

Und den dish leedle Sharmen poy,
Ven he vos tired mit blay,
Would sec me near de door, und say:
"It Vos a bleasendt day,
Und vot vas shblendit saushage meadt,
Und vos it mush to pay?"

"Und vos the beoples goot to please
Und did der School Boardt oreadt?
Und vos der long pig kill'd ash vell
As roundt vuns, fat und neat?
Und vos I vant a leedle tog,
Vos vond of saushage meadt?"

Und I vos breddy shout, you know—
Vas beople shust as big
Und greasy, voice upon a time,
As in der bresendt dig,
Ven men ish made of saushage,
Und saushage made of pig?"

"Und did der parson often gome,
Und leave a leedle pook?
Und vos it Vegetarium
Dey call my Sharmen cook?
Und vos it hear der leedle poy?
Got worms to bait der hook?"

Und den dis leedle Sharmen poy
Would go und blay some more,
Und pring some mad boliceimans round,
Der sidewalk at my door,
Und tell dem, "Schmell my saushages"
Und run away—und—svore.

Dis leedle wicked Sharmen poy,
Der next day after dot,
Wouldt come, so goot und innocent,
Und have a leedle schat.
Und say, "Boliceimans all vas bad,
Und did dey schmell der lot?"

"Und had I any babies yet,
Or vas dey kill'd or dead?
Und vas I vond of saushages,
Und vas dey all home-fed,
Or vas I soldt dem shust vor vun,
Und other volks instead,

"Und how about der customers,
Und did dey like to stop
Und listen to his music ven
He blayt "Der Hangman's Drop?
Und would it cost some dollars now
To start a saushage shop?"

Und so dis leedle Sharmen poy
Vot blay't grew up a man,
Und vas so goot und clever dot
I took him py de hand,
Und now he goes aboutt der schtreets
Und leads a Sharmen band.

THE NEW RED RIDING HOOD.

The subject of this sketch was a clever little girl, who derived her odd name from wearing on her head the sleeve of one of her father's old red flannel shirts. She was an independent little piece, and when asked why her mother didn't buy her a new bonnet said she would "just sleeve wear what she had on." When one of the neighbor's children sneeringly said "Your pa gets drunk," Little Red Riding Hood responded, "Your pa would, too, but he can't afford it," and when the next-door boy ill-naturedly said, "Your mother takes in washing," Little Red Riding Hood answered, "She don't take in much when your mother gets the first whack at the line.

It will be seen from these incidents in her life that, though little read, she was well post-

ed, and the confidence with which her mother dispatched her to carry codfish balls down into Stoors Township to her sick grandmother is easily understood.

Holding the lead dime which her mother had given her for car-fare tightly in her hand Little Red Riding Hood started for a street car, and, having a few minutes to wait, improved the opportunity by setting up a howl that attracted the attention of a benevolent old gentleman, to whom she explained her cause for grief. She was going, she said, to her poor, sick grandmother, and had just been put off a car because her dime was counterfeit. The gentleman gave her a quarter and put her on the next car. The conductor in due time called upon Little Red Riding Hood for a fare, when she produced the lead dime. "This is counterfeit," said the conductor, whereat Riding Hood fell to sobbing as if her heart would break; and the conductor passed her, an old lady gave her a dime, and a boy shared some gingerbread with her. Arrived near her grandmother's house Little Red Riding Hood sat down and ate the codfish balls; then she bought some milk from a drunken milkman, upon whom she passed the counterfeit dime, receiving from him sixteen cents in change, after which she proceeded to her grandmother's and stayed with her for three weeks.

In contrasting this story with the original Little Red Riding Hood the reader should bear in mind the disadvantage our heroine labored under in having to be her own wolf, a role which she sustained with signal ability. There does not appear to be anything more to add, except that the town is full of our kind of Little Red Riding Hoods.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

AMERICAN FABLES.

THE WOUNDED OX.

An Ox who was one day passing along the highway fell and broke his leg. In a short time along came the Horse, who halted and called out:

"Mercy on me! but what has happened?"

"I have broken my leg."

"To bad—too bad! I assure you that you have my heart-felt sympathies."

When the Horse had disappeared along came the Mule and inquired:

"How now, my old friend—what's the trouble?"

"Broken my leg."

"Dear me! but that's unfortunate! You were always an honest, hard-working Ox, and I am deeply grieved that this accident has come upon you."

The Mule pursued his way, and the next animal to stop was the Hog.

"Hello! What does this mean?" he grunted as he checked his pace.

"Broken my leg."

"Is that possible! It isn't six months ago that you had a lame shoulder, and to have this misfortune come upon you is enough to discourage the best Ox in the World. If you don't recover from it always remember that you had my warmest sympathies."

After the Hog came the Goat, who halted at a safe distance and called out:

"Anything contagious?"

"No; I have broken my leg."

"Oh, that's it? Sure it's broken?"

"Yes."

"And you'll probably be laid up for months even if the master doesn't knock you on the head and make beef of you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm sorry for you, and if you happen to get well I shall be highly delighted."

The Goat had passed out of sight when along came the Rhinoceros on his way to the pool.

"Hello! What's up now?" he asked as he looked over the bank.

"Broken my leg."

"Is that so. Well, I never even had an introduction to you nor heard your name spoken but here goes to help you. I'll get you up, help you home and see you through as far as I can. It is sufficient for me that you are in distress and need help. Have you no friends?"

"Oh, yes. They have all extended their heart-felt sympathies, but left me lying in the ditch."

MORAL.

"Sympathy, my friend," said the Rhinoceros as he aided the Ox to stand up, "sympathy sticks in the ear and lets the stomach starve. Depend upon your friends no longer than they can depend upon you. Come, now—here we go."

The public will please observe that Venno, didn't receive a single vote at the late election. That shows what this country thinks of a false prophet.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

WHAT PHYSICIANS SAY.

SAN LEANDRO, Cal.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir, —I have employed your "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" in my practice for the last four years. I now use no other alterative or cathartic medicines in all chronic derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels. I know of nothing that equals them. J. A. MILLER, M. D.

In the Russian language B stands for W and P for R. It is plain that the inventor of the Russian alphabet never took much interest in temperance.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

An exchange says: "There will be no pronounced loud styles this winter." Don't you believe it. The style of snoring will be just as loud as ever.—*Philadelphia Herald*.

HOW WOMEN WOULD VOTE.

Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unflinching remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. 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 *Caricharodon 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 unearthy 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.

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