

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

AMERICAN FABLES.

A Clam who was taking a ramble over the Meadows one day met a Hare, and after remarking that Winter would soon be here, he added:

"Oh, by the way, I wanted to say that I don't believe in Christianity."

"You don't?"

"No, nor in the Bible."

"Is it possible?"

"And I may as well add that I have become an infidel."

"Dear, dear me," gasped the Hare, and with tears in her eyes she argued and coaxed and pleaded and reasoned with the Clam to change his views. She was still wasting her breath when along came the Coon and called out:

"Good-day to both. Why these tears, Mrs. Hare?"

The Hare explained, and the Coon turned to the Clam and inquired:

"Is it true that you do not believe in God or a hereafter?"

"Strictly true," was the reply.

"And what if you don't?" continued the Coon. "You are simply one Clam out of billions. What you believe or don't believe won't affect even one blade of grass nor disturb one grain of sand. Please shoulder your opinions and move out of the path."

MORAL:

Let 'em infidel if they want to,
P.S.—Suppose they don't go to Heaven—
what of it?"

THE FISH AND THE HOOK.

A fat Bass was swimming around with her plump young daughter one day when a hook, temptingly baited, was dropped before their noses.

"There's a good dinner for us," whispered Miss Bass, as she started for the bait.

"Hold on, my child," cautioned the mother. "The bait is tempting, but beware of the hook which it conceals."

"Oh, I'll risk that."

"It will be death to you. Take a mother's advice and hunt for frogs."

But the giddy young thing could not be convinced, and taking advantage of the first opportunity she rushed forward and grabbed the bait and—

MORAL.

You may think the fisherman caught her, but he didn't. He fished all that afternoon and didn't even get another bite.

NOT THAT KIND OF A MAN.

The seventh passenger was a lady. There was an abundance of room in the car, but as she entered an elderly man rose up with a great flourish and called out:

"Take my seat, madam. I am not the kind of a man to keep a seat in the street car and oblige a lady to stand up."

She sank down with a half-bow in acknowledgment, and he held out his hand for her fare with the remark:

"Some men are brutal enough to permit a lady to stumble to the fare-box and back, but that isn't me."

He took her ticket and deposited it, and then hung to the strap and continued:

"And I know men who think that passing a lady's fare to the box gives them the privilege of entering into conversation with her about

the weather, crops, rate of mortality, politics, and so forth. That isn't me, however."

The speech had its due effect upon all the passengers, including the victim, and the man let out another link by remarking:

"Giving up my seat in the car to a lady does not entitle me to offer to assist her off the car, or ask if she is married or single, or in any manner break down the stern barriers of social formality, and I know it. It is simply an act of courtesy, and I shall so consider it."

There was something painful in the situation to the other six, but relief came by the man reaching the end of his journey. As he was ready to get off he looked back and said:

"I have seen men whose conceit obliged them to lift their hats and bow to everybody in the car before stepping off, but that isn't me. I shall step off without any formality, and without hoping I shall be missed."

When the six looked back and saw him sprawled in the dust they were glad of it.

IT HAS ENTERED THE CAPITOL BUILDINGS.

It has finally gained its point and no less a personage than the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, Mr. D. W. McDonnell, Ottawa, thus endorses the Great German Remedy: "St. Jacobs Oil is a splendid remedy. I used it on my left hand and wrist for rheumatism, and found it all that it is claimed to be. Mrs. McDonnell used it for a most severely sprained ankle; by the steady use of the article for a few days a complete cure was effected. St. Jacobs Oil does its work very satisfactorily and also rapidly; such at least is my opinion."

"I can recommend my son anywhere," said an Arkansas gentleman to a business man. "It is true that he is a thief, but, sir, his morals are above reproach."—*Arkansas Traveller*.

"Yes," said Brown, "poor Johnsonbury is sinking fast. His mind is fast leaving him." "Nothing very alarming, is it," remarked Fogg, "that a man should free his mind?"—*Boston Transcript*.

A North Carolina preacher threatens to go to work in a cooper-shop if his congregation do not lift his salary a dollar a week more. This is hooping things up with a vengeance.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

An agricultural fair is a horse race with the exception of the address on farming that is made by the lawyer who gets his work in as a political candidate, though he knows nothing about the farm.—*N. O. Picayune*.

"There is not much seasoning in this dressing," said Brown at the dinner table. "No," replied Fogg, "Mrs. Scrimpem has a good deal to do, and she tries to save all the thyme she can."—*Boston Transcript*.

A well meaning person gives hints telling "How to live on seventy-five cents a week. We shall continue to live on eighty cents a week if we have to run in debt. There is such a thing as being too economical."—*Norristown Herald*.

"Vy, my tear poy," he said at Long Branch yesterday, "dere ish no blace like der sea-sides in September; der air ish fine like silk und der prizes at der boarding houses ish cheaper than living at home, so dare!"—*New York Express*.

Mr. Cody has changed the title of his piece again. This year it is called "Twenty Days; or Buffalo Bill's Pledge." It is not a very long time, is twenty days. William ought to swear off until Christmas.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

The guests have dined and the host hands around a case of cigars. "I don't smoke myself," he says, "but you will find them good—my man steals more of them than any other brand I ever had."—*Providence Journal*.

It was after having his eyes all summer outraged by this ubiquitous polka-dotted dress that Macbeth in a moment of anger cried: "Out, damned spot!" Under the circumstances you couldn't blame him.—*Boston Transcript*.

If the comet does strike the earth, we shall have the consolation that our sufferings will be extremely brief, for it will certainly and permanently knock the earth out of time in one round (Sir Isaac Newton's rules).—*New York Times*.

Gloomy prospects for champagne and brandy are reported from France. But so long as the kerosene wells gush freely and the corn-crop is abundant, Americans need have no fear of a famine either in Heidsieck or Cognac.—*Boston Transcript*.

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