

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

THE NEWER ARITHMETIC.

Jones sells his farm for \$3,000, and invests the money in mining stock paying a dividend of sixteen per cent. How long will it take the company to absorb his capital and leave him as flat as a pancake?

A tramp hires out to a farmer for \$14 per month. He gets a boss dinner, works an hour and skips. Counting the dinner worth thirty cents, how much did he make? Counting the three bites he got from the farmer's dog at twenty-five cents each, how much did he lose?

A member of the Common Council promises the appointment of public weigher to seven different men; that of City Hall janitor to eight others; that of wood inspector to six more. How many promises did he make in all, and how many men thirst for his blood?

A druggist mixes two ounces of water and three cents' worth of powder together, and charges fifty-six cents for the prescription. Estimating the water at eighty cents, and his time at twenty, how much does he lose? It's curious, but druggists lose money just that way.

A boy buys a harvest apple for a cent. He gives a boy a taste for a kite worth four cents; another boy a small bite for a marble worth a penny; a third boy a big bite for a jackknife worth six cents, and then has enough left to get up a case of colic worth \$7. How much does he make by the speculation?

A servant girl works in a certain family for three weeks at \$3 per week. She breaks four goblets at twenty-eight cents each, three teacups valued at twenty cents apiece, throws \$1.20 worth of bread and biscuit into the alley, and gets away with half a set of knives and forks costing \$3. How much is the family out of pocket?

A citizen who thinks it would be nice to have fresh eggs every day buys thirteen fowls at sixty cents each; lumber to the amount of \$12; hires a man for \$5 to build a park, and in three months pays out \$4.20 for feed. In the twelve weeks he gets four dozen eggs and loses five hens by death and mysterious disappearance. How much have his eggs cost him per dozen.

A father pays \$200 to educate his daughter in music; \$50 to enable her to say 'good day' in French; \$100 to give her lessons in painting; \$25 to learn her to dance. She then marries a man who is working on a salary of \$14 per week. How much will she save by doing her own kitchen work for five years, estimating a girl's salary at \$2.50 per week?

Two men who regard their sacred honor as at stake go out to fight a duel. One shoots a calf in a field, and the other pops a farmer sitting on a fence, and they shake hands and declare their sacred honors freed from all stains. How much sacred honor does it take to fill a flour-sack, and how long would it take one grass-hopper to eat the whole business up?

Faro is but skin deep.—*N. Y. News.*

It doesn't do to engage a dispute with a chemist, for he always has a retort ready.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*

You know that coffin Sara Bernhardt used to sleep in? Well, she has had rockers put on it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

When did Mrs. George Scoville resemble a well-known insect? When she was a Miss Guiteau.—*Beverick Gazette.*

A Green Bay, Wis., mother writes: "Are the children of Arabi Bey called Arabi Beibies?"—*New York Telegram.*

The Khedive is essentially a dead issue in Egyptian affairs, and should henceforth be called the cadaver.—*Boston Transcript.*

"That beats Saul," said David, when he took away the old gentleman's spear and cruse of water.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Well, yes, Arabi might go on the stage, and if he does we recommend him to select for his play "The Fool's Revenge."—*Boston Post.*

"Silence that dreadful belle," said Spicer, as the beauty of the hotel howled an operatic air in the parlor.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Scene—A fashionable restaurant not far from Madison Square: "What makes that man smack so?" "Sh! He thinks he's driving horses."

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague had six pianos in the parlour. It is not surprising that her husband applied for a divorce.—*Norristown Herald.*

Beecher thinks no torment can surpass that of hay fever. Mr. Beecher is evidently coming round to Bob Ingersoll's idea.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Sir James Alderson, Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, is dead. Bliss, the extraordinary physician of American Presidents, is still alive.—*Picayune.*

Visitor—"Ain't them pretty old ducks for a base ball nine?" Rector—"My dearsir, they're not ball players; it is the theological faculty of my college."—*Puck.*

Jay Gould has invested fifteen million dollars in the name of his wife. This will insure his widow getting a little something, even if the lawyers do get hold of his will.—*Lowell Citizen.*

An exchange contains an article on "Young Women Who Die Early." This frequently occurs; but the cases of old women who die early are very few indeed.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Pa," said a Whitehall Miss, of her parent, "can anything alter any letter in the alphabet?" "Oh, certainly," replied the wretched man, "didn't you ever hear that circumstances can alter K, S, and the poor girl fainted."—*Whitehall Times.*

Hundreds of boys in this town will be pained to learn that a manufactory in Pittsburg is turning glass shingles, which are more pliable and elastic than the pine arrangement. There is nothing but trouble for boys in this world.—*Norristown Herald.*

Sydney Smith said that it is a man's duty to wave off trouble that may come and enjoy himself for the present. Sid didn't stop to consider that the trouble may come in the shape of a sixty-pound bull-dog, which isn't so easy to shake off.—*Boston Post.*

When the small boy in the near West asks his father if he may go to see "Jumbo," the father replies, anxious that his son may see the biggest curiosity, "No, my son, but if you will be a good boy, I'll take you to see the Tariff Commission."—*New Haven Register.*

"Your future husband is very exacting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to a daughter, who was about getting married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding, "these are his last wishes."—*Hartford Times.*

These are the days when the country lad, with a crooked pole, a rusty hook, and a wriggling worm, takes the trout, while the oil broker whoops the limpid stream with a silken line made fast to a split bamboo, and buys his string of "beauties" from the lad at a dollar a dozen.—*Brantford Star.*

The Gothic style of handwriting, now so popular among young ladies, may have its disadvantages. It is said that a young man who recently received a specimen of it could not tell, for the life of him, whether it was "Yes, with pleasure," "No, thank you," or a sketch of a picnic fence.—*Indianapolis Herald.*

"Ah, my boy, there's nothing like married life for genuine happiness!" exclaimed young Benedict, slapping his bachelor friend Bob on the shoulder. "You may like your pipe and your club and your glass; but, as for me, I like my wife and I like our home, and especially I like Quor Tea?" Bob fainted, but, on recovering, he made a note about the tea for future reference.

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