

## The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A vision of life—provision.—*Marathon Independent.*

Writers for the press are often pressors for the right.—*Geo. Percival.*

Motto of the lottery men: "Look out for number won!"—*Salem Sunbeam.*

Current events: plum puddings and fruit cakes.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

All the world's a stage—and very few good players.—*Central City (Neb.) Item.*

A lighthouse keeper ought to beacon tented with his position.—*Marathon Independent.*

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And the school for the day is dismissed,  
And the little ones gather around me,  
To bid me good-night and be kissed,  
How I wish the same loveable spirit  
The whole of the school would imbue,  
And the big girls would gather around me,  
And do as the little ones do.

## COURTESHIP ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES.

Miss Mary Ellison Flynn was studying medicine and being courted at the same time. Mr. William Budd was attending to the latter part of the business. One evening, while they were sitting together in the back parlor, Mr. Budd was thinking how he should manage to propose. Miss Flynn was explaining certain physiological facts to him.

"Do you know," she said, "that thousands of persons are actually ignorant that they smell with their olfactory peduncle?"

"Millions of 'em!" replied Mr. Budd.

"And Aunt Mary wouldn't believe me when I told her that she couldn't wink without a sphincter muscle!"

"How unreasonable!"

"Why, a person cannot even kiss without a sphincter!"

"Indeed?"

"I know it is so!"

"May I try if I can?"

"Oh, Mr. Budd, it is too bad for you to make light of such a subject!"

Mr. Budd seized her hand and kissed it. She permitted it to remain in his grasp.

"I didn't notice," he said, "whether—a—a what do you call it—a sphincter helped me then or not. Let me try again?"

Then he tried again, and while he held her hand she explained to him about the muscles of that portion of the human body.

"It is remarkable how much you know about such things," said Mr. Budd—"really wonderful! Now, for example, what is the bone in the back of the head called?"

"Why, the occipital bone, of course!"

"And what are the names of the muscles of the arm?"

"The spiralis and the infra-spiralis, among others."

"Well, now let me show you what I mean. When I put my infra-spiralis around your waist, so, it is your occipital bone that rests upon my shoulder-blade, in this way?"

"My back hair, primarily, but the occipital, of course, afterwards. But, oh, Mr. Budd, suppose you should come and see us?"

"Let him come, who cares?" said Mr. Budd, boldly. "I think I'll exercise a sphincter again and take a kiss."

"Mr. Budd, how can you!" said Miss Flynn, after he had performed the feat.

"Don't call me 'Mr. Budd,' call me 'Willie,'" he said, drawing her closer. "You accept me, don't you? I know you do, darling."

"Willie," whispered Miss Flynn, faintly.

"What, darling?"

"I can hear your heart beat."

"It beats only for you, my angel!"

"And it sounds to me out of order. The ventricular contraction is not uniform. You must put yourself under treatment for it. I will give you some medicine."

"It is your own property, darling, do what you please with it. But somehow the sphincter operation is the one that strikes me most favorably. Let me see how it works again."

But why proceed?

The old, old story was told again, and the old, old performance of the muscles of Mr. Budd's mouth was enacted again.

About eight years later Mr. Budd was wishing that Mary would catch some fatal disease among her patients, and Mary was thinking that the best possible use Willie could be put to would be as a subject for the dissection table.—*Ex.*

## SPOOPENDYKE'S CALLS.

"Now my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "let me see the list of ladies you wish me to call on. I really don't care to go around much, but a man ought to do what his wife wants him to do on New Year Day. Where's the list?"

"Here it is," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, fluttering around with her hair in her mouth. "I wrote them all out with the addresses for you so you wouldn't have any trouble."

"What makes you put old Sister Lamb at the head of the list?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "She's got a wart on her chin the size of a fire bell, and she can't talk on anything but the advantages of egg over stove coal for heating the Sunday School."

"But she belongs to the church and I don't believe anyone else will call on her," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke. "She will be tickled to death to see you."

"What do you think I'm starting out for?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke fiercely. "Got an idea I'm going around like a missionary to carry the gospel to people everybody else is afraid of? Who's this? What's this second name here? Who's Mrs. Skylymbrute?"

"That's Mrs. Wolverton, I promised her you would call. Never mind Mrs. Lamb, but you ought to call on Mrs. Wolverton."

