

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

TAKING THE EDITORS.

He was an exceedingly picturesque-looking individual. His hair fell in heavy masses over his shoulders, and a very broad slouched hat crowned his large head. A dark green cloak came almost to his heels, and he carried under one arm a large portfolio, a camp-stool and a folded easel. He entered the editorial room with a confident stride, opened his camp-stool and proceeded to rig his easel in front of it. Then he pulled out a large piece of drawing-paper from his portfolio, and, slapping it on the easel, seated himself before it and commenced leisurely sharpening a stick of chascoal.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the office boy, approaching the picturesque object cautiously, and keeping his hand within reach of an inkstand.

"Everybody!" ejaculated the visitor, flourishing his charcoal gracefully in the air, and smiling a pre-Raphaelite smile upon the suspicious boy. "I'm the lightning portrait artist, and I wish to show the distinguished members of the Eagle staff how I do it. Only takes five minutes to a sitting. Just let the gentlemen know I'm here, please," and he threw his hat carelessly upon the floor at his side.

"What's up?" asked the dramatic editor, coming to the door of his room.

"As you are," cried the artist, catching sight of the editor, and commencing to sketch rapidly upon the paper before him, "Don't move. Excellent pose. Just the style of head to delight the soul of the lover of the truly antique. The young Augustus come to life. Head a shade to the left, please. Ah! that's it."

"When did it blow in?" asked the dramatic editor, stepping forward and gazing curiously at the artist.

"Stop!" cried the artist. "You will ruin everything. Another pose gone wrong," and he threw down his charcoal and sighed.

"What's the row?" asked the city editor, coming to his door.

"Ah! my ideal at last," cried the artist, whisking another sheet of paper from his portfolio. "Head a little back, please. Eyes slightly turned towards the ceiling."

"What does it want, anyway?" asked the city editor, stepping forward.

"I beg of you, sir," said the artist, dashing at his sheet of paper, "just five minutes as you are, and you are immortal for life."

Just at this moment the court reporter sauntered in.

"Ah, Wilde, old man," cried the artist, catching sight of him, "really beg your pardon; likeness so strong to my friend. Sir, you shall be my test sitter. Just lean against that desk over there. Cross your limbs; throw your arms behind you and keep your eyes on that ink bottle over there."

"Where did it drop from?" asked the court reporter, and by this time a little group of editors and reporters stood gazing curiously upon the artist.

"Gentlemen," said the artist, running his fingers through his long hair and leaning back in his camp stool, "I am the lightning portrait artist. Give me five minutes of your time and you are famous for life. Won't charge you a cent. Just wish to make myself so-id with the press."

"Suppose we give the crank a show," said the police reporter.

"Only five minutes each, gentlemen, and we will have a gallery of portraits to be proud of," said the artist.

"He's a good taffy slinger," said the dramatic editor.

"It's a way those artists have," said the art critic, looking very skeptically at the visitor; "I'll bet you ten to one he uses solar prints."

"Take your bet," said the artist. "You might be more picturesque, but you'll do as a starter. Just sling of your overcoat and hat and I'll show you a specimen of free-hand drawing."

"Never accept anything but oil paintings," said the art critic.

"Suppose you give me a sitting," said the artist turning to the society reporter.

"Couldn't think of sitting to any one short of Daniel Huntington," said the reporter.

"Ah, here's our sitter," said three or four of the group, as the cashier entered the office.

"Delighted," said the artist. "Rather modern, but good form. Not exactly aesthetic. Might be a little more Florentine curve of line, but—"

"Not this morning, some other morning," said the cashier.

"Tell you what you do," said the sporting editor. "I have a perfect beauty in the way of a bull pup. White with a brindle eye. I'll just let you have a couple of Xs for a good portrait of that—" But the artist gathered up his traps and stalked majestically out of the office.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"FEMALE COMPLAINTS."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir,—I write to tell you what your "Favorite Prescription" has done for me. I had been a great sufferer from female complaints, especially "dragging down," for over six years, during much of the time unable to work. I paid out hundreds of dollars without any benefit till I took three bottles of the "Favorite Prescription," and I never had anything do me so much good in my life. I advise every sick lady to take it.

Mrs. Emily Rhoads, McBrides, Mich.

MINSTREL JOKES.

Curtain rises and discovers a band of dusky figures. Brother Backus on one of the ends and Billy Sweatnam on the other.

The latter has a large reputation for minstrel wit—a reputation that brings him in a salary of \$150 a week.

Backus—"Brother Bones, how do you do this evening?"

Sweatnam—"Very well, I thank you, Brother Tambo."

Interlocutor—"Opening overture, gentlemen."

The song goes well and is applauded. It is a glee, and some boys' voices that are introduced give it a charming effect.

Mr. Sweatnam to the interlocutor: "Now, can you tell me, sir, why a tree is like a mother-in-law?"

Interlocutor—"Why is a tree like a mother-in-law?"

Sweatnam—"No, not why is she like—I mean what is the difference between a tree and a mother-in-law?"

Interlocutor—"I cannot tell. What is the difference between a tree and a mother-in-law?"

Sweatnam—"Why a tree leaves in the spring."

Interlocutor—"Well?"

Sweatnam—"Well, a mother-in-law don't—she never leaves if she once gets settled. By the way, did you hear they were going to put four coats of paint on the Brooklyn Bridge?"

Interlocutor—"No, what for?"

Sweatnam—"To cover the steal?" [Roars.]

Interlocutor—"Comic ditty."

Mr. Backus sings this. The effect of the boys' voices in the chorus is very pretty again. This idea is one to be commended.

Sweatnam—"Do you know why a loaf of bread is the mother of a locomotive?"

Interlocutor—"Why, what earthy connection can there be between a loaf of bread and a locomotive?"

Sweatnam—"Well, there is. Now, you answer me. Why is a loaf of bread?"

Interlocutor—"Give it up."

Sweatnam—"Bread's a necessity, ain't it?"

Interlocutor—"Yes."

Sweatnam—"And a locomotive is an invention?"

Interlocutor—"Yes."

Sweatnam—"Well, ain't necessity the mother of invention?"

Interlocutor—"Ballad: 'Last Night I was Dreaming of You.'"

This is sung by Stanley Grey, a falsetto singer. He is a large fat man, while the bass of the company is a small, thin, spare man.

After Hamilton's song, which is encored, there comes a plantation ditty by Sweatnam—"Rock and Roll Dem." It has the regular negro swing, and the feet of the audience keep involuntary time with it.

Sweatnam—"Have you been past my place lately?"

Interlocutor—"Why, I didn't know you had a place. Where is it?"

Sweatnam—"You know that little shanty just out that way (pointing), with rocks all round it!"

Interlocutor—"Why, yes. Myself and a friend drove out there the other day, and I remarked as I passed the place—the man who owns that must be miserably poor."

Sweatnam—"Well, I ain't so poor as you may think."

Interlocutor—"Why?"

Sweatnam—"I only own half of it. [Laughter.] Do you know I get some famous eggs out there?"

Interlocutor—"How is that? I didn't see any hens."

Sweatnam—"Oh no, the farmers around raise the hens, all I do is to raise the eggs." [Laughter.]—[*N. Y. Journal.*]

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