

## Colonel Bunker's Critics Apology

By M. Quad, Copyright 1905 by R. B. McClure.

"It was my custom, sah," said Colonel Bunker as he carefully replaced the glass on the table and elevated his feet—"it was my custom in all perilous moments during the war to place myself at the head of my regiment and wave my sword and call upon my gallant men to follow me to victory or death. I do not go so far as to claim that I originated this custom or practice, but I believe I followed it more closely than any other colonel in the service. When a private



"MEN, THE ENEMY IS IN FRONT OF US!" soldier sees his commanding officer ready to sacrifice his life there can be no hanging back.

"Yes, sah, I would place myself where shot and shell rained the thickest, and after allowing the men time to steady themselves I would wave my sword and utter a few words of fervid eloquence. Then I would wheel and lead them, and it was seldom that victory did not perch upon our banners. She had to perch. There was no getting out of it. When you follow a fervid speech with a dash and a yell something has got to break. The one noted exception was at the second battle of Manassas. My glorious old regiment was placed in a certain position and ordered to hold it until my judgment dictated an advance. We had fought for three hours when the opportune moment arrived. Placing myself in front of the line, I went through the usual waves and then said:

"Men, the enemy is in front of us! Who will follow me until the last one has died or surrendered?"

"I will!" shouted a hundred men, and the next moment we were dashing forward. After we had dashed about eighty rods I began to look for the enemy, but he was not to be found. We kept on for half a mile, but no enemy. We were determined to do or die, sah—do or die—and we continued charging ahead and thinking of our forefathers who died at Lexington and Bunker Hill until we had gone two miles. It then transpired that there was no enemy for ten miles in that direction, and after a rest we returned.

"I am sorry to say that our gallant dash was misconstrued in certain quarters. The brigadier, for instance, said he couldn't make out why we should go charging all over the country after an enemy that was close at hand. I repeated the words of my fervid address to him, but it was no go. I told him of our wish to die for our country, but he only smiled. At length, sah, at length when he became sarcastic I remarked that he was my superior officer and outside of any challenge from me, but if we both lived to the end of the war he would be forced to meet me on the field of honor. For my words I was put under arrest for two weeks.

"Colonel Johnson of my own brigade was another who did not understand the situation. It was just at the time blackberries were ripe, and would you believe, sah, that he had the impudence to ask me if I had taken my regiment on a little trip to gather the succulent fruit? I had him challenged within five seconds, but in going to the field selected I fell over a stone and injured my back so that I was laid up for a month. At the end of that time Colonel Johnson was drafted into another regiment, and we did not meet again until all was over. Then he came up to me one day with outstretched hand and said:

"Colonel Bunker, I have had almost three years in which to think that thing over, and I have come to the conclusion that blackberries had nothing to do with it. I think you were inspired altogether by heroism and that if you had found the enemy he would have been slain to the last man. Forget the words spoken years ago, sah—forget them."

"I had to forget them, sah. You can't force a man to fight you after he has apologized. It was only a few weeks later when I met the brigadier. The war was over, and he had gone to keeping a grocery. I walked in on him one day, but before I could make a remark he came bustling forward to say: "Colonel Bunker, I am glad to see you, sah—mighty glad. When you wanted to die for your country at second Manassas and made a dash of three miles in hopes to find some one to kill you I did not exactly appreciate the sentiment nor the situation. I have given them much thought since, and I have come to the conclusion that you

were right—no' than right. Accept my hand, sah, and let us bury the hatchet." "Those were his words, sah, while his demeanor was in consonance with them. And what could I do but shake his hand and order twenty pounds of sugar sent to my house as a clincher?"

"Another of my critics was Majah Hoke. The majah insisted that my wish to die for my country had nothing to do with it; that I had been ordered to hold a certain position and that it was my duty to do it; that it looked more like leading a regiment out to play a game of baseball than to fight and other remarks that cut deep. I could not challenge him, he being my inferior, but I tweaked his nose for him and stated that if he would challenge me I would waive the difference in rank.

"The majah was all ginger, sah. He had the challenge ready in ten minutes, and all was arranged to meet next morning. Each was fully determined to kill the other, but we were not to meet. That night while he was going the rounds of the pickets he was so badly kicked by an army mule that he was sent to the hospital. A few days later he was gobbled up by the enemy and held prisoner to the end of the war. I met him on the streets of this town a year later. I was about to glare at him and pass him by when he held up his hand for me to halt and said:

"Colonel Bunker, I have come to the conclusion that my words of years ago were uncalculated. You were put in a certain place to exercise your best judgment, and whatever you did was right. I wish to recall those words, sah, and I wish you to accompany me around the corner and take a nip in honor of the renewal of our friendship."

"It was a time when all men were burying their animosities, and the majah and I soon buried ours. I then had only one more man to deal with. He had been lieutenant colonel in my brigade, and it had so happened that we had played poker together on many occasions. It had also happened, as it will sometimes, that I had most always been the winner. The colonel was a gentleman, sah, as well as a soldier, but his losses rankled a bit.

"When my trouble came he remarked that I was probably leading my regiment in search of a four ace hand, and when I called on him and demanded an apology he refused to make one. I waived the difference in rank and challenged him. He promptly accepted. As both of us wished to have the affair over with at the earliest possible moment we went out within the hour. As both of us were dead shots it was predicted that there would be a double tragedy, but there was a roaring farce instead.

"We entered a meadow well beyond the lines and were about to take positions when we discovered that we had stirred up a nest of bumblebees. The insects attacked us with fury, and both of us were stung repeatedly before we could make our escape. The humor of the thing appealed to each man, and a few judicious words from the seconds brought about a reconciliation.

"I had determined to play no more poker with the colonel, but at his earnest and repeated solicitations I did relieve him of small sums at regular intervals for the next year or two. A good soldier and a game man, sah, but not up on the points of the great American game. That's all, sah—that's all."

