



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The first coat of paint is always a prime job.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Hope is the sugar coating on the pill of life.—*Whitehall Times.*

The country is tired of hanging-matches. Now bring on Sunday school pic-nics.—*N. Y. Expressions.*

Early to bed and early to rise enables a fellow to keep the chickens out of the garden.—*Rochester Express.*

The college boat races have begun, and we shall now see the result of the winter's hard study.—*Boston Transcript.*

A grave-digger—A small boy in a hurry to go fishing, digging for worms when he can't find any.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Now that the ice cream season has set in it will be well to announce a grand opening in spring pocket-books.—*Bradford Era.*

Did you never notice that the largest profits seem to be monopolized by the houses that are "selling out at cost?"—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

"Yes, Agnes, I'm going to have a cream-colored summer silk, provided pa doesn't veto the appropriation ma has passed."—*Waterloo Observer.*

Beware of people who make a great deal of you, for you may depend upon it that they mean to make a great deal out of you.—*Hartford Sunday Telegram.*

Beware of little things! A coat collar with a single little hair on its surface will cause more trouble than a ten dollar switch any where else.—*Elmira Gazette.*

The man who advertises in a newspaper don't waste any flour pasting up bills or wear out any shoe leather traveling around the country.—*Oswego Times.*

Out in West Philadelphia yesterday a man knocked a three-story house down with a single blow of a hammer.—He was an auctioneer.—*Philadelphia Item.*

No one has ever been able to find out why a boy slams the door when he goes out mad, but good guessers imagine that it is because he daren't slam the family.—*Detroit F. P.*

Little boys now go down to the river, stick their toes in the water and exclaim, "It's getting bully." What in the mischief do they mean?—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

Tell us not with painted pictures,
Circuses are what they seem,

For the soul sees through such mixtures,
And circus bills are but a dream.

—*Stevensville Herald.*

You can go to England and buy a horse and bring him here and own him, but you can't do that with a ship. Congress is not a fool on the subject of horses.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Michigan girl coaxed her lover to take her carriage riding, and the horse ran away and killed her. Showing this paragraph to the girls will be thousands of dollars in the pockets of our young men.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

Scene in a narrow lane. Footpad—"Say, farmer, your ox won't let me pass." Rustic—"Well, 'spose you let him pass." Footpad—"There isn't room." Rustic—"Well, perhaps he'll toss you for it."—*Punch.*

Scientists say the sun will cease to shine seventeen millions of years hence, but by that time Edison's electric light will be in complete working order, and we shall not mourn the loss of old Sol. Stick a pin here.—*Norristown Herald.*

The wheelbarrow is the most useful and elegant appendage of a well-regulated back yard. Any one coming in contact with one on a very dark night can not fail to be struck forcibly with the truth of this remark. He'll tumble to it at once.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A legal gentleman met a brother lawyer on Court street one day last week, and the following conversation took place: "Well, Judge, how is business?" "Dull, dull; I am living on faith and hope." "Very good, but I have got past you, for I'm living on charity."—*Boston Courier.*

The society of the REV. PHILANDER DORSEY, of this city, tendered him a donation party last week. By practicing the strictest economy during the remainder of the year, and by his wife turning her winter's dress and doing without a bonnet, the good man hopes to survive the donation, though he is exceedingly puzzled to know what to do with the four flower-pots, the bird-cage and a bound volume of "Harper's," which are the only tangible results of the devastating visit.—*Rockland (Me.) Courier.*

An attempt is being made in Paris to found a paper modeled after the American style of journalism. When a physician whose sands of life have nearly run out, offers the editor of the French journal seventy-five boxes of pills in exchange for two hundred dollars' worth of advertising, and the sheriff soon after kindly volunteers to dispose of his paper and material to the highest bidder, the Frenchman will not entertain such an altitudinous opinion of the American style of journalism.—*Norristown Herald.*

Abou Tamerlik and Rhumul em Uhp.

