

The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON: WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1888. A TRUE HUMORIST.

EVERY one has read a little of R. J. Burdette's humor in the newspapers. It is true, genuine "humor," no cheap wit, or stinging sarcasm, or pointless punning, but that kind of hearty humor which brings tears to the eyes as well as laughter to the mind.

Should Bob Burdette go into the pulpit to-morrow and "preach," doubtless he would deliver good sermons chuck full of the religion of every day life, but we doubt if he would do as much good as he has done as a "humorist" with his hearty, cheery talk on paper, that has braced up many a poor devil and made him feel at least temporarily better.

Here is a little extract clipped from one of his articles in the current number of an eastern paper:

"How much does the fretful, restless, hurrying old world owe to the patient man who finds his strength in quietness and confidence; who can be patient with our faults, our fancies, our wickedness; who can be quiet when the softest word would have a sting; who can wait for storms to blow over and for wrongs to right themselves; who can patiently and silently endure a slight until he has forgotten it; and who can even be patient with himself. That's the fellow, my boy, who tries my patience and strength more than any man else with whom I have to deal. I could get along with the rest of the world well enough if he were only out of it. I can meet all my other cares and enemies bravely and cheerfully enough. But when myself comes to me, with his heart-aches and blunders and stumbling, with his own follies and troubles and sins, somehow he takes all the tack out of me. My strength is weakness and my patience is folly when I come to deal with him. He tires me. He is such a fool. He makes the same stupid blunders in the same stupid way so many times. Sometimes when I think I must put up with him and his ways all my life, I want to give up. And then the next time he comes to me with his cares and the same old troubles, he seems so helpless and penitent that I feel sorry for him and try to be patient with him, and promise to help him all I can once more. Ah, my dear boy, as you grow older that is the fellow that will try and torment you, and draw on your sympathy, and tax your patience and strength. Be patient with him, poor old fellow, because I think he does love you, and yet, as a rule, you are harder on him than on any one else."

Now, to our way of thinking there is about as much sense, pathos, philosophy, and keen insight into human nature in the above excerpt, as is usually found in so many lines, and few can read the extract quoted without agreeing with its general author, as to our need of charity and patience for our own dear selves.

Every cook employed at the imperial palace, Constantinople, recently struck because the wages due them were not forthcoming, whereupon the whole crew was sent into exile for revolt. Now here is where a monarchical form of government comes in. In this "land of the free and the home of the brave" a summer resort cook, single-handed and alone, will strike about dinner time, and the proprietor, so far from attempting to exile him, falls prostrate before the mighty chef, pleads and entreats him to accept an increase of wages if he will only stay, and perhaps closes the scene by he himself going into the kitchen and standing guard over the sizzling steak. If any man has a right to feel that he is a free man in this country, that man is a hotel or restaurant cook, but over there—well, they just keep back wages due and then banish the poor cook in exile, probably to Siberia or elsewhere. American cooks cannot imagine how much they owe to the founders of this republic. This is a country wherein the world stands in awe of the cook, and in which the carving knife is mightier than the sword.

The betting mania is increasing in violence; it is wrong to bet; it is bad to risk money—and lose it; but, somehow, when a fellow human is strutting high and making political prophecies and telling you all about it, and that you are dead wrong, it is a kind of satisfaction now and then to the average man to tell the blusterer that you have six bits, or maybe a dollar, that says he is mistaken.

Electric Bitters. This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at J. C. Dement's.

"IS MARRIAGE A SUCCESS?"

Two Replies to Inquiries by Bill Nye.

Several weeks ago, yielding to the impulse to do most anything I see others do, I prepared and sent out to quite a large number of people a set of questions bearing upon a popular subject and begging a prompt reply.

I wrote the following note for inclosure with the questions:

New York, Oct. 1, 1888.

"Dear Sir, or Madam, according to circumstances:—I beg leave to inclose a brief list of questions which relate to matters of great interest both to yourself and the public. Feeling most earnestly the importance of these matters and that the public might be greatly benefited by their discussion through the columns of the press, I have resolved to prepare this style of home treatment, or treatment by mail, as it might be called, rather than to hazard a call upon you with the hope of a personal interview while you might be otherwise engaged.

"I hope you will give these questions early consideration and not treat them in a light, airy or flippant manner. Write only on one side of each question, spell in a free, off-hand manner, and write with bluing or tincture of maple bark, both of these colors are so restful to the eye. Should you use homemade ink, please cut air-holes in the envelope and wire me in time so that I can meet the letter at the depot accompanied by pall-bearers.

"Make each answer plain and succinct. Make it concise anyway. Use your own style of thought, and if it helps you any to rest your tongue on the table while you write, please do so.

