

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

LEARNING THE GROCERY BUSINESS.

BY A SMALL BOY.

I went to learn the grocery business with Mr. Ginger, and I found him the clear ginger itself, and he found me ditto.

I was only 14 years old, but was a lot older in my own way of thinking, and stood right on my dignity the first day I was there. It only took me about half an hour to learn the business, anyway.

I learnt the candy, sugar, apple, orange and raisin business in less time than that, for I knew all about it before I got my hat off. After I had been there about twenty minutes, and was pretty well through with a bottle of gum-drops, the boss asked me if I had ever been in a grocery store before. I was too full for reply—at least my mouth was—but as soon as I got my mouth nearly empty, I said, "Often; been in bigger ones than this, too."

"Well," he said, "you seem to take hold of some parts of it pretty quick."

"Oh, yes! I can learn anything quick that I set my mind to."

"See," said he, "if you can learn to dust off those lamp chimneys, wash off those shelves, bring up some potatoes out of the cellar, and leave off eating candy."

"I don't think I can set my mind to do that. Have you no man to do these sort of things?"

"No; we always make the boy do that."

"Well, where's the boy? Ain't he come yet? I'll bet you a quarter that before I'm here long he'll have to get here earlier in the morning than this."

"Who?"

"The boy."

"What boy?"

"Didn't you say that the boy did all the dirty work? Come, old fellow, you can't fool me. If you think I'm green, why, you've got a hold of the wrong man, and it's me that's telling you."

Just then there was a lady come in. She asked the price of our best flour. I referred her to the boss. "Flour has raised," he said, "and we can't let you have a barrel for less than \$7."

"Oh, I can get it for \$6 50," she said.

"In your misty mind," says I.

"Hold your tongue," says the boss.

"My advice to you, missis," said I, "is if you can get as good flour as we have for \$6 50, your a tangled up monkey if you don't go and get it, if your credit is creditable."

"You're an impudent puppy," remarked the boss, savagely.

"The same to yourself and many of them," says I, meekly.

With this the lady marched out sedately.

"Hold on, old lady!" says I. Don't go away mad. I'll let you have a barrel at \$6 75, cash!"

She kept right on out, without letting on she heard me.

I sang out, "Good-bye, while you're handy!"

As soon as she was gone the boss said:

"Boy, you won't suit me. You would drive all my customers away with your sauce, besides driving me crazy."

"Neither one of them would be a very long drive, if I'm properly acquainted with myself, and I guess I am."

"Clear out! clear out!" shouted the boss, "before I kill you on the spot."

"Which spot do you mean?" says I, at the same time laughing heartily in his face.

He threw a pound weight at me. I made a nice catch, and said, "out on first base."

He looked wild.

I throw it back to him, but he muffed it, and it went out through the window.

I don't know where this would have stopped had not a customer come in.

I looked down the street and saw the boss coming with a policeman. I quickly got inside, locked the door, and dusted out the back way, resolved to give up the grocery business, and I have never been seen in that town since.

THE NEWER ARITHMETIC.

The length of a certain bean blower is one-third the length of a boy who is four feet high when he stands on a block five inches thick. What is the length of the blower?

A human body weighing 160 pounds falls fifty-five feet per second. How long will it take a baby weighing thirteen pounds to fall down a pair of stairs fourteen feet high?

Six men put in their capital to start a co-operative store. What was left after the manager got into Canada was valued at \$250, and this represented one-fifth of what each man put in. How much did the manager get away with?

The average cost of curing a sore throat is thirty-seven cents, and the number of sore throats in this country averages 21,000,000 per year. How much could America spend for going to the circus if our throats were brass-lined?

There are twenty-four newspaper reporters in Louisville, and each one kills an average of 150 cockroaches per day. How many victims would they number in 365 days?

A young man about to be married figures that \$9 per week will support the family in luxury, and erect a five-storey building out of the savings of three years. How many days after his marriage before he will tumble to bean soup?

It costs a political candidate \$25 per head to retain thirty loafers to slag him through a convention and \$150 for incidental expenses. How much is he out altogether, and, in case he is left, how long will it take him to make himself good by hoeing corn at \$1 per day?

In a particular field are 97 watermelons, and it is softly approached by five colored men in search of a woodchuck. How many times does 97 go into five?

James and Henry go fishing and agree to divide. James has two nibbles and a bite from a dog, and Henry gets two duckings and loses a twelve shilling hat. What is the share of each?

One person out of every five in the United States has one or more corns, and the cost of effecting a cure is \$1.30. What is the number of corn-victims, and what would be the cost of placing every person on a sound footing?

Every man who has arrived at the age of 40 years has lost at least ten umbrellas worth \$1 each. Estimating the number of loafers at 11,000,000, and granting that one-third of them have stolen seven umbrellas worth ten shillings each, what do you make the total loss?

When the wind blows over Mt. Washington at the rate of 108 miles an hour, as it did the other day, those who are up in the world wish themselves down.

Though the telephone has superseded the telegraph to a certain extent, yet the average woman still continues to faint away upon receipt of a telegram.

No matter how handsome a young woman may be, when the right man comes along she is ready to yield the palm of beauty, if he has the sense to ask for it.—*Boston Transcript*.

It is estimated that the teeth undergo as many as ten changes of temperature in twenty-four hours, and the wonder is that anybody over 15 years old has anything left to chew with.

It is now estimated that the Chinese were 3,000 years building the great wall to keep the Tartars off. Seems as if it would have been cheaper to hire the British to give the Tartars a whopping.

Sir William Thompson has been studying the moon and the weather, and he says they have nothing whatever to do with each other. Please correct your ledgers and start on some other theory.

The *Detroit Free Press* asserts that the majority of Mormon women are as ignorant as rolling-pins. True; and it's a wise rolling-pin that knows its own bumps.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

Americans who know what "a beautiful Circassian girl" looks like say that not one of them could hold a candle for looks to the majority of girls to be found eating gum-drops at American county fairs.

The 20,000 pairs of blue-glass spectacles for the English soldiers in Egypt had hardly reached there when the war ended. There was nothing sore-eyed in the way the redcoats wound up rebellion.

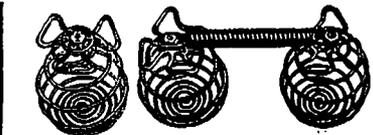
Up to the 1200 only one person in 650 could read or write. Tailors had to dun in person, and when a young man wanted to let a girl know that he loved her he had to meet her at the gate and come right to the point.

Gen. Wolsley thinks war correspondents are always untrustworthy, and attempts to prove it by writing his own reports. Thus far he has achieved distinguished success as a war correspondent.—*Boston Transcript*.

The fashionable dance in Hungary is one in which every man dancing hugs two women at the same time. It will be the rage at American watering places where there are not men enough to go round.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

The only difference that we can think of just now between the girl you adore and a bear-trap, young man, is that one bangs the hair and the other hangs the bear. If this is not the proper kibosh we do not want the chromo.—*Boston Times*.

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