

JOKES AND JOKERS.

SOME OF THE FUN AND FUNMAKERS
OF BYGONE DAYS.

From Diogenes to More Modern Men—The English Furnish Rather a Heavy Class of Humor—Inexhaustible Supply of Irish Bulls.

There is more real humor in a modern clodhopper than in an ancient philosopher. The jokes that have come down to us from Greece are mostly poor stuff, but college boys are glad to get any comfort at all from root grubbing, and therefore they laugh at Diogenes and Aristophanes. It is said that the old cynic begged a tub to live in and toted this about where he liked and squatted under it when he pleased. When Alexander called on him in this palatial residence, he asked what he could do for him. "Get out of my sunlight," said Diogenes. That was tolerably good, but uncivil. The nasty old cub with his tub could be duplicated by a thousand tramps in America any day, and many of them are doubtless nastier and smarter. Plato is said to have preached fatality. When a rogue ran against him with a beam and excused himself as "fated to do it." "Yes," said Plato, "I see, but I also am fated to beat you for it," and gave the fellow a good caning. For sportiveness Horace was the most pleasing of the ancients, but his verses are very amatory and some of them more suggestive than a French play. Charles Lamb is worth 20 of him, only that Horace could be a poet when he chose of a different sort. Homer's picture of Thersites is the oldest burlesque that I remember. A joke coming down from 1000 B. C. ought to be pretty good. Will M. Quad last as long?

English joking is generally heavy. Here is one told by James Payn. A witness in a slander case swore that Miss Iles was thrown over the wall a dozen times. "What?" said the judge. "Who was Miss Iles, and why did they throw her over?" It was missiles. I cannot see anything so very funny in Sydney Smith's wishing he could, on a certain hot day, take off his flesh and sit in his bones. But Hood and Charley Lamb are a brace that no one ought ever to be without. I have given up trying to keep a complete set of either. They are borrowed and relished, and, I suppose, read to pieces.

Hood was capital in every direction he turned, whether pathos, satire, pun or pure joking. His taking off of celebrated characters was as good, as anything. You should first read Boswell's "Johnson" and then read Hood's "Johnsonian." But does anybody read Boswell nowadays? Alas for once famous books! Hood, says Johnson, was once consulted by a lady as to the degree of turpitude and spanking due her boy for robbing an orchard. "Madam," said the ponderous doctor, "it all hangs on the weight of the boy. I remember my school friend, Davy Garrick, who was a little fellow, robbing a dozen orches with impunity, but the very first time I climbed an apple tree, for I was always solid, the bough broke, and it was called a judgment on me. I suppose that is why justice is represented with a pair of scales."

Sheridan was the best of jokers, but half that is attributed to him is floating wit that needed a father. It is probably true that he asked his roistering but bighorn crew one night whether they should drink like beasts or like men. Some one said, "Men, of course." "Oh, then," cried Sheridan, "we'll get awful drunk, for beasts only drink what they need."

Irish wit is famous the world over. Part of it consists in the brogue, but it is rare that an Irishman has not surprises of speech, in which consists the wit of the highest order. Le Fanu, in his "Seventy Years of Irish Life," has collected a great deal that is delicious. A witness that was badgered by a lawyer was asked, "You're a nice fellow, now, ain't you?" Witness answered, "I am, sir, and if I were not on oath, sir, I'd say the same of you." Another witness was asked by a bullying counsel, "So you had a pistol?" "I had, sir." "Who did you intend to shoot?" "I won't intend to shoot no one." "So you got it for nothing?" "No, I didn't." "Come, come! On your oath, what did you get that pistol for?" "For three and ninepence, sir, in Mr. Richardson's shop."

The Irish bull is often better than any deliberate wit. Sir Richard Steele insisted these bulls were owing to the air of the country, "and, sir," he added, "if an Englishman was born here, I don't doubt he'd do the same." In a debate on taxation an Irish member of parliament insisted that "a tax on leather would press heavily on the barefooted peasantry." Sir Boyle Roche replied they could "make the under-leathers of wood." The same Sir Boyle urged the union of England and Ireland, so that "the barren hills would become fertile valleys." In another debate he answered, "I boldly answer in the affirmative—No!" He was author of "You should refrain from throwing open the floodgates of democracy, lest you should pave the way for a general conflagration." At a race an Irishman was delighted because he was "first at last." When they laughed, he added, "Sure, wasn't I behind before?" One day a friend of Bishop Bramstone approached him with the remark that he wanted "a wife, young, rich and pretty," and he wanted the bishop to pick her out for him. "Tut, tut!" said the bishop. "My name is Bramstone, not Brimstone! I do not make matches!" E. P. Powell in St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

What May Be.

