

BUNKER TALKS SOME

Colonel Can't Forget the Good Old Days of Duello.

RECALLS MANY HARD FIGHTS.

His Trouble With Captain Gilders, as Well as Others, Came About Over a Simple Matter, but Honor Had to Be Preserved.

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"If I should say to you, sub," began Colonel Bunker as he got a rest for his feet on the railing of the veranda—"if I should say to you that it was a cloudy day and you should reply that the heavens were without a cloud, we should soon be calling each other liar and indulging in a vulgar squabble. That's the difference between these days and the good old days of the duello. There was no calling names then or resorting to flattery. The popular idea is that men fought be-



"COLONEL BUNKER, IT IS PIGWEED."

cause they were enemies and thirsted for each other's blood. Never was there a greater mistake.

"I was recalling my sixty-eight duels last night, sub, and I found that forty-six of them came about through simple misunderstandings and because of no enmity whatever. For instance, some years after the war I was relating how I put myself at the head of my regiment and charged at Gettysburg. What I said to my men was, 'Now, then, gallant men, follow me. Majah Bascomb was one of my audience, and he, at once took exceptions to my language. He contended that I should have said, 'Now, gentlemen, if you please, we will now charge.' I stuck for my point and he for his, and the result was that he called me out. We chatted and laughed on the field, and as I ran him through the shoulder I was never in better nature in my life. "I was sitting on a hotel veranda one day with Judge O'Connor. The judge and I lived next door to each other and had been friends for years. As we talked away he observed that 'owing to a combination of circumstances' so and so had resulted. He meant 'combination' of course, and I took the liberty of correcting him. "Colonel Bunker, I said 'combination,' he said as he turned to me. "You did, judge, but you meant 'combination.' "I insist that I was right in the word. "And I insist that you were wrong. Met the Judge at Sunrise. "The judge challenged me, and we met at sunrise next morning. I wounded him in the thigh, and he pricked me in the arm, all in the best of good nature, sub. That evening we were sitting together in the same old chummy way. That first duel led to a second. Five years after we had fought he stopped me on the street one day to say: "Colonel Bunker, I wish to apologize to you. "For what, pray? "I was wrong about that word, and you were right. "I knew you were, judge. "Then, sub, I challenge you. "But for what? "For knowing that you were right! "And we went out and fought, sub, and this time I gave the judge the point so strongly that he was laid up for six weeks. There was the case of Senator Sloane. We were hunting together in the fields one day when he remarked how singular it was that a rabbit's fore legs were the longest. "You mean hind legs, senator," I corrected. "Fore legs, sub. "Hind legs? "Colonel Bunker, I will send a friend to you this evening. Fought Like Gentlemen. "And he did, and when we met next morning he had the luck to wound me in the shoulder and to escape all harm himself. I bore him no more ill will than before. We had simply differed and fought it out like gentlemen. "Another case. I was walking on the streets of my native town with Captain Gilders. We had just had a nip together and were the best of friends. In calling my attention to the condition of the street he called a burdock a pigweed. Knowing that he had misspoken himself, I should have let it pass, but I was foolish enough to correct him. He at once bent over the plant and said: "Colonel Bunker, it is a pigweed. "Captain Gilders, it is a burdock. "A pigweed, sub."

"A burdock, sub."
"Two hours later a friend of his called upon a friend of mine, and next morning there was a duel. As near as I can recollect, we were both wounded, but it made not the slightest difference with our friendship. "On an occasion, sub—on an occasion I was sitting in front of the postoffice with Majah Goodwin. A negro woman passed us and went into the office. I observed that her shoes could not be over No. 2's. The majah said they were fours if not larger. "But it can't be, majah. "But it surely is, colonel. "I say twos. "And I say fours or better. "This time the challenge was from me. There was a covert sneer in the majah's tones, a sort of doubt of my judgment of the size of a female foot, and I was irritated thereby. He was expecting my challenge and promptly accepted it, and next morning he lodged a bullet in my leg. He is living yet, and our friendship has continued unbroken. I may say in passing that the size of the negro woman's foot was No. 8. "Almost one of my last duels was fought with a merchant who was a fellow passenger in a South Carolina stage. In fact, we were the only ones. As we rode along in the dust and heat he fell asleep and snored. After he had roused up I also fell asleep, but whether I snored or not is a puzzle to this day. When a jolt had awakened me the gentleman smiled and said: "Sub, you are a good snorer. "Sub, you are the same," I smilingly replied. "But I never snore. "Neither do I. "Sub! "Sub! "And at the next village, reached half an hour later, we descended from the coach, borrowed pistols and had a couple of shots at each other. My bullet raked his skull, and his wounded me in the foot, and then we became the best of friends. Before we parted we tacitly admitted that under the circumstances we might possibly have been guilty of snoring. "As a last case, sub, I will mention that of Colonel Davis. As we were coming out of the cotehouse one day a dawg bit him and ran away. "Dawg gone a yellow dawg!" shouted the colonel as he danced around. "But this was a brindle dawg. "It was yellow. "It was brindle. "Colonel Bunker, I insist upon yellow. "Majah Davis, I insist upon brindle. "Of course he sent his friend. He could do no less. We met at sunrise, and both were wounded, and the first thing we did after sheathing our rapiers was to shake hands—no enmity, no thirst for blood, but just fighting to preserve our honor." M. QUAD.