It was during the reign of the good Caliph, when ABOU TAMERLIK came to the City of Bagdad, threw his grip-sack on the counter, and, as he registered, spake cheerfully unto the clerk, saying:

"A sample-room on the first floor, and send my kyster up right away, and call me for the 6:28 train east in the morning."

And BASLER EL JAB, the clerk, looked at him, but went away to the mirror and gazed at his new diamond.

And ABOU TAMERLIK bided him forth and went into the booths and bazaars, and laid hold upon the merchants and enticed them into his room and spread out his samples and besought them to buy. And when night was come he slept. Because, he said, it is a dead town and there is no place to go.

And before the second watch of the night, RHUMUL EM UHP, the porter, smote on the panels of his door and cried aloud:

"Oh, ABOU TAMERLIK, arise and dress, for it is train time!"

And ABOU arose and got his raiment about him, and hastened down stairs and crept into the 'bus.

And he marveled that he was so sleepy, because he knew he went to bed exceedingly early, and marvelously sober.

And when they got to the depot, lo! it was the mail west, and it was 10:25 p.m.

And ABOU TAMERLIK swore and reached for the porter, that he might smite him, and he said unto him:

"Carry me back to my own room, and see that thou call me at 6:28 a.m. or thou diest."

And ere he had been asleep even until the midnight watch, RHUMUL EM UHP smote again upon the panels of his door, and cried aloud:

"Awake, ABOU TAMERLIK, for the time waneeth and the train stayeth for no man. Awake, and haste, for slumber overtook thy servant, and the way is long and 'bus gone."

And ABOU TAMERLIK arose and girded up his loins, and set forth with great speed, for his heart was anxious. Nevertheless he gave RHUMUL EM UHP a quarter and made him carry his grip, and he cursed him for a driveling laggard.

And when they were come to the train it was 11:45 p.m., and it was a freight going south.

And ABOU TAMERLIK fell upon RHUMUL EM UHP and smote him and entreated him roughly, and said:

"Oh! pale gray ass of all asses, the Prophet pity thee if thou callest me once more before the 6:28 a.m. east."

And he got him into his bed.

Now, when sleep fell heavily upon ABOU TAMERLIK, for he was sore discouraged, RHUMUL EM UHP kicked fiercely against the panels of his door, and said:

"Oh! ABOU TAMERLIK, the drummuh, awake and dress with all speed. It is night in the valleys, but the day star shines on the mountains. Truly thy train is even now due at the depot, but the 'bus is indeed gone."

And ABOU TAMERLIK, the drummuh, swore himself awake and put on his robes, and hastened to the depot, while RHUMUL EM UHP, the porter, went before with a lantern.

For it was pitch dark and raining like a house on fire.

And when they reached the depot it was a gravel train going west, and the clock in the steeple tolled 2 a.m.

And ABOU TAMERLIK fell upon RHUMUL EM UHP, the porter, and beat him all the way home, and pelted him with mud and broke his lantern and cursed him, and he got him to bed and slept.

Now, when ABOU TAMERLIK awoke, the sun was high, and the noise of the street car rattled in the street. And his heart smote him, and he went down stairs, and the clerk said to him:

"Oh, ABOU TAMERLIK, live in peace. It is too late for breakfast and too early for dinner, nevertheless it won't make any difference in thy bill."

And ABOU TAMERLIK, the drummuh, sought RHUMUL EM UHP, the porter, and caught him by the beard, and said unto him:

"Oh, cluck cl edded pup (which is, 'Thou that sleepest at train time')! why hast thou forgotten me?"

And RHUMUL EM UHP was angry, and said:

"Oh, ABOU TAMERLIK, the drummuh, hasty in speech and slow to think; wherefore shouldst thou get up at daybreak, when there is another train goes the same way to-morrow morning?"

But ABOU TAMERLIK would not harken unto him, but paid his bill and hired a team and a man to take him to the next town. And he hired the team at the livery stable, and he cursed the house that he had put up at.

Now, the livery stable belonged to the landlord, all the same. But ABOU TAMERLIK the drummuh wist not that it was so.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*