Old Fashioned Passenger (awakening suddenly from a doze)—I beg your pardon for not seeing you standing, madam. Please take my seat. Woman Conductor (shaking him again)—Say, uncle, how much longer are you going to keep me waiting for your fare?—Chicago Tribune.

It is supposed that the fashion among women of reading the final pages of a novel first is due to their predilection for the last word.—Boston Transcript.

SPOUSE OF A SIOUX PRINCESS.

Charles P. Jordan, Cousin of General Custer and a Typical Border Scout.

The queen of the Sioux is the wife of a white man. Neither of them is or has any reason to be ashamed of it. Red Cloud, without question the greatest Indian chief of this generation, gave her away at the altar on the Sioux reservation. The Sioux's husband is Charles P. Jordan, brother of Lieutenant Colonel Jordan, United States army, a cousin of General Custer and one of the most tried representatives of the government in the Indian country. He bears the honor of being the only white man who was ever elected a member of the Sioux council. In their days of power, before hardly a single white face had been seen west of the Missouri river, the Dakotas (Sioux) were one nation, ruled by one chief. The last of this autocratic dynasty was Old Smoke, who died in 1859 after seeing his people pushed westward and his power curtailed. Although the husband of more than one squaw, he left but one child, a tiny girl, who could hardly coo when Old Smoke got ready to float upward to the happy hunting grounds. When dying, he took her in his arms and named her The Beautiful Woman, and so she has since been known. The Beautiful Woman was a princess. She did no work, but learned of missionaries, scoured dog meat and kept her nails trimmed and her glorious black hair plaited and combed. She grew to womanhood, high spirited, proud and capricious—an ideal squaw. But as no ideal chief came to woo her she secured an alliance with any common member of the tribe.

Young Jordan, a tall, bright eyed fellow of good education and address, came west as clerk to the Indian agent at Pine Ridge. He fell in love with the princess, and his love was reciprocated by the Sioux maiden. And so they were married by a priest in stole and surplice and with all the formalities of the white man's laws and customs. The big Sioux chiefs came from miles around to attend the wedding, the army officers from the neighboring posts jingled their spurs in the Old Virginia reel, which followed the benediction, and the pretty Sioux queen has since been plain Mrs. Jordan. A bevy of black eyed children bless the alliance. Charles P. Jordan, the Sioux queen's husband, has lived on the frontier for many years. He is still in his prime, and his adventures would fill a book—or several of them. He has been scalped, shot full of arrows, has been tortured and even condemned to death by the hostiles. Thirty miles from Rosebud agency he has a fine farm and stock ranch, well wooded with oak, elm, ash and box elder. There is a big orchard of cultivated fruits close by and a series of artificial dams down the valley, in which beavers are encouraged to construct their own peculiar fortifications.—Sioux City Journal.

Crazed Engineers.

Insanity is very frequent among railway employees. Two dramatic illustrations can be mentioned. There is living in New Jersey, not far from Philadelphia, a man who for many years was the foremost passenger engineer between New York and Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania railroad. He ran all the specials and best trains, and in 10 years never had an accident. One night in the gleam of the headlight he saw a woman. He had only time to see her hands raised and to hear her cry, and before he could put his hand upon the lever he felt a jerk under the wheels and knew that all was over. Since that night he has never been on an engine. For months he did not sleep and later became practically insane, but only on the one point of seeing and hearing the woman his engine killed. Now he goes about harmlessly and aimlessly, but he has to be kept away from railroads, and in his frugal sleep he awakes with cries and paroxysms of horror. The other case is that of a man who was conductor of a train on the Camden and Amboy, whose train had an accident. He came out all right himself, but it preyed so upon his mind that one night he left his home, and going to the point where the accident occurred threw himself in front of a passing train, receiving injuries from which he died.—Philadelphia Times.

The Latest in Letter Writers.

