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THE INDIAN CLOWN

Once upon a time there lived a very frolicsome clown. This clown, like a great many other clowns, had a wife and this clown was put to it very much at times to make buckle and tongue meet, as the saying goes; so one gloomy day the squaw reported to her lord a scarcity of the great American meat hog. This clown had no bank account. In fact there was no bank in the Indian country, but there were several razor-backs, a self-sharpener and wind-splitter breed of hogs, in the country. He, the clown, after learning of his wife's wants went out under a friendly black-jack tree and thought and thought. Finally he decided that the world owed him a living and a few hogs included, so he got down his brindle-stock rifle that his fore-fathers captured from Jackson's soldiers during the engagement in the Horse Shoe Bend and quietly slipped out in

the woods to look up the aforesaid breed of hogs.

He being a fine hunter and good shot was not long in having one of the animals weltering in its own blood, as the novel writers say. There being no hot water in the wild woods he spat on his hands, shouldered the critter and took the nearest way home. His squaw was an expert at warming water without scorching the water. A large kettle was soon put on the camp fire and the water began to seethe, but about this time the hunter and clown cast his eyes in the direction of his neighbor's and beheld afar off his neighbor coming in his direction. He ran in the tepee, brought out his only jeans quilt and enveloped the deceased hog and proceeded to make his neighbor, who turned out to be the true owner of the hog, believe that the clown had a patient who was very sick, and he, the clown, was trying to drive away the evil spirit by sweating the patient and singing around the kettle of hot water.

The owner of the hog, like all other Indians, was in no hurry and sat around a great while. After about a couple of hours the clown approached the deceased on the blind side of the hog owner and

in a very sympathetic manner asked if he, she or it was perspiring any yet? If he, she or it was there would be some hope for he, she or it. This was good doctoring but there was too much hog meat involved, so the owner went off and reported the clown and all of his cunning, and the clown was arrested by the authorities and after conviction he was lashed without his hickory-s riped shirt 50 lashes. So was his squaw blessed likewise.

Sometime after this an old innocent buck asked this clown how he come out of the hog business. The clown returned for answer thus: "Why we came out 'way ahead, in fact, me and my squaw came out 100 ahead."

The old Indian buck said, "Why you did well. You can buy several cows and calves with that much cash."

The innocent buck thought the clown had sued and won \$100 for defamation of character.

CHAS. GIBSON.