

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

ORATION.

Delivered July 4th, by Pop-eyed Caterpillar, of the Ute Nation.

Warriors of my people:

You come together to-day beneath the forest shade to celebrate the white man's anniversary.

It is a proud day for the paleface. It marks the crowding years since he got the bulge on his oppressors. It is the tally by which he reckons the flight of time since he banged the snout of tyranny.

The glorious day is not for the red man.—He feels the thrill of conscious pride and greatness, it is true, but he awakes on the following day to find nothing but vain regret. The joy of the red man is fleeting. It is a hollow mockery, a delusion and a snare. I see the flush mantle in your dark cheeks to-day, but to-morrow it will be a bob-tailed flush.

The patriotism you feel to-day will only give place to depression and gloom. You are now proud, complacent, and drunk. You are brave and highstrung, and heap bad man from away back; but when another sun shall rise upon White river my people will be subdued.

Look at Bran Mash Susan. She comes here to-day clothed as the Goddess of Liberty. She is the fair daughter of the full moon. That is why she is full.

Look at Peeled Nosed Blizzard, the daughter of the whirlwind. She represents the state called by the paleface the Empire state. She is clothed in a flour sack as the emblem of purity. Across her back, in red letters, is the inscription:

SNOWFLAKE
FLOUR.
XXXX.

That is because she is a flower of our tribe.

And yet, she too is as drunk as a billed owl. As her twiny features are turned toward mine, I see that she does not know whether there are two orators or nine addressing this audience.

Look at Vinegar Bitters Pocahontas, clothed in a coffee sack and gloom, she is in the land of slumber. On this day she sleeps the hours away, while the blue-tail fly frolics over her copper colored nose.

We were once a nation of orators. Our people listened to the silvery tones of those who told them of their wrongs and bade them brace up.

Now the shattered remains of a great nation gath'ers in a hot canyon, wrapped in nothing but a brown study, and snores through the tardy hours.

A few more summers and your tale will be told. The red man never weeps. He may suffer, but he scorns to cry like a woman. Pop-Eyed Caterpillar's heart is filled with sorrow for his people but he will not squal. His soul is filled with agony but he will not give way to scalding weep.

Each year we go upon the warpath, but we do no damage. We kill a few consumptives, it is true, but it is not a glittering success. Our warriors are too prone to relent when there is danger near. They spare the paleface who happens to be armed and show mercy to the able-bodied Caucasian with the double barrel shotgun. He always spares the paleface who is loaded.

Once we went upon the warpath to protect our devoted squaws. Then they were fair to look upon, and brave and true. We gladly faced death to show our devotion to the bronzo beauties of our nation.

Now it is not so. Times have changed. The maidens and matrons are not beautiful. They have ruined their complexions with fat pork and whiskey. You can purchase a whole herd of them at five cents a bunch.

Most of them would stop a clock with their wild, peculiar beauty. Look at Coyote Kate, who walked away with the clam shell bracelets voted to the most beautiful belle of the White River agency.

Her nose is three quarters of an inch out of plumb, and she has a wart over her nose like a moss agate.

Warriors, must we lay down our lives in order that we may leave a widow who wears cavalry pants, and whose cooing voice sounds like the sad refrain of a plaining mill?

I throw not.

When we die and are laid to rest beneath the cottonwood in the valley, we want to be mourned over by brown-eyed gazelles whose general appearance will not kill the vegetation.

We cannot give up our heart's blood for wives and sweethearts with feet like a sugar cured ham, and hair like the soft tresses of a bald-headed shoe brush.

The only hope for our tribe is for each warrior to plight his troth to one of these club-footed damsels and then rush madly into battle, that they may climb the golden stair, and thus evade their horrid fate.

If there be aught that would nerve our flagging warriors to brave death and destruction it is this.

A BOLD, BAD BOY.

Perhaps the following is not founded on fact. We have endeavored to make it so, and will at the outset disclaim any intention to deceive the public.

An Omaha youth professed great affection for a young lady schoolmate of his and frequently alluded to her as his individual "huckleberry." A coolness, however, sprang up between them, and his anxious mother, seeing the fresh color of youth fading daily away from his wasted cheeks, sought and obtained an interview with the young Adonis, in which ensued the following colloquy:—

"Now, Erastus, I would like to inquire the reason of your apparent melancholy."

