

## The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

## SPOOPENDYKE'S BICYCLE.

'Now, my dear,' said Mr. Spoopendyke, hurrying up to his wife's room, 'if you'll come down in the yard I've got a pleasant surprise for you.'

'What is it?' asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

'What have you got—a horse?'

'Guess again,' grinned Mr. Spoopendyke.

'It's something like a horse.'

'I know. It's a new parlor carpet. That's what it is.'

'No, it isn't, either. I said it's something like a horse; that is, it goes when you make it. Guess again.'

'Is it paint for the kitchen walls?' asked Mrs. Spoopendyke innocently.

'No, it ain't, and it ain't a hog's head of stove blenking, nor it ain't a set of dining room furniture, nor it ain't seven gross of stationary washtubs. Now guess again.'

'Then it must be some lace curtains for the sitting room windows. Isn't that just splendid,' and Mrs. Spoopendyke patted her husband on both cheeks and danced up and down with delight.

'It's a bicycle, that's what it is,' growled Mr. Spoopendyke. 'I bought it for exercise, and I am going to ride it. Come down and see me.'

'Well ain't I glad,' ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'You ought to have more exercise, and if there's exercise in anything, it's in a bicycle. Do let's see it?'

Mr. Spoopendyke conducted his wife to the yard and descanted at length on the merits of the machine.

'In a few weeks I'll be able to make a mile a minute,' he said, as he stenciled the apparatus against the clothes post and prepared to mount. 'Now, you watch me go to the end of this path.'

He got a foot into the treadle and went head first into a flower patch, the machine on top with a prodigious crash.

'Hain't you better tie it up to the post until you get on,' suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

'Leave me alone, will ye?' demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, struggling to an even keel. 'I'm doing most of this myself. Now you hold on and keep your mouth shut. It takes a little practice, that's all.'

Mr. Spoopendyke mounted again and scuttled along four or five feet and flopped over on the grass plot.

'That's splendid!' commenced his wife. 'You've got the idea already. Let me hold it for you this time.'

'If you've got any extra strength you hold your tongue, will ye?' growled Mr. Spoopendyke. 'It don't want any holding. It ain't alive. Stand back and give me room, now.'

The third time Mr. Spoopendyke ambled to the end of the path and went down all in a heap among the flower pots.

'That's just too lovely for anything!' proclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'You made near a mile a minute that time.'

'Come and take it off!' roared Mr. Spoopendyke. 'Help me up! Dod gash the bicycle!' And the worthy gentleman struggled and plunged around like a whale in shallow water.

Mrs. Spoopendyke assisted in righting him and brushed him off.

'I know where you made your mistake,' said she. 'The little wheel ought to go first like a buggy. Try it that way going back.'

'May be you can ride this bicycle better than I can?' howled Mr. Spoopendyke. 'You know all about wheels! What you need now is a lantern in your mouth and ten minutes behind time to be the city hall clock! If you had a bucket of water and a handle you'd make a steam grindstone! Don't you see the big wheel has got to go first?'

'Yes, dear,' murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, 'but I thought if you practised with the little wheel at first, you wouldn't have so far to fall.' 'Who fell?' demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. 'Didn't you see me step off? It tipped; that's all. Now you just watch me go back.'

Once more Mr. Spoopendyke started in, but the big wheel turned around and looked him in the face, and then began to stagger.

'Look out!' squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke. Mr. Spoopendyke wrenched away and kicked and struggled, but it was of no avail. Down he came, and the bicycle was a hopeless wreck.

'What'd ye want to yell for?' he shrieked. 'Couldn't you keep your measly mouth shut? What d'ye think y'are, anyhow, a fog horn? Dod gash the measly bicycle!' and Mr. Spoopendyke hit it a kick that follied him up like a bolt of muslin.

'Never mind, my dear,' consoled Mrs. Spoopendyke, 'I'm afraid the exercise was too violent anyway, and I'm rather glad you broke it.'

'I s'pose so,' snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. 'There's sixty dollars gone.'

'Don't weary, love. I'll go without the carpet and curtains, and the paint will do well enough in the kitchen. Let me rub you with arnica.'

But Mr. Spoopendyke was too deeply grieved by his wife's conduct to accept any office at her hands, preferring to punish her by letting his wounds smart rather than get well, and thereby relieve her of any anxiety she brought on herself by acting so outrageously under the circumstances.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

## PECULIARITIES OF THE GREAT.

Aaron Burr always forgot to return a borrowed umbrella.

Charlemagne always pared his corns in the dark of the moon.

Byron never found a button off his shirt without raising a row about it.

Homer was extremely fond of boiled cabbage, which he invariably ate with a fork.

Napoleon could never think to shut a door after him, unless he was mad about something.

