

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

THE SAME OLD ROUND

"Could I see the editor?" she asked, looking around for him and wondering what was going on under his table.

"Eh! yes, I'm him," responded the editor, evolving himself and slipping a cork into his vest pocket. "What can I do for you?"

"I am a student at Packer Institute," responded the blushing damsel, "and I have written a little article on 'Our School Days' which I would like to have published in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, if you think it good enough."

"Certainly," replied the editor, gazing in unconscious admiration upon the beautiful face before him. "Does it commence 'Our school days! how the words linger in sweet cadences on the strings of memory!' Is that the way it runs?"

"Why yes," responded the beaming girl. "Then it goes on, 'How we look forward from time to time when we shall look back to them?' How did you know?"

"Never mind," said the editor, with the engaging smile which has endeared him to the citizens of Brooklyn. "After that comes, 'So sunshiny! So gilded with the pleasures that make youth happy, they have flown into the immutable past and come to us in after life only as echoes in the caves of sweet recollection.' Isn't that it?"

"It certainly is," answered the astonished girl, radiant with delight. "How could you know it?"

"Then it changes from the pianissimo and becomes more tender: 'The shadows gather around our path. The roses of friendship are withering, but may we not hope that they will bloom again as we remember the affection that bound us here and made'—"

"No, you're wrong there," and the soft eyes looked disappointed.

"Is it 'Hope on, hope ever?'" asked the editor.

"That comes in further on. You had it nearly right. It is 'The dun shadows close around us. The flowers of friendship are sleeping, but not withered, and will bloom again in the affectionate remembrance of the chains that bound us so lightly.'"

"Strange that I should have made that mistake," said the editor musingly. "I never missed on one before. From there it goes, 'Schoolmates, let us live so that all our days shall be as radiant as those we have known here, and may we pluck happiness from every bush, forgetting never that the thorns are below the roses, and pitying those whose hands are bruised in the march through life.'"

"That's it!" exclaimed the delighted girl. "And then comes 'Hope on, hope ever.'"

"Sure's you're born!" cried the editor, blushing with pleasure, and once more on the right track. "Then it runs: 'And as for you, teachers dear!'"

"Yes, yes, you're right," giggled the girl; "I can't see how you found me out! Would you like to print it?" and her face assumed an anxious shade.

"Certainly," responded the editor. "I'll say it's by the most promising young lady in Brooklyn, the daughter of an esteemed citizen and a lady who has already taken a high social rank!"

"That finishes the school commencements at one swoop," sighed the editor gloomily, as the fair vision floated out. "Can't see how I made that blunder about the shadows and roses and friendship. Either I'm getting old or some of these girls have struck out something original. Here, Swipes, tell the foreman to put this slush in the next tax salesupplement," and the editor felt in his hair for the cork, and wondered what had happened to his memory.

UTE STATEMANSHIP

There will be a big pow-wow at the White River Agency on the 25th, at which the Utes will decide whether they will go away to their new lands peaceably or not.

We are permitted to publish in advance the written statement of Chief Colorow, which he will submit to the meeting on that occasion, and give it below:—

Gentlemen of the Conference Warriors and Pale-Faced Snoozers from the Land of the Rising Sun:—

My people are to-day cordially invited by the white father to pack up their furniture and go west to grow up with the country.

We are asked to leave our lands and take up some claims in another locality under the desert land act.

The white father tells his children to scoot. He says he needs these lands in his business, and asks the red man to gather his papoosees and take a little excursion into a strange land.

The white father knows that when he speaks we must obey his voice. He has the regular army and another man to enforce his commands.

We accept the situation. The bones of our ancestors are here. Here are our homes. Here are the spirits of our dead. We have handed in our remonstrance, but it don't count.

In a few moons we must turn our back upon these hills and valleys and go to our new reservation.

White men with their pale squaws and spindleshanked papoosees will build their wigwams here. The prospector will come here and dig holes in the earth, and the farmer will plant his crook-necked squashes above the ashes of my people.

When the white father starts the music, we waltz to it.

We have been asked to irrigate the country here and hoe corn like the white man. Our hearts are heavy, and we cannot promote the string bean. We will do what is right, but we cannot work. The Indian cannot hunt the potato bug when the deer and antelope are ripe. He cannot dig post holes in the hot sun when the chase calls upon him to go forth into the forests.

