



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Important if true—A. wife.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A stag is frequently obliged to run for deer life.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

We are all on our last legs, but all of us hope they will last us for some time to come.—*N. Y. News*.

The woman who does fancy work very often don't fancy work at other times.—*Marathon Independent*.

"That smacks of familiarity, sir" said the blushing girl, after being surprised by her lover's kiss.—*N. Y. News*.

Betting is about the same thing whether on horses or cards. They win who get their aces.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

About the prettiest pedestrian match to look at is a young couple walking up to the preacher to get married.—*Cin. Commercial*.

The jelly-making season, just passed, was an unusually severe one on fruit. The crop has undergone a great strain.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A Meriden man has a mule called "Confusion." And every time he licks it, it only makes confusion worse, confound it.—*Riggs & Crushman*.

The button on the back of a man's shirt collar probably needs talking to as much as any other inanimate thing in this world.—*Foed du Lac Reporter*.

None of the great writers of earth have obtained a wider, more justly deserved reputation as successful quill-divers than the porcupine.—*Glasgow Times*.

Thirty persons in a small town in Michigan were recently poisoned by eating sausage. This comes from leaving brass collars on dogs.—*Waterloo Observer*.

Every creature knoweth its capacities, and the nice young man who patronizes church sociables, shrewdly courts the girl who don't like oysters.—*Owego Record*.

"See here, JONES, why don't you fence in your premises?" "Oh, there's no need of it, so long as my wife's always a-railing around the house, is there?"—*Yonkers Gazette*.

A mustard plaster is a good thing in its place, but the best place, as far as our experience goes, is to have the mustard plastered on a ham sandwich.—*John McCormick*.

There's a school teacher up town who is so precise that when she wishes to say any one has made a keen sally of wit, always refers to it as a "sarah of wit."—*Steubenville Herald*.

A correspondent wants to know what is an affinity. An affinity, my dear sir, is something that exists between a small boy and his neighbor's grape-vines.—*Marathon Independent*.

A man who took the affirmative in a bar-room debate, the other night, on the question, "Resolved, that home is women's proper sphere," went home a few hours later and turned his wife out into the street. Some men are just that whimsical!—*Binghampton Republican*.

A man has no right to occupy such high moral grounds that he is constantly so far above his fellows that he can be of no earthly assistance to them.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

Here is a beautiful reflection: The pretty women see the prettiest things in the shop windows. You can't blame them for casting their eyes in that way; now, can you?—*Boston Transcript*.

A man noticing a placard, "Room to Rent," went in and found the room in a shabby condition, whereupon he remarked that he didn't desire to rent a "room for improvement."—*Buffalo Sunday Times*.

Prof. PETERS has promised his wife a brand new planet for a Christmas present, and if there is no falling off in the business he may put a new comet in each of his children's stockings on Christmas eve.

"The melancholy days have come"—beg pardon, "the sawdust of the year"—to the school-boy who has to tackle the woodpile when all the rest of the fellows are playing marbles "for keeps."—*New Haven Register*.

The interim between the parasol and the muff season is a very trying one to the ladies. They know not what to do with their hands. An appropriate time to give them away, with heart accompaniment.—*New Haven Register*.

When we consider that most of the League nines intend to play ball in California during the winter season, we are inclined to murmur with Bishop BERKLEY: "Westward the course of umpire takes its way."—*Utica Observer*.

"I am not under arrest," remarked the thief when in the clutches of an officer; "I am simply in the hands of my friends." Thus does the jargon of politics pollute the current of all lives and industries.—*Boston Transcript*.

Young man, in a walking match you "go as you please," but in a courting match you please as you go.—*Norristown Herald*. We don't know how it is in Pennsylvania, but in Ohio you please as you stay.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Our exchanges have recorded within a week or two, several cases of persons nearly losing their lives by getting a chicken bone fast in their throats. Not one of the unfortunates was an editor. Editors prefer quail on toast.—*Norristown Herald*.

English writers say that while American girls are exquisite in everything, our men are ungallant bores. This must be a mistake! Any one can see, when a church or a theatre lets out, long strings of young men gathered on the curbs—to say pretty things upon the faces and garments of the ladies going by.—*St. Louis Spirit*.

A man from New Jersey, recently on a visit to this country, while strolling through the government's grounds at West Point, was attracted by a number of cannons, the muzzle ends of which were embedded in the earth. "What are these guns placed in this position for?" inquired he of a cadet who chanced to pass. "In case of war with China!" was the young soldier's prompt reply. The foreigner lapsed into deep meditation.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

When Mrs. SHODDEIGH read in the paper that the government had expended \$181,000,000 on its Indian service, she urged Mr. SHODDEIGH to write immediately and ascertain where it was purchased. She said her China service cost only \$3,500, and she could never be happy again until she was the owner of an Indian service.—*Norristown Herald*.

"There is something inexpressibly touching in the fallen leaves," sighs an esteemed author. There is, there is! It's when you slip on one of the articles of a wet morning, and touch the unsympathetic pavement with the end of yourself.—*Rockland Courier*.

This is the age of benevolence. An investigation has shown that the paupers in the Franklin county, Ohio, poor-house, have been supplied with \$600 worth of whiskey and tobacco since January 1st. The prospects of the aged and retired editor are improving.—*Ottawa Republican*.

The Sea Serpent.

The sea serpent is classed by some naturalists as a reptile, and by others as an animal, but this trifling disagreement has no effect on the general health of the monster. He is always in a jolly mood and the best of spirits. He is not quite as domestic in his nature as an old tom cat or a boy with three stone-bruises on each foot, but he is seldom met with any great distance from home. There is abundant evidence to prove that he knew all about this country before COLUMBUS did. At least, the first one seen in America by white men acted as much at home as a hired man in the pantry, and at no time during the last 400 years has the market been short of a full supply.

Sea serpents have been met with only 150 feet long, but the majority of them are at least double that length. A sea captain who would come into port and make oath that he had seen one less than 200 feet long would be laughed to scorn and advised to go west and become a BUFFALO BILL. There is no doubt that one of the monsters can keep right on growing as long as he wants to, and of course each one is ambitious to spin out as far as he can. During fly-time a sea serpent 300 feet long has a great advantage over a cow or a mule—a fact which naturalists seem to have overlooked entirely.

While these monsters are no doubt somewhat given to roaming around, they are seldom found curled up under favorite cherry trees or in arbors resorted to by moon-struck lovers.

While other snakes go to heaps of trouble to get into a house and curl up in an old straw hat on the top-shelf of a bedroom closet, the sea serpent keeps himself modestly in the back-ground.

This animal is not gregarious in its habits. Two sea serpents are never seen together, and it is seldom that two are seen the same week.

Their plan seems to be to go it alone. Each one then secures all the glory and all the plunder, and there is no give away about it. Their principal food consists of tough old ships—the older and tougher the better, and if any red-nosed sea captain or swaggering mates happen to slip into the monster's mouth along with topsail yards, bowsprits, capstans, etc., the serpent is not to blame for it.

While children may cry for this reptile, they hadn't better fool with it, as it is plain that he is very whimsical in his nature. Captains have taken one stiff glass of grog and gone on deck to behold a sea serpent bumping away from the ship as fast as he could go. Other captains, belonging to the same Sunday school and wearing the same sized boots, have taken two glasses of grog and seen the serpent swim all around the ship and lift its head thirty feet in the air and open his jaws as if he scented roast chicken. It may all be in the grog, or it may be the variable nature of the serpent. Until the real truth is known the tow-headed boys of the land had better not run after this marine novelty.—*Detroit F. P.*