

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Roderigo, the Bandit; or, Tiz He!
Tiz He!!

(From the Yonkers Gazette.)

CHAPTER I.

Once there wuz a king.

He lived in a cassel, an there wuz a stone-fentz aroun it so high that you would haf to hev a stepladder to clime over it, but the king dident kepe any stepladders on the outside canze the robbers cood git over.

Roderigo Jonez wuz a bandit—wich iz the same az a robber ony it sounds better in a book. He wuz a feers lookin feller, tall like a cloze post, with a red vest on an a roamin noze, with horse pistols an sords stickin out all aroun.

Twaz evenin! The are wuz swete with the smell of roses, and a young girl wuz warkin on the cassel grouns fannin herself with an alminik. It wuz the king's only chile, excep her brother who wuz dead, becauz he hadn't bin home for a good menny years.

Hebe Angelia wuz a picter. Her long flowin locks drabled out over her chizel shoulders like a snarl ov yaller sowin silk, and her dazlin eyes shined out ov her bootiful other feechers like a kuppel ov blu lighten bugs. There wuz no frekels onto her sof countenents, an excep a smaui poodle wich she wuz carrion not a' soun wuz hard to mar the swete cam of the sene.

Suddintly the hevins wuz eraked with a skreesh that peled out into the night with a higus ekko an sent the littel poodle skootin into the dookal pallis. Then for a brefe minit there wuz a swaying form on the grene, a gra hard figger dashin down the alabaster steps, an all wuz darkniss.

Wot cood it all mene? Wile the ekose is an erin, let us turn to a more eksitin spektilke.

CHAPTER II.

Awa up in the mountains ware catenax chase eeh other over the hites an the egil an the pelikin swoops down onto there pra, a man nite hevbin seen standin beside a milk wite stedeo with a red fether in his hat an a big pare ov lether boots on. Hiz noble brow an the purple velvit vest wich bemed out ov hiz stummick tole that he had royl blood in his vanes, wile the bootiful arch nek ov the pranciu beest by hiz side reeched over an fonly ide im wile he gracefully nard a sandwich.

All at wunts he started like a be stung im, the sandwich dropped paralised out ov hiz mouth, the horse gave a snort out ov hiz nostrils, an with won spring he wuz on hiz bak an dashin down the dizzi kasm like a ski rokit goin the rong way.

Out ov the deep jumbles ware the disapeerin form had sunk a startlin voyse wuz born bak onto the towerin krag in a sort ov a horse wisper that seemed to say, "She shal be mine! she shal be mine!"

But to return to the cassel.

CHAPTER III.

Hebe Angelia wuz pacin the flore ov her drawin-room with a napkin roun her marble brow an a smellin-bottle. The wite woostid curtains an the sof brussels carpit that sunk under her lilly foot like steppin on a tode shode that riches duzent alwaze bring happiness, canze evry now and then shode stop like a stachoo an clappin her hands to her forid sing out, "Mi brane! my brane!"

Hist!

Wot noys is that wich comes to us from the sollum distance! It iz the clatter ov hoofs on the pavin stones ov the plazzer surrounin the cassel wauls. The madden starts, ketches holt ov the flap ov her ear an benz herself to won side like a coocumber bush bendin to a summer gust, an az a strange look of returnin senz busts thro her feechers her roobi lips opens and between her clencht hans she hisses out, "Tiz he! tiz he!"

CHAPTER IV.

We must now go bak into the past a fu minits to giv the reader a fu pintz regardin the karakters playin so importin parts in our legan.

King Ajax wuz rulin Spaxe with a iren han, an he ordered all the children in the lan to be biled in oyl so az thay woudent be nobody to fite for hiz throwin. On hiz hunderth birthday he wuz hevbin a feest, an hiz two youngest sunz wich hadent bin biled (maybe canze the oyl wuz used up) wuz there an wuz twinz.