"What for? What has she got in common with me, except that her bones are hollow? She don't know the difference between a Guinea pig and the burning of Jerusalem. Always wants to know if I don't think Sodom and Gomorrah were parables. Is that the kind of list you've made out? Want me to run around among the old monuments. Who's Miss Swash?"

"That's Mrs. Smith, the little widow. You know she's interested in sending women out west to get husbands. She'll amuse you."

"She will if she sees me. She'll make me laugh like a hyena if she gets one eye on me. Who's that yellow-headed girl that sits two pews in front of us? I'd call on her now."

"She's a little chit of a thing. You don't want to run after those young people—a man of your age."

"What's the reason I don't?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Got an idea that I only care for the tough old people, haven't you? Think I'm a sort of Plymouth Rock, don't you? Got any more old landmarks that need inspection?"

"I don't care!" remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke, indignantly; "they're nice people, and I like to cultivate them. They may be along in life, but they can't help it."

"Cultivate 'em, if you want to," growled Mr. Spoopendyke; "but if you think I'm going hoeing around among 'em on the first of January, you're left. What d'ye want to cultivate 'em for? With your friends and ideas, you only need weekly prayers and an alarm of fire to be an old woman's home. Who else have you got here? Mrs. Sliggonpratt, Mrs. Woptenslough, Miss Kimpzf—"

"You don't read them right at all," complained Mrs. Spoopendyke. "That's Mrs. Silverspoon, and Mrs. Worthington and Miss Hemmingway. They are just as nice as they can be."

"Are they the three-fold worthies who howl in the choir?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke, sternly. "They've got a grandson old enough to be my father."

"They haven't," sobbed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You know better."

"Well, most of 'em have. What d'ye want me to call on them for? Got any more old almanacs expecting me? Where's the Sphinx? You haven't got the Sphinx down here, nor the Tower of Babel. Who're those other pyramids? Who's Mrs. Upsidedown?"

"That's Mrs. Edgerton. She sent you the jelly when you were sick, and you said she was the best woman in Brooklyn. You'll have to call on her for politeness," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, severely.

"I won't either," shouted Mr. Spoopendyke. "The jelly was sour, and she made me pay a dollar towards a plaster of paris angel for a starving family out in Flatbush. Who's this other nurse of George Washington's? Here, this is a mistake, I went to old Miss Schumlock's funeral thirty years ago."

"You didn't. You never did," proclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, thoroughly aroused. "That isn't her name, either. It's Miss Schofield, and she is the best friend I've got. I only want —"

"I know what you want," hissed Mr. Spoopendyke. "You want a few more acquaintances and a map to be a guide book to ancient Troy. Think I'm going to call on that old monolith? Got anything here that belongs to modern times? Know anybody who has been dug up within six or eight centuries? Who's that black-eyed girl in the Bible class? Don't she hang out a flag to-day?"

"I wouldn't look at her," sniffed Mrs. Spoopendyke; "I wouldn't have you go there for worlds. Besides, she don't receive."

"What's this?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "What's Mrs. Wimpstyx got to do with it? What cemetery will I find her in?"

"That's Mrs. Willoughby," explained Mrs. Spoopendyke, complacently. "She's the young widow who recently joined the church."

"Don't mind calling on her," said Mr. Spoopendyke. "She wasn't born nor'n four thousand years before the Christian era. Got any more like her? Does this measly list contain anybody else who wasn't the mother of the Chinese empire? Think of any more grave stones that haven't had the epitaphs worn off?"

"No," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, coldly, "and now, remember, Mrs. Willoughby receives calls from friends in Buffalo."

"Dod gast your dod gasted list!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, dancing on the unhappy document. "What d'ye think I am, a ghoul? S'pose I'm going to prance around among all the measly old ghosts in Brooklyn? S'pose I'm going to swash around and eat cake and drink lemonade with a lot of illustrations of the silurian period? Think I'm going to spend the day with a lot of articulated old skeletons just because they all belong to the same church that I do?" And Mr. Spoopendyke popped out of the house like a bung and went next door to see if his friend Tortorthumb knew any mummies of whose history there was some tradition.

"I don't care," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she whirled around two or three times to practice kicking her train, "if he don't call on the church people they'll be hopping mad, and if he does he won't have much of a time, so he'll wish he was dead either way," and Mrs. Spoopendyke bustled into the parlor to assure a sandy-haired young man with a stiff neck that it was awful good of him to come, and to learn that he hadn't come far of his own volition, but had slid most of the way.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*