"Inclosed I beg leave to hand post-paid envelopes addressed to myself, which I regard as a delicate tribute to your sterling merit and the value I place upon your opinions.

"We hope to have your answers in by the 10th, at least. Yours truly—

"The questions are as follows:

"1. Is marriage in your case a failure?"

"2. If so, to what do you attribute it?"

"3. What would you suggest as a remedy for the present outlook?"

"4. Is your companion a good reader?"

"5. Do you believe, that in your own case, your union was sanctioned by God or did you run away and get married?"

"6. Did you ever try the 'Want' column of the press as a gentle stimulant, and if so, will you state in your own language how it resulted?"

"7. Do you keep help?"

"These questions were mailed in duplicate to upwards of two hundred people whose names very likely never before appeared in print. I only give a sample or two, but others are on hand and still more are coming in on delayed trains. Should the public seem to take an interest in the matter I may use some more of these letters in the future.

Mr. Gurley T. Gurl, of Perth Amboy, writes:

"Dear Sir: Your kind note was awaiting me on my return last evening. I hasten to reply.

"1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Of marriage I cannot say too much. I was only a floating particle in the great universe until I was wooed and won by her who sits by my side as I pen these lines. I was only a sliver from the great woodpile of creation. I was so aimless, so empty, so hungry for the love of some one who had nothing else to do. I would suggest as a remedy for present conditions, more marriage and less toil. We are too apt to give up our lives to industry, which makes people coarse and generally takes up their time. Marriage is really what we are here for. Marriage cannot mean and is certainly a great boom. My companion is one of the loveliest women on earth. She is also accomplished to beat anything I ever saw. She can hold a conversation with herself in seven different languages, and plays the 'Maiden's Prayer' so that people readily know what it is. I am sure that our union was sanctioned in the way you suggest, though I never use profane language myself. I did not try the 'want' column. I went to the seaside. We do not keep help. We board. At least I think so. We were only married yesterday. If you print this I wish you would say that my wife is a perfect lady and accomplished to a high degree. Also send me eight papers."

Mrs. Shirley Bridgton, of West St. Paul, Minn., writes:

"I do not regard marriage in my own case as a glittering success. It certainly lacks many of the elements of success. People who envy me my lot would not do so if they had to pay taxes on it.

"I attribute the failure of our marriage largely to the personnel of a party named La Fayette Birdington, who married me has resided in his club ever since. La Fayette Birdington labors under the delusion that he is a popular writer and that when he married me he kind of let himself down several notches. He has often said to me that he made a mistake and that his life had been thus wrecked. I told him that I knew he was a wreck, but if I thought I had any hand in it I would be ashamed of myself.

"Mr. Birdington loves to dwell on himself. About the only real pleasure I have in conversing with him consists in drawing him out and getting him to indorse himself. He has always had large bunions on his egotism where it chafed against what he really is.

"I attribute the failure of our marriage to this feature. Mr. Birdington considers me a social clown and seems to regard me mostly in the light of a boarding house keeper who does not have to be paid. He comes home to change his socks, clean his teeth and take his bath. One time he was ill with gastric disturbance brought on by high living at his club. He had to remain at home two weeks, but living on the plain diet I am accustomed to so brought back the flush of health to his wan cheek.

"I could not suggest anything as a remedy in our case unless it would be the arrival at my door of an express wagon conveying the trunk of Mr. Birdington this afternoon and another wagon to-morrow with his brains. Some will say that I am hasty, perhaps, and unjust, but if I'm going to be a widow all my life, in fact, I'd like to have the credit of it. Mr. Birdington has the name of being genial, but at home he swears at me and dares me to touch a hand on him. I've seen enough of his career to know that he is afraid of a man, but he knows he can bluff me, so he overworks his genial disposition among the boys and then scosses me all the time he is at home.

"One time a burglar got into the house and I woke LaFayette up to tell him about it. He got up and went into the attic, where he remained until the burglar went away. Then he came back and accused me of dividing the change in his pockets with the burglar.

"The other questions have nothing to do with my case."—Bill Nye.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

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"I unhesitatingly add my testimony to the great benefits to be derived from Simmons Liver Regulator. I was afflicted for several years with disordered Liver, which resulted in a severe attack of Jaundice. I had good medical attendance, but it failed to restore me to the enjoyment of my former health. I then tried the most renowned physicians of Louisville, Ky., but all to no purpose, whereupon I was induced to try Simmons Liver Regulator. I found immediate benefit from its use, and it ultimately restored me to the full enjoyment of health."

A. H. SHIRLEY, Richmond, Ky. "I most cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from Bilious Attacks or any disease caused by a disordered state of the Liver."—W. R. BERNARD, Kansas City, Mo.

J. H. ZELIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. Price \$1.00.

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