And when the cocktail was brought he drank it at a gulp and was soon nodding in sleep. M. QUAD.

### A Standing Rule.

Jones had just run over to see if Mr. and Mrs. Blank would go to the theater with them. Mrs. Blank was awfully sorry—she would so much like to go, but, unfortunately, Blank was out. But probably he was at the club. She would telephone. The following conversation ensued:

"Main 31,333, please. Hello! Is this the — club? Is my husband there? Hello! Not there? Sure? Well, all right, then. But hold on. How do you know? I haven't even told you my name."

"There ain't nobody's husband here—never!" was the wise attendant's reply. —New York World.

### Explained.

Mrs. Housekeep—"You're a big, healthy man. Why don't you go to work?"

Weary Walker—"Lady, I'll tell yer me trouble, I'm an 'unhappy medium.'"

Mrs. Housekeep—"What do you mean by that?"

Weary Walker—"Well, yer see, I'm too heavy fur light work an' too light fur heavy work."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Man's Unreasonableness.

is often as great as woman's. But Thos. S. Austin, Mgr. of the "Republican" of Leavenworth, Ind., was not unreasonable, when he refused to allow the doctors to operate on his wife, for female trouble. "Instead," he says, "we concluded to try Electric Bitters. My wife was then so sick she could hardly leave her bed, and five (5) physicians had failed to relieve her. After taking Electric Bitters, she was perfectly cured, and can now perform all her household duties." Guaranteed by Charles Rogers, druggist, price 50c.

## An Appreciative Audience.

THE circus doesn't come along as often as I'd like. An' fun is somethin' as a rule that's mighty hard to strike. But when Bill Jones comes courtin'—well, I simply want to say The way my sister acts will beat a circus any day.

She shakes his hand away up high an' says, "Why, howdy do!" The same as if she didn't see him every day or two. An' then he tries to answer back an' chokes an' has to cough. An' I'm a-laughin' fit to kill while sister's showin' off.

She talks 'bout books that's wrote in French, an' he says, "Yes, indeed!" A cookbook is the only kind I ever saw her read.

Her face looks fine by gaslight, an' you bet I wouldn't care To tell him 'bout the freckles that are hidden somewhere there. She plays on the piano, crosses hands an' then she sighs.

An' looks like she saw angel forms a-floatin' from the skies. She yells at me all day, but when Bill calls her voice gets soft.

An' mushy like. It's simply great when sister's showin' off.

I wouldn't mind a bit to see her comin' it so strong. Provided she was only jes' the same the whole day long. But when she's cross as tacks an' tries to act as sweet as pie It strikes me as so humorous that I've got to laugh or die.

An' when he gently holds her hand I'm tempted to let slip The fact that she kin hit most hard enough to sink a ship.

I know it ain't the proper thing to sneer at folks an' scoff. But, honest, boys, it's funny when my sister's showin' off! —Washington Star.

### Bilious Attack Quickly Cured.

A few weeks ago I had a bilious attack that was so severe I was not able to go to the office for two days. Failing to get relief from my family physician's treatment, I took three of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and the next day I felt like a new man.—H. C. Bailey, Editor of the News Chapin, S. J. C. These tablets are for sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

### He Bolted the Door.



—Boston Globe.

### Secrets of the Craft.

Customer (inspecting the sample the waiter has brought him)—How do you distinguish your clam chowder from plain vegetable soup? Walter—We have different labels on the kettles, sir. Wish any coffee?—Chicago Tribune.

### Constipation.

Health is absolutely impossible, if constipation be present. Many serious cases of liver and kidney complaint have sprung from neglected constipation. Such a deplorable condition is unnecessary. There is a cure for it. Herbine will speedily remedy matters. C. A. Lindsay, P. M., Bronson, Fla. writes, Feb. 12, 1892: "Having used Herbine, I find it a fine medicine for constipation. Sold by Frank Hart.

### Discrimination.

Mrs. Hauskeep—My servant girl doesn't know very much; she's equally careless with the fine china and the common.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—My girl shows considerable intelligence. Mrs. Hauskeep—Yes? Mrs. Hiram Offen—Yes; she's most careless with the fine china.—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Best Liniment on Earth.

Henry D. Baldwin, Supt. City Water Works, Shullsburg, Wis. writes: "I have tried many kinds of liniment, but I have never received much benefit until I used Ballard's Snow Liniment for rheumatism and pains. I think it the best liniment on earth." 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Sold by Hart's drug store.

### Helpful Girl.

"What a big girl you're getting to be, Edith! I suppose you help your mother about the house a great deal." "Oh, yes. Whenever mother says to me, 'Do get out of my way,' I do it."—Philadelphia Press.

### His Opinion.

She—I don't see why people who are engaged should not get along without quarreling. He—Yes. They might wait until they are married.—New York Press.

The price of a pretty face is \$1.00—three packages of Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Brings red lips, bright eyes and lovely color. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Sold by Frank Hart, druggist.

The Astorian, 75 cents a month.

## NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the registration looks of the city of Astoria, for the primary nominating election to be held in this city on Monday the 13th day of November, 1905, will be opened at the Auditor's office in the city hall, on Monday the 23rd day of October, 1905, and will close for said primary election on the 7th day of November, 1905, at the hour of 4 o'clock p. m., said registration books will be again opened on Thursday the 16th day of November, 1905, for the general election to be held in this city on Wednesday the 13th day of December, 1905, and will close on Saturday, the 9th day of December, 1905, at 4 o'clock p. m. All persons must register in order to be entitled to vote.

Dated, Astoria, Oregon, October, 21st, 1905.

OLOF ANDERSON, Auditor and Police Judge of the city of Astoria.

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