

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

BALLAD OF A BRAVE CATTLE-MAN.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Across the broad brown Texan hills,
With blossoms to our bronchos' knees,
With singing birds by broken rills,
We rode through seas of drowsy bees.
We talked. The topic? Guess. Why, sir,
Three-fourths of a man's whole time he keeps
To talk, to think, to be of use;
The other fourth he sleeps.

To learn what the mighty know of love,
I laughed all constancy to scorn.
"Behold yon happy, changeful dove!
Behold this day, all storm at morn,
Yet now 'tis changed to calm and sun.
Yea, all things change—the heart, the head;
Behold on earth there is not one
That changeth not," I said.

He drew a glass, as if to scan
The plain for steers; raised it and sighed.
He craned his neck, this cattle-man,
Then drove the cork home and replied:
"For twenty years (forgive these tears)—
For twenty years no word of strife;
I have not known for twenty years
One folly from my wife."

I looked that Texan in the face—
That dark-browed, bearded cattle-man.
He pulled his beard; then dropped in place
A broad right hand, all scarred and tan,
And toyed with something shining there
From out his holster, keen and small.
I was convinced. I did not care
To argue it at all.

The ardor of my speech grew still
As we rode on that perfect day,
The brown birds piping from the hill;
The crickets had it their own way.
I wondered, marvelled, marvelled much,
Was she of Texan growth? Was she
Of Saxon blood, that boasted such
Eternal constancy?

Well, we fell weary with the day.
God's bars of gold across the West
Before us drew and made us stay
Beside a blossomed rill and rest.
But rest I could not. Know I must
The story of my Texan guide:
His dauntless love, enduring trust;
His blest, immortal bride.

The camp-fire blazed, the bronchos grazed,
And belly-deep in bloom and grass
Would blink, as by the bright fire dazed,
O, sniff to smell the panther pass.
The massive Texan stars stood out,
Bright camp-fires of poor, weary souls,
Bound Heavenward. While all about
Couched Peace, with white patrols.

I would not sleep until I knew.
"Now twenty years, my man," said I,
"Is a long time." He turned and drew
A short pipe forth, also a sigh.
"Tis twenty years or more," said he.
"Nay, nay, my honest man, I vow,
I do not doubt that this may be;
But tell, oh! tell me how."

"I would make a poem true and grand;
All Time should note it near and far;
And thy fair virgin, Texan land
Should stand out like a winter star.
America should heed. And then
The doubtful French beyond the sea—
I would make them truer, nobler men
To know how this may be."

"It's twenty years or more," urged he.
"Nay, that I know good friend of mine,
But lead me where this wife may be,
And I a pilgrim at the shrine,
And kneeling, as a pilgrim true—
He scowling shouted in my ear:
"I cannot show my wife to you,
She's dead this twenty year."

—The Independent.

A policeman in Gallon, O., had his shoes stolen from his feet while he slept at his post.

It may be set down as an axiom that when a person grows fat he grows waistful.—*Boston Transcript*.

When a powder magazine blows up, it can, we suppose, be called flash literature.—*New Jersey Enterprise*.

The "fours of habit," said the gambler softly, as he dealt himself all the aces in the pack.—*Boston Star*.

Archimedes invented the slang phrase, "Give us a rest," when he offered to move the world with his lever.

Mr. Earlward Muybridge is lecturing in Boston. His front name is probably an ead-veartisement.—*Lowell Courier*.

"Where are the men of '76?" shrieks an excited exchange. Oh, to Halifax with the men of '76. Give us the women of 23.

Man proposes, God disposes—but it takes a woman with her hair down to be indisposed when anybody calls.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Phosphorus is the striking name of a new color. It will be worn by match-making maninas.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Mr. Gladstone owns a piece of land at Niagara Falls and refuses to sell at any price. He probably has a toll-gate on it.—*Boston Star*.

"Yes, the electric light is a great invention," muttered Flub, as he felt about the door, "an' every keyhole should have one."—*Boston Globe*.

We commend the advertisement of the Pye Harvester Manufacturing Co., on the second page of cover of this issue, to the attention of our readers.

We sneer at the Siamese for worshipping the elephant; but think of the money that is paid here annually just to see it!—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

An English doctor wants everybody to be buried in a wicker casket instead of a plain coffin. He is supposed to be interested in a willow plantation.

Is it right to say, "Coals in Boston are cheap," or "Coal in Boston is cheap?"—*Thomas*. Neither is right, because neither is true.—*Boston Star*.

"Hold the forte, for I am coming!" said the muscular man, as his pals staggered on the stairway under the weight of the piano.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

The reason that aesthetics so admire the stork is that he can stand for hours on one leg and look as though he didn't know anything and didn't want to.—*Somerville Journal*.

It is an undeniable fact that nearly all centenarians are poor and have been poor all their lives. If you wish to live to a good old age, young man, never advertise.—*Boston Star*.

This is the difference between the much talked of speculation in caoutchouc and a game of whist: One is a corner in rubber and the other is a rubber in a corner.—*Lowell Courier*.

It is a blessed good thing to witness a brand new play, because there is no danger of the idiot behind you telling his friend what's going to happen next.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

"Madge:" A woman physician should put not "Dr." but "Dx." after her name. The word "doctor" is Latin and masculine. Its feminine form is "doctrix."—*New York Graphic*.

"And now I ask," said Mr. Talmage, striking the Bible a heavy blow, "what is the distinctive feature of to-day's religious press!" To clip without giving credit, Mr. Talmage.—*Arkansas Traveller*.

When Closephist died his disconsolate widow moaned through her tears, "Well, there is one thing, John never gave me a cross word." "Nor anything else that he wasn't obliged to." murmured Fogg.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Do you subscribe to all the articles of the Athanasian creed?" was asked an old lady. "No, I don't! I can't afford it. There's a collection next week for the convention fund, and I can't do any more," was the reply.

A fashion journal notes a dress of lemon-colored tulle with moire bodice. We don't know anything as to lemon-colored tulle, but feel satisfied that more bodice would fill a long-felt want in full-dress costumes.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Convicts at Dartmoor Prison, in England, make skeleton keys out of the bones of their meat. Nothing could be more appropriate. Their escape by this means reminds us of one of those skeleton leaves.—*Lowell Courier*.

Beauties of the "United States" language: A gentleman was growling about having to pay a bill twice. "Why did you pay it?" asked his companion. "Pay it? I didn't. It was jayhubbled out of me"—*Modern Argo*.

A lunatic in charge of his keeper, while stepping aboard a train the other day, stepped on a banana peel and slid under the car. "Ah!" exclaimed the keeper, "I am like a disabled locomotive, for I've slipped my eccentric."

Heard at the Conundrum Club: "What is the difference between a frigid undulation and a den in a forest?" The prize answer was, "One is a cold wave, and the other is a world cave." Music by the band.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Madame comes to inspect the costume of a tambourine girl which she has ordered for the fancy ball. "It is ravishing, but my husband—will he not find the—the train a trifle short?" "Not at all, madame," replies the modiste, "after I shall present my bill."—*Elevated Railway Journal*.

The papers are boasting of the delicacy of a pair of scales at the New York Assay Office, which are so nicely balanced that the mere writing of a name on the back of one of two pieces of paper exactly alike will turn the scale in its favor. This is equally true, however, of any board of bank directors.—*Lowell Courier*.

EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil

Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.

This Oil is abstracted from a peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as Car-charodon Rondeletii. Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing was discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.50 per bottle.

Hear what the Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much better.

I have been greatly benefited. My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Dey-street, New York, enclosing \$1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—EDITOR OF MERCANTILE REVIEW.

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