"Well, you see, Matilda's weakened on me."

"Weakened! What do you mean?"

"She's shook me."

"Shook you! How could she shake a great boy like you?"

"Why, don't you twig the thing? She's give me away."

"Give you away—to whom?"

"Yes, she went back on me and tumbled to a long chap with a red goatee."

"My son, your language is utterly inexplicable to me. Cannot you give me a more clear account of the disagreeable subject?"

"Well, I'll try. You see Matilda is a nobby sort of a dulciana, and as most of the chaps were rather sweet on her, I kinder thought it would be a soft thing to go for her on my own account, and get her to sack some of those low down snides who are always on the bilk and never do the square thing anyway. Well, Matilda waltzed right into the game and we just slid right along for a spell till Boliver Mason struck the town, and then she soured on me. You remember when old Cauliflower turned up his toes and they planted him? Well, ever since then Matilda has thrown off on me, so I've concluded to brace up and strike for a new deal. The fact is, when you get to bed-rock in a girl's affections, it ain't no use prospecting any further. I jumped the game and now call for a new lead. Money talks, and a fellow might as well pull down his vest and button up his lip. Some other time I'll rent a hall and tell you all about it. The jig is up, and I ain't the fellow to squal on her. Matilda is as gay as a peach, and I ain't a-going to get at all spooney. If you talk it over with Susan, don't sling in too much chin music, but give us a rest; matters will come out all hunkey."

The good woman wilted.—*Omaha Rem.*

A check for beer is not a check for bier.

SOLEMN SUGGESTIONS.

Give sparingly of everything but advice. Advice doesn't cost anything.

Don't respect a man unless you have to. If you're of that stripe you have to soon enough for all practical purposes.

Don't go to church if the sky looks threatening. It might rain, and it is not necessary to go to church when it rains.

Always attend to all the parties to which you're invited, but don't reciprocate by giving a party occasionally. Its expensive.

If you are the smallest frog in the pond increase your croak. It will attract attention to you and give everybody a chance to see how little and insignificant you are.

Read all your private correspondence to your friends. Of course it will bore them, but show your importance up in a manner to please at least yourself.

If a young lady condescends to give you her photograph, show it to everybody you meet. The young lady will appreciate your regard for her self-respect.

Always make yourself heard at a public meeting. Interfere with all the arrangements, bust the thing wide open, pay no attention to decency and respect for the rights of others, but go in and make yourself prominent, and everybody will despise you as heartily as soul could wish.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Dog days are a curse to the canine race.

Found in a fit—the man with a new suit of clothes.

Approaching a crisis—walking towards a restless girl baby.

When a cat is in market she should be sold at so much purr pound.

Why is one vegetable like milk?—Because it belongs to the pump-kin.

"I feel a little soar about this," said the young bird after trying its wings.

The man who was buried alive found himself living in straitened circumstances.

The fellows that never objects to being let down—the fellow that is being strung up.

If a smoker were to chew up his cigar and swallow it that would be a cigarette, would it?

"I'm down to bed-rock at last," said a tramp as he laid down to sleep on a pile of soft gravel.

Court plaster is what they call kissing girls. The custom will no doubtless stick for a long while.

Glass eyes are made so cleverly now-a-days that even the wearer can't see through the deception.

Every dog must have his day, we know; but it seems as if the distribution need not begin as early as this.

It's the bad boy near the river without any clothes on who laughs in his sleeve, paradoxical as it may seem.

Soubrette:—"How is the prettiest way to hold the hand?" Why, so the other side can't see what cards you've got.

Explorations at Lima, Peru, have developed the remains of another city beneath it, as sub-Lima a city as you ever saw.

Every kitchen in town is running an opposition shop to the cunning establishments. It jars a barrel of sugar berry bad.

"And wilt thou love me, dear," he said,

"Wilt love me, fond and true?"

As on his breast, she laid her head,

Their collars wilted too.

He sat in front of the battery, and, with a serene smile, he remarked, "Electricity is life, and I'm going to try it anyhow." He then took the positive pole in his left hand, and with his right he applied the negative to his back-bone, puckered his mouth like a triangle, said "ouch," and fainted.