Wile ole Ajax was etin some ambrozer wich the gods had feteched him the two sunz held a consul an cum to the konklusin to thro orf the gallin yoke, so cordinly thay sord hiz hed orf a fu minits an there he wuz, an onwly the ashiz ov departed grateness wuz lef to tell the tayl.



The two sunz wep a fu minits canz thay wuz pooty intamit with the ole gentleman an kood-ent stummick loozin im, but thay luvd thayre country more an so won sol:

"It iz oll over, let us thro up a cent az to hoo shal ware the royl mantiller."

"Nay, not so!" sed the uther won, "I am the mos oldest an i will manidge the rains ov gavernment jus the same."

"Bi the rude, but the hast considerable cheke," ansurd the fast; "but let us not quarl, we will both be bruthers if we kant be kings."

So the oldest he swang the septer till won da he wuz took with a pane an there he wuz. Spicoin pinted to hiz bruther, but ded men dont tell enny tails an so all went morry az a car-ridge holl.

The uther sot on the throne an dopted a dorter wich hiz bruther had lef behine him az a heirloom to posterity. An thats the wa wen or story beginz—Ajax 2 wuz rooler in the lan, an the fare gurl had growed up to be Hebe Angelia an wuz flowin with milk an honey ony the bandits got mos of it—thats the way with Spaxe.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(Reprinted by Request.)

A Modern Psalm of David.



IN those days there reigned at Rediaw, that is in Autowah a mighty king, Jon-Lorn, the son of Auguile."

2. And he

gave a great feast and called together all his people from far and near, that he might decide who was the greatest amongst them at the game of Tenys.

3. And he said unto his chief steward, take thy pen and write quickly, even unto Flori, the son of David, and bid him come with his captain and his people, and their sons and their daughters, that they also may take part in the games.

4. Now, Flori hardened his heart, and heeded not the words of the king, Jon-Lorn, nor did he bid Arma-Geddon, his captain, nor the young men, nor the maidens, to the feast prepared by the king.

5. And it came to pass that Arma-Geddon, (who was a Brokah, and a man of peace, albeit a centurion in the millshah,) chided Flori for having withholden from him the command of Jon-Lorn, the king.

6. Now, Flori, the son of David, was a mighty man of war, a valient man, comely in person, a cunning player on the harp, but prudent with his shekels.

7. And he liked not the words of Arma-Geddon, his captain, but rose up early in the morning and took himself to the strect of the Saint, which is called Xavier, where congregated the moneylenders and the usurers, and the brokah.

8. And he covered his face with his armour, which was brass, and girded on his umbrellah, (a weapon which men borrow but return not,) and his sling was in his hand.

9. For he said, have I not often bragged of the lion and the bear which I slew, and this Philistine, being afraid, will fly from before my face.

10. But Arma-Geddon went his way to the temple of mammon, selling 'short' and 'long,' scooping both ways, (after the manner of the brokahs) even until the hour when Flori awaited him at the gate.

11. And as he went forth, he took only his staff in his hand, and his scrip.

12. Now Flori, the son of David, met him, saying unto him, I wager thee fifty pieces of silver that I suite thee, and, moreover, fifty pieces that I slay thee either here or in the court, which is called Rackitt. And he poked him with his umbrellah.

13. But Arma-Geddon, the brokah, waxed exceeding wrnth, and struck him with his staff and smote him hip and thigh, even until the blood ran down his face.

14. And Flori bethought him of his sling, and he slanged him in the vernacular, and even with chunks of ice.

15. And he said, I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air, and unto the beasts of the field, —but he did not.:

16. And it came to pass that when the Philistines, and the brokahs, and the moneylenders saw that their champion had prevailed, they raised a great cry of joy, and they ordered many bottles of wine amongst them.

17. For they said, Lo! our champion, a man of peace, has beaten the man of war, the sculper of images, and player on the harp and sackbut, even the brokah.

18. And Flori, the son of David, retired to his tent, and bound up his wounds, and cursed Arma-Geddon, but he tore not his hair, for he had none.

A design on wood—prowling around your neighbor's kindling pile after night.