An enterprising country publisher, who has remarked that immense numbers of people suffer from an almost unconquerable repugnance to letter writing, has prepared a special post card for the use of lazy correspondents. The back of the card is divided lengthwise into 10 unequal spaces, and the energies of the reluctant scribe are spurred by the following suggestive headings, one of which is conspicuously printed to the left of each of the divisions: 1. Date. 2. Excuse for not having written sooner. 3. State of health—(a) of self, (b) of family. 4. The writer's recent experiences. 5. News. 6. Family gossip. 7. Questions to be answered in your next. 8. Love to —. 9. Love from—. 10. Signature.—London Tit-Bits.

Bewildering.

"What has become of that man who used to call here so often to see you?" asked Mrs. Eastside of her house servant, a rather good looking girl. "He doesn't come any more to see me since he got married," was the sad reply.

"Oh, he has got married, has he? Whom did he marry?" "Me."—Texas Siftings.

Condensed Correspondence.

Many Philadelphians upon arriving abroad make use of the cable code. The first message usually received by friends and the one that gives the most pleasure is that containing the word "arrival," which means arrived safe and well; good voyage.—Amelia.

What May Be.

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It is supposed that the fashion among women of reading the final pages of a novel first is due to their predilection for the last word.—Boston Transcript.

Are You Going East?

If so, it will pay you to write to A. C. Sheldon, general agent of the "Burlington Route," 230 Washington street, Portland. He will mail you free of charge, maps, time tables, and advise you as to the through rates to any point, reserve sleeping car accommodations for you, and furnish you with through tickets via either the Northern, Union, Southern, Canadian Pacific or Great Northern railroads at the very lowest rates obtainable.

The Burlington route is generally conceded to be the finest equipped railroad in the world for all classes of travel.

Through Trains Without Transfer.

Travellers must not forget that the O. R. & N. line is thoroughly repaired and all trains are running without transfer or delay. Through service to Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago; Pullman sleepers, free reclining chair cars, upholstered tourist sleepers and modern day coaches. Call on O. R. & N. Agent before purchasing tickets, or address W. H. Hurlbert, Gen'l Passager Agent, Portland, Oregon.

Blank note, receipt and order books at the ENTERPRISE office.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

for

Burns,

Caked & Inflamed Udders.

Piles,

Rheumatic Pains,

Bruises and Strains,

Running Sores,

Inflammations,

Stiff joints,

Harness & Saddle Sores,

Sciatica,

Lumbago,

Scalds,

Blisters,

Insect Bites,

All Cattle Ailments,

All Horse Ailments,

All Sheep Ailments,

Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue

Quickly to the Very

Seat of Pain and

Ousts it in a Jiffy.

Rub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment conquers

Pain, Makes Man or Beast well again.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has, by order of the Honorable County Court of Clackamas County, Oregon, for the County of Clackamas, on the 20th day of October, 1894, in a suit wherein Kyle Turner, plaintiff, and A. L. Blanchard and T. N. Estlin, defendants, were defendants, commanding me, in the name of the State of Oregon, to file a bill in the name of the estate of the real estate hereinbefore described, to realize a sum sufficient to satisfy the demands of said decree, to wit: \$10.72, and the further sum of \$25.00 as attorney's fees, and the further sum of \$10.00 costs, together with interest on the same at ten per cent per annum, and also the costs of attending this suit.

Now, therefore, in obedience to such decree, I did, on the 26th day of October, 1894, duly levy upon, and will on Saturday, the 1st day of December, 1894, at the hour of 10 o'clock P. M., in the court house in said county, offer for sale at public auction, to sell to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest the said defendants or either of them have in and to the following described real property, to wit:

Lots 7, 8 and 9, in block 3, Falls View Addition to Oregon City, Clackamas county, Oregon. Dated this 27th day of October, A. D. 1894.

E. C. MADDOCK, Sheriff of Clackamas county, State of Oregon.

By N. M. MOODY, Deputy Sheriff. 11-21-94

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Dated at Oregon City, Oregon, on the 10th day of October, 1894. W. C. JOHNSON, Administrator.

10-11-94

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that I have filed my final report in the matter of the estate of Frank Clegg, deceased, in the County Court of Clackamas County, Oregon, and the court has appointed me as administrator of the estate of Charles Clegg, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate will present them to me on or before six months, at the office of W. C. Johnson, Oregon City, duly verified according to law.

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