Grown Scarcer.
"People don't seem to see as many sea serpents as they used to," remarked the guest.
"No," answered the summer landlord. "I don't know whether to attribute it to local option or the pure food law."—Washington Star.

The Exceptions.
"Your wife has occasional fits of bad temper, I'm told."
"Oh, you've been misinformed!"
"Indeed!"
"Yes. She has semioccasional fits of good temper."—Catholic Standard and Times.

At the Billville Dance.
"Sal, will you dance this dance with me?"
"No, Bill; I done promised Jim."
"That's all right, Sal. Jim's busy jest now. Somebody stole his razor an' spiked his shotgun."—Atlanta Constitution.

Appropriate Title.
New Arrival—Why in the world does every one around this hotel address that man as "his nibe?" Is he some high mogul?
Hotel Clerk—No, sir. He is a pen manufacturer.—Detroit Tribune.

Keeping Up the Interest.
Fuddy—Do you think there is anything immoral in dancing?
Duddy—No, I don't know that I do; but, then, somebody has to say there is now and then in order to keep dancing in fashion.—Boston Transcript.

Different.
"Dawdler plays golf so well he ought to be a professional."
"Yes, I suggested it to him, but he says nothing would induce him to work so hard in hot weather."—Detroit Free Press.

After Big Game—and Little.
"Oh, Willie, wot yer goin' ter shoot?"
"Indiana, of course! You didn't suppose I was goin' out to hunt sparrows, did you?"—New York World.

The Bargain.
Father—How do you like your new mamma, Elsie?
Elsie—Well, I won't complain this time if you will let me choose the next one.—Fleegende Blatter.

Two of a Kind.
"Come, come," cried the brusque and hustling real estate man, "why do you pay rent when you might own a home?"
"I—I don't pay rent," replied the startled stranger.
"Then you own a home?"
"N-no."
"That's strange. May I ask your business?"
"I'm a real estate dealer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two of a Kind.
"Oh, George," sighed the lovesick maiden, "I'm sure I'm not worthy to be your wife."
"Well," replied George wearily, "I'm not worthy to be your husband, so we're just about evenly matched."—Philadelphia Press.

To the Strict Letter.
"Mary," said the lady of the house, "you didn't put any salt in this bread."
"But," replied the new girl, "didn't the master say yesterday he wouldn't have nothing but fresh bread on his table, mum?"
The colors on the artist's palette make no show, but when they are spread on the canvas we see their beauty.—Gelkie.



