

## The Joker Club.

## "The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

## "THE VARIATION OF THE NEEDLE."

Full forty years I had ploughed the main  
Along the rugged coasts: I thought I knew  
The compass points—knew where remorseless rocks,  
Treach'rous shoals, and hidden reefs abound.—  
Knew the surges face as it came sweeping  
On the bosom of the storm. The dashing  
Elements upon the watery plain,  
Where as terrorless to me as wanton  
Winds that woo the drowsy trophies into  
Dreamless sleep. I loved to see the storm  
Descend the headlong drive the crested waves  
To break like mountains on the rocky beach.—  
Walked over wrecks as though they were toy  
Houses dismantled by the peuliant  
Passions of a child. I trusted to the  
Needle in the compass fixed; and thought  
I knew its every variant course; at  
Last it took a wayward turn, and misled  
Me into strange, unkown, and distant seas;  
Where my presumptuous learning was at fault;  
When I was but a puny child again;  
The abject slave of every greater  
Force, a prey to terror, struggling helplessly  
With powers new, not known, and unforeseen.

This will it ever be; we mount the goal  
Marked out by the inspiring dream of  
Youth,—yea the crested peaks is gained! we  
Stand upon the giddy height that seemed  
So far away; where we had dreamed, ah  
Vainly dreamed, alone there was repose.  
Upon whose summit we had hoped to  
Lay the weary limbs, put the busy  
Cares of life aside, and rest serenely there.

For the first time we then and there behold  
The fruit of knowledge is untasted yet.  
A vision of shoreless, and infinite, bursts  
Upon the startled brain.—The lightning's flash!—  
A revelation, shocking us with its quick  
Force, beneath where gleaming fire at last we see,  
That thought like space is unmeasured and  
Boundless; into whose unfathomed realms,  
The progressive mind must onward leap, to  
Its uncertain fate; what untrodden barren  
Coast, or turbulent sea, it may strike upon,—  
Amid what wrecks and ruins perish, or,  
Amongst what living greatness still survive,  
Fail man of mortal mould can never tell.

Orvis P. Coffinbury.

Constantine, Mich.

## HE STOOD THE TEST FOR A FREE PASS

A young man of affable manners presented himself at the box office of a variety show at Petaluma, and requested a press pass.

"You don't claim to be a journalist, do you?" asked the manager glancing suspiciously at the good clothes and innocent expression of the applicant.

"Yes I do, though; I'm of the *Fleatown Snapper*."

"Hum! What is your department?" growled the manager.

"I do the 'Answers to Correspondents,'" asserted the youth.

"Do, eh? Let me see: What was the fastest mile ever skated backward for money in the United States?"

"That question is always signed 'Nimrod,'" said the young man, promptly; "and the answer is, 'Died in Brazil, 1446.'"

"Correct," said the manager. "When was Cleopatra hung?"

"Trinx with deep ruching and bake before a quick fire."

"Did Oliver Cromwell have a blue wart on his chin?"

"B takes the trick, of course."

"Was Queen Elizabeth bandy-legged, or only banded in one leg? and how do you take ink-stains out of marble?"

"Inquire at the hardware store. Patagonia was discovered by Benjamin Franklin in 1293."

"That settles it," said the manager, promptly shelling out a private box check; "I see you've got 'em all by heart. Pass right in."—*San Francisco Post*.

"There are two boating associations here," wrote a Japanese student home, "called Yale and Harvard. When it rains the members read books."

"How does this strike you?" asked the lightning of the barn.

When is a room full of men like an empty one? When it has not a single man in it.

Why is a thimbleful of vinegar like a colored baby? Because it is a little bit of a-nig-ger.

If the weather is hot for seven days why is it like a rickety stool? Because it's a week's 'eat!

No woman should ever borrow the husband of another; because it is not good for man to be a loan.

There are 100,000 commercial drummers in the United States—the largest brass band on record.

Guiteau does not need a cordon of police for his protection. A simple cord on his neck is all that is required.

Considering that the law is broken so often it is not a matter for surprise that amendments are often necessary.

"Why is a garden's wildered maze  
Like a young widow, fresh and fair?  
It only wants some hand to raise  
The weeds that have no business there."

Frugal landlady of boarding-house; "Coming home to dinner, Mr. Brown?" Hearty boarder: "Well, pr'aps, if I don't feel hungry."

The presence of Mr. Vanderbilt at the Chicago races is explained by his having taken advantage of the low rate of railroad fares just now prevailing.

Several Texans are in jail at Leadville. We have already observed that, no matter where Texans may be, they move in the very best society the place has.

He was an old party named Cholmondeley,  
Whose castle was ancient and chulmondeley,  
So he said, with a sigh,  
"I can't brace it so 'igh,

It'll have to go topsy and thulmondeley."