Pliny could never write with a lead pencil without first wetting it on the tip of his tongue.

Socrates was exceedingly fond of peanuts, quantities of which he always carried in his pockets.

The Duke of Wellington could never think to wipe his feet on the door-mat unless his wife reminded him of it.

George Washington was so fond of cats that he would get up in the middle of the night to throw a boot-jack at them.

Shakespeare, when carrying a codfish home from the village grocery, would invariably try to conceal it underneath his coat.

When the wife of Galileo gave him a letter to mail he always carried it round in his pocket three weeks before he ever thought of it again.

Christopher Columbus always paid for his paper promptly, and being an attentive reader he always found out when new worlds were ripe.

Mrs. S.—"Augustus, my love, the doctor says I must have a change of air." Augustus.—"All right, my dear; I'll take you to two funerals to-morrow!"—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

PEACE TO HIS ASHES.—Not long since Gus Do Smith took a stroll through the Austin graveyard. When he came out of the graveyard he looked very serious.

Gilholo meeting him asked him what was the matter.

"Nothing, only I was thinking that the Austin husband must have lit all the fires in the mornings."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I see so many of them are burned to death. I noticed on three or four tombstones, 'Peace to his ashes.'"

Is a crack on the head capital punishment?

Takes life easy—the hangman.—*Yonkers Gazette*. Prefers, we suppose, the fall season.—*Philadelphia Sun*. A little touch of spring generally precedes the fall.—*Yankee Strauss*. About time to let this thing drop, isn't it?—*Somerville Journal*. Hang it, yes.—*Earl Marble*.

"Mother," asked Mary Jane at the breakfast table, "don't you think grey hair is awful becoming?" Mary Jane, it should be remarked, has a beau whose locks are silver. "Yes, I do," replied her mother, grabbing at something on Mary Jane's shoulder: "yes, I think its becoming too common. That makes the tenth one this morning," holding it up between her thumb and finger.

A man may think that kissing on Sunday is wicked, but a real pretty girl can change his mind in five minutes.—*Boston Post*. We are open to conviction every Sunday from 1:30 p.m. till 12 midnight.—*Elevated Railway Journal*. "Go, get thee to a Nunnery."—*Gouverneur Herald*. Yes! yes! That's the place!—*Boston Times*. How far is it away? Would like to take a hand ourselves.—*Nashville Sunday Courier*. Be calm! be calm! you'll get Nun of it.—*Boston Times*.

WHAT A PITY!—Gus De Smith is one of the best solo singers in Austin. Whenever he is present at a social gathering he gets somebody to call on him for a song, and then he warbles forth some such simple melody as "Away down on the Suwanee River," until all the cats in the neighbourhood are swelled up with wrath and jealousy. The other night after he had finished, and the hearers had pulled the wads of cotton out of their ears, Mrs. McSpilkins, who does not live happily, remarked to a lady friend, "How I wish my husband had sung that way when he was a young man." "Why so?" "Because if he had only had that kind of a voice I never would have married him," and she sighed heavily.—*Texas Siftings*.

A certain rich man, possessed of great wealth, was wont to be proud of his possessions and to refer to them often, but withal, he was not a man of intellect. One day he had an old Irishman working for him, and he went out to oversee the job. He looked at Pat a minute, hard at work, and said; "Well, Pat, it is good to be rich, ain't it?" "Yis, sur," said Pat, who had the wit of his nation. "I am rich, very rich, Pat." "Yis sur." "I own lands, and houses, and bonds, and stocks, and railroads, and—and—and—" "Yis, sur," said Pat, shoveling away. "And what is it, Pat, that I haven't got?" "Not a bit av suse, sur," remarked Pat as he picked up his wheel-barrow and trundled it off full of dirt; and the rich man went into the house and sat down behind the door.—*Steubenville Herald*.

"No one" remarks an exchange, "should be afraid to eat strawberries." It may seem strange, but since our childhood we have been afraid to eat strawberries—at fifty cents a saucer, when we had to pay the bill. We noticed this fear in Miss Dip, of Boston, several weeks ago. We invited her to take a saucer (meaning strawberries and a saucer.) She was "afraid" she couldn't, but she would try. "Would she try another saucer?" "Oh, Mr. F., they are delicious, but I'm afraid." "That's all right! Waiter, another saucer of strawberries, with ice-cream!" "Here, they are, sir!" (Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble.) "That was a very small saucer, Miss Dip; do try another!" "Oh, Mr. F., I'm afraid." "Waiter, another saucer of strawberries!" And so the battle continued, until Miss Dip had put away seven plates of strawberries, with ice-cream. How sweetly she smiled while the bill was being paid, and leaped with tender heaviness on our manly arm, as we left the saloon. It must be apparent to every one how foolish it is to be afraid to eat strawberries.—*Philadelphia Sun*.