



SMITH ENDEAVORING TO MAKE HIS WAY HOME FROM THE CLUB—By Our Special Artist, GEORGE KERR, JR.

OUR CLUBS.

Among the institutions of the present day, is "The Club." When a gentleman becomes weary of spending his evenings at home, he hastens to join "The Club." Once a member, he must, in duty bound, attend at least six evenings out of the seven. If the good wife wishes to enjoy a stroll, or to call on a friend, or to go to prayer meeting, she must take little Tommy, or the valet, for an escort, as the head of the house has an engagement to meet a gentleman at "The Club," and can not think of breaking it, "as he is going out of town to-morrow." "The Club" is a great convenience. No matter what little scheme the lord of the manor may have on hand; whether to enjoy a regular drunk at the garden, to take a little buck at the tiger on the sly, go to the opera with some other lady, or what not, he always leaves home on an engagement to "meet a friend at the club."

Half of our midnight drunks are taken on at "the Club."

SMITH swallows his supper hastily and without exchanging a word with his wife—who has been worrying with the children and the servants all the day long, and who would give almost anything for a pleasant *te-a-tete*, as of old, with her husband—seizes his hat and strides off to see JONES on important business at the "Club." At half past one o'clock he staggers up the stairs, and reeling upon the railing, attempts to effect an entrance into the house of BROWN, next door. After vainly wrenching at the knob for some time, his eye, in the uncertain light, catches the name of "BROWN" on the door plate, when he soliloquizes after this fashion:

"What'n thunder's BROWN's name doin' 'n my door. Dam'f my name's BROWN. I'm SM. (hic) SMITH. Hello! there! Mrs. SMITH. Why'n thunder don't you op'n the door. What d'ye mean by barrin' me out. Op'n, I say; or I'll bust it in; dam'f I don't." How many wives in this city recognize the picture?

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

No baby in the house, I know,
Tis far too nice and clean;
No tops, by careless fingers thrown,
Upon the floor are seen.

No finger-marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs,
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshaled off in pairs.

No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby clothes.

No little troubles to be soothed,
No little hands to fold,
No grimy finger to be washed,
No stories to be told.

No tender kisses to be given,
No nicknames "Love" and "Mouse,"
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house.

"HAVE you got some of dot kind of oysters f'what hafe been shpiled?" "Spiled oysters! Yes, we have a few cans left over from last week that I think will fit you." "How you solt 'em a dozen?" "O, I'll sell 'em right; you may have all you want for a nickel." "Vell den, mine goot frent, vill you be so kind to pring me four dozen fon dot damaget lot?" The oysters were brought, and the customer put them quietly down into the pit of his stomach, and, having finished the job, he said to the restaurateur: "Now, my very kind frent, you have got some good oysters, and it?" "You're mighty right I have." "Vell, I takes a half a dozen raw und some pickles." These were in turn served and quickly put down on top of those gone before. But the restaurateur was troubled, and when the patron came to settle the bill, said to him: "Look here, pard, I don't like to be too inquisitive, but—lowed ef I wouldn't like 'er know why you have took a fancy to so many spiled oysters and so few good ones?" "Vell," replied the man, "you have been a goot frent to me and so I told you something. You see, it was dis way. Now, I hafe got a tape-worm, my kint frent, you understand; und efry time dot is de way I hafe to do. You see, dot last half a dozen dem vas for me minself; but dot damaget lot, dem was for de tape-worm. You know dot I ain't dot kind off a Commodore Vanterpilt f'what I can afford it to preak up mine whole peesness to feed a tam tape-worm on goot oysters."—[John Glades' Scrap-book.]

"Now, my young friends, suppose 12 men buy 24 bushels wheat to be divided equally, how many bushels is that for each?" Boldest of the boys, "Please, sir, we've not gone that far." How is that? Your teacher told me you had learned all the first four rules!" Boy—"Yes, sir, but we have always done our sum in potatoes or turnips—we never had wheat."

A lawyer notorious for brow-beating witnesses, asked a man in a case of assault and battery, what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened. He answered: "Just four feet five inches and a half." "How came you to know so exact?" said the council. "Because I expected some lawyer to ask me," said he, "and I measured it."

Smith and Jones were at the menagerie, and the conversation turned on Darwin's theory. "Look at that monkey," said Smith. "Think of its being an undeveloped human!" "Human!" said Jones, contemptuously. "Its no more human than I am."

A colored gentleman went to consult one of the most conscientious lawyers, and after stating his case, said: "Now, Mr. —, I know you's a lawyer, but I wish you would please, sir, jiss tell me de truff 'bout dat matter?"

"We will meet in heaven, husband, dear," is the affectionate epitaph which an Ohio woman has had inscribed upon the tombstones of each of three departed husbands. Trouble ahead in that family certain.

"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" politely inquired a fashionably-dressed lady. "Perhaps so; a load of hay went through this morning," was the horrid reply.

Boarding school Miss: "O, Charlie! I expect to graduate at next commencement." "Graduate! what will you graduate in?" "Why, in white tulle!"

"There's one thing," said a gentleman at a race, "that nobody can beat, and that is time." "Fudge!" exclaimed a bystander, "every drummer in the land beats time!"

A Detroit paper says that George Barrell committed suicide because disappointed in a love affair. He couldn't bear the thought of remaining a single Barrel.

The married ladies of Hannibal, Missouri, have formed a "Come Home Husband Club." It is about four feet long and has a brush on the end of it.

A Doctor went out for a day's sport, and complained of having killed nothing. "That's the consequence of having neglected your business," observed his wife.

One style of bonnets is called the "Mansard," because it takes a great deal of a man's hard" earning to pay for one of 'em.

A member of the Mexican Congress opposed a railroad bill the other day, "because," said he, "it will ruin the pack-mule business."

In a poem entitled "Art and Heart:"
"Though smooth be the heartless prayer,
No ear in Heaven will mind it;
And the finest phrase falls dead,
If there is no feeling behind it.
And it is not the poet's song, though
Sweeter than sweet bells chiming,
Which thrills us through and through,
But the heart which beats under the rhyming."