A servant girl wrote from New York to her friends in Bangor that she works in a house called flats, and that they go from one story to another in ventilators and send their washing to the foundry.

This is the latest Western form of saying a man was hanged. "He was unanimously chosen by a convention of six property-holders to jump from a new pine platform into the sweet subsequently."

One of the old settlers at the Isles of Shoals, seeing the name "Psyche" on the hull of a yacht, the other day, spoiled it out slowly, and then exclaimed: "Well, if that ain't the durndest way to spoil fish!"

"What is your occupation?" asked the magistrate, as he beamed at the burglar through his spectacles. "Wot ham I, yer washup?" replied the burglar in his most silvery tones, "why, a house cleaner, in course?"

According to the *Yonkers Statesman*, this is the very latest: "Are you going to the ocean?" "No, I am not going to the ocean—I detest the notion; but my sister has a notion of going to the ocean by way of Goshen."

The very newest of all new agonies is for a young lady to have her hand photographed and send it to her best young man. This signifies: "Twas mine, 'tis yours," etc. If this isn't "Utter," then we are "Quite too."

He had a theory in regard to the manufacture of a gun. He never could put his theory into practice, so he consoled himself with the fact that although he could not make his gun, he was not supporting an exploded theory.

"I can't very well express which it—what there—I do not—you are very—I am not, sir, insensible—the fact is," said the diffident man, suddenly called to his feet for a speech at a public dinner; "I can't make a speech, and I can't say anything I would understand or you would wish to hear, and if it pleases you to see me blush and sweat, I will stand here on one leg and perspire for the next ten minutes." They let him off.

"I jump at conclusions," remarked the cat when she grabbed for the rat's tail as he went out of sight down a hole.—*Steubenville Herald*. "You may only want a part of my tail, but I am for the hole," replied the rat.—*Richmond Baton*.

Mr. Alcott, at the Concord School of Philosophy last week, said that during slumber the animal in our nature predominates. The "animal" referred to, it may be presumed, is the nightmare, which predominates altogether too much some nights.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Uncle," said a young man who thought that his guardian did not supply him with money often enough, "is the Queen's head still on the shilling piece?" "Of course it is, you stupid lad. Why do you ask that?" "Because it is now such a length of time since I saw one."

A little kiss,  
A little bliss,  
A little ring—it's ended,  
A little jaw,  
A little law,  
And lo! the bonds are rended.

Do the gamblers believe they will have a little pair-o'-dice of their own in the great hereafter? How to make a pair of back stairs—let two women with new bonnets on pass each other in the street. It begins to look as though the next world's fair would have to be held in the next world, if anywhere.

Watered silks threaten to be the rage next season.—*Fashion Note*. We are glad to know that silks are assuming a threatening attitude, though they always have a ripping time of it, even when in their best condition, but as watered silks are considered damaged goods, we fail to see how they can become fashionable.—*Phila. Item*.

"To this night's masquerade," quoth Dick,  
"By pleasure I am beckoned,  
And think 'twould be a pleasant trick  
To go as Charles the Second."  
Tom felt for repartee a thirst,  
And thus to Richard said:  
"You'd better go as Charles the First,  
For that requires no head."

A well appearing gentleman was arrested on Thursday, charged with stealing two mattresses from a Coney Island hotel. The evidence was mainly circumstantial, and he was on the verge of being discharged from custody when the missing property was found. He had hidden the mattresses between the cases of his watch. Sing Sing, eighteen months.

He had bought his summer clothes,  
La-de-da,  
Where he got them no one knows,  
La-de-da,  
Save the tailor, and the hatter,  
Who have his need to his chatter,  
And can whistle for their ducats,  
La-de-da, la-de-da.

Question in hats. Should a fireman wear a fire plug? "Yes, I find a good deal of culture in the United States," remarked a European. And then he added, "Tobacco culture." "That but-ter is too fresh," as the man remarked when the goat lifted him over the fence.—*Louville Citizen*. It is easy to see how he got the impression.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"We will now take up the analytical consideration of this orange," said the learned Prof. to his class. "It is one of the most useful and important of all the fruits. Student Jones, stand up, and let me know if you can get away with this orange, for the edification of the class." Jones—"Yes sir, I'm sure I can get away with it! That's the kind of a sucker I am!"

"Shudge," said a Dutchman who was pleading his own case in a court where he was arraigned on a charge of slander, "Shudge, when a man makes up dot he will be a shoundrel undt a dief undt a shideboke, undt every day de vay dot he behaves himself was der vay dot advertize he was a shoundrel undt a dief undt a shideboke, vot is der matter mit der man dot dells him he vas a shoundrel undt a dief undt a shideboke? Ish dero some wrongness about dot? Undt if it is, where it ish, by shiminy?"