Here, where we have roamed through the tall grass, and hunted the deer and the buffalo, the pale-face asks us to dig irrigation ditches and plow the green earth with a rebellious mule.

Here, where our war cry has been answered back by the giant hills, we are told to whack bulls and join the church.

They come to us and tell us to go to school and wear pants. They ask us to learn the language of the pale-face and go to Congress. They send men to us who want us to learn to spell and wear suspenders.

We cannot do this. We are used to the ways of our people. We scratch our backs against the mountain pine as my people did a thousand years ago. We cannot change. We can leave our land, but we cannot change our socks every spring and do as the white man does.

We can go away from our homes and live in a strange land, but we cannot wear open-back shirts and lead in prayer.

Warriors, we will go to the land our white father has given us. We will take our squaws and our yeller dogs, our wigwams and our fleas.

We will go to our new home beyond the river now, and when the autumn comes we will take a bridal tour back to this country.

We will construct a holocaust, what ever that is, and spatter the intellectual faculties of the ranches all over the country.

This is all. I am done. I have made my remarks. I have twittered my twit.—*Bill Nyc.*

Eloise asks if we will publish her poem on "The Wavelet of the Rivulet." With a smilet upon our faclet we reply yes. Write only one sidelet of the sheetlet, Eloise, and put on enough stamplets. Your poemlet shall have spacelet.

"Strike, but here"—as the school-boy, who had paddled his back yard with a pillow, said to the teacher who was about to thrash him.

Just in: Do you drink brandy? No, I do not drink brandy, but my brother Andy, who is quite a dandy, drinks brandy, mixed with rock candy.

"Every trade has its special disease." Printers always have the hardest type, probably on account of the amount of dead matter lying around.

Hard on the feet—corns... Sound doctrine—the science of acoustics... A floorist may not be a shoulder-hitter, but a shoulder-hitter may be a floorist.

An Irish gentleman, with that peculiar perspicuity of statement characteristic of his race, says the chief pleasure in kissing a pretty girl is when she won't let you.

He wrote it, in his famous graduating oration, "Fat is ironical," and it appeared in the paper of his village, "Fate is an ironclad." There was an explosion, of course.

Now, honestly, do you believe the report that Sarah Bernhardt studied the air and expression of half-crazed women by going to a millinery store and watching them try to select a bonnet?

The coming rattlesnake will carry a demijohn attachment filled with antidote, and men will hunt rattlesnakes for their antidote just as they hunt the muskrat now for the fragrant musk which he contains.

Kate Field says her dress reform bureau is now prepared to take orders for anything, "from a needle to a white elephant." Should like to know what article of dress the reformers call the "white elephant."

A young lady who has no objection to the revision of the New Testament writes to say that the phrase "purple and fine linen" conveys no idea of luxury to her mind and she suggests as an improvement, "sealskin and black velvet."

The cigarette vice: "Do you know, Mr. Smith," asked Mrs. S., in a reproving way, "that that cigarette is hurting you; that it is your enemy?" "Yes," replied Smith, calmly ejecting a steely cloud; "yes, I know it, and I'm trying to smoke the rascal out."

A prominent citizen of Austin was being propelled homeward by a faithful colored servant late one night last week, when they suddenly came to a halt. "Whussler matter, now?" asked the prominent citizen. "Dar's a man dead drunk on the side walk." "Gimme a lamp-ster ter hold up, and you dragh off misherable drunken beast by hish legsh."

William Sprague, of Rhode Island, has spent a fortune of \$12,000,000, left him by his father, during the past twenty years. As he didn't start a daily paper to fill a long felt want, it is difficult to understand how he expended so much money in that period. If he employed a plumber three months a year, he ought to still have a couple of thousand left.

An Austin gentleman asked Gus De Smith if it was hotter in Austin than in Galveston. Gus replied that Austin was much the hotter. The Austin man said that in Austin the thermometer did not often go much higher than ninety. "That may be," responded Gus, "but it is so cool at Galveston when the thermometer is at ninety that you feel chilly, and need an overcoat."

Maid of Yonkers, are we buss, tell me will you make a fuss?—*New York News*. Man of Gotham, are you risk your life, tell me will you inform your wife?—*Yonkers Gazette*. Maid of Hartford, are I pop, tell me will you faint or flop!—*Hartford Sunday Journal*. Maid of Webster, are we wed, who'll split the kindlings in the sled. —*Webster Times*. Maid of Camden, are we mate, can't I never stay out late?—*Camden Post*.