A DRAGON HUNT.
It Took Place in Turkey and Was a Great Success.
"Yes, I must hunt dragons, and the hunt was successful, too," said a sailor.
"It was in Eyoub, the native quarter of old Constantinople. I lived there with my wife, a Circassian gal, Fatmah by name, and comin' home from the calf one night"—
"Calf?"
"Sure! Calf. Don't you know what a calf is? Kind of restaurant where you eat and drink and smoke. But where was I?"
"You were coming home."
"Well, as we come home from the calf Fatmah grabbed my arm, pointed to the moon and give a loud yell. The full moon behind the domes and minarets was gone into an eclipse. I laughed, but Fatmah says:
"A dragon, O my beloved," she says, "is tryin' to favour the moon!" she says. "If the faithful slay it not, there will be no more moonlight," says she—"never!"
"Then, by tar, begun the biggest racket I ever hear. All Eyoub was on a dragon hunt. From every housetop the faithful fired blunderbusses at the moon in the hope of killin' the dragon.
"When we got home I tried to explain to Fatmah what an eclipse was, but she thought I was laughin' at her. So I gave up my explanations, and, with a pistol, each of us joined in the hunt, bangin' away at the dragon from the window turn and turn about.
"By crinos, we got him! The hunt was a success! The dead dragon dropped off the moon, and she floated, round and silvery wunst more, above the palms and minarets standin' black agin the pale sky.
"Fatmah claimed it was her shot what landed him, but I was always convinced it was my own."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE TREATY TREE.
Where Penn and the Delaware Chiefs Exchanged Tokens.
The "treaty tree," the original American Hague, where our first peace congress was held, with William Penn on the one side and the Delaware chiefs on the other, was a mighty elm that stood at Shackamaxon, on the banks of the Delaware river. Kensington, one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, now surrounds the spot.
As was customary on such occasions, the parties to the treaty exchanged belts of wampum, and the belt said to have been given Penn on this occasion is now in the collection of the Pennsylvania Historical society. It consists of eighteen strings of black and white beads, and in the center are two figures, representing a European and an Indian, with hands joined in friendship. In exchanging tokens with the chiefs Penn said:
"The friendship between you and me I will not compare to a chain, for that might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. We are all one flesh and blood." When the Indians handed Penn the wampum belt of peace they said:
"We will live in love and peace with William Penn as long as the sun and the moon shall endure."
The treaty tree was blown down in a windstorm March 10, 1810. Its age, estimated by rings, is 283 years. The William Penn society erected a marble column upon the site as a permanent monument.—Kansas City Star.

THE HYPNOTIC EYE.
And the Man Who Likes to Test it on the Circus Animals.
The man who wants to test the power of the human eye on savage beasts is legion, and he affords no end of amusement for the attendants at the circus, who are always on the lookout for him. Often he may be detected standing before the cage of a lion, gazing intently straight into the eyes of the dignified old beast, who gazes back with indifference and finally shifts his eyes, not because he feels any mystic influence, but because something else has attracted his attention.
A story is told of a man who tried the hypnotic trick on an ostrich. At first the bird crouched down and fluttered his wings nervously, but made no other manifestation for some time. A few hours later the body of the man was found, with the huge bird alternately stamping and sitting on it. Another is told of a man who tried to outgaze a leopard, with the result that the animal made a fierce charge against the bars of his cage and at the man, and the two created a disturbance that brought the attendants hurrying to investigate the trouble.—Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

MEN'S COSTUMES.
The Change That Came When Powder and Snuff Went Out.
The French revolution had its effect upon the fashions of 1800 as well as upon matters of more weighty import the tendency being greatly to simplify costumes. Young men in England adopted the short coat, light waistcoat and pantaloons inaugurated in Paris by a certain set who affected to despise the old court fashion.
The use of powder, made more expensive by taxation, quite died out, and short hair became universal.
Trousers and Wellington boots, at first worn only by the military, were adopted by civilians about 1814, and the dandy of the early Victorian era wore his tightly strapped down. He also prided himself on his starched collar, which had gone out of favor under George IV., who preferred a black silk kerchief or stock.
The snuffbox vanished, and the characteristic ornament of the age was the bunch of seals hanging from the watch chain. Various modifications took place from time to time during Queen Victoria's long reign, but the form of men's dress practically remained unaltered.
The knickerbockers and tweed suit of the country gentleman are of comparatively modern date, as well as the wide awake, the soft felt hat—English Illustrated Magazine.

Hard Lines For Bachelors.
"Korea's the wrong place for bachelors," said a traveler. "Bachelors in Korea are considered as children and have only children's privileges. You, a Korean bachelor, get thirsty. You enter a rest house and call for palm wine. The pretty little amber colored waitress says:
"Married?"
"No," says you.
"Heraus then," says she, and out you go, unslaked.
"You want to vote, but they won't let you if you are not married.
"You apply for a job somewhere. "How many children have you? Is the first question you're asked. And as soon as you say you're unmarried they laugh in your face to think that you should presume to apply for work anywhere."—New York Press.

The Ita Palm.
In the moonlit garden overlooking the sea no sound was to be heard save the petulant plaint of the mosquitoes, angry at being disturbed at their food.
"Come," said the host, "let us go and sit under the Ita palm. They won't bother us there."
In comfort under the Ita, he went on:
"This tree is from the Orinoca delta, the home of the Warau tribe. The Orinoca delta is infested with mosquitoes to an incredible degree. The Waraus, to escape them, live in a palm whose odor the mosquito can't put up with.
"This is the palm—the Ita—which makes the naked Warau's mosquito proof bed. A handy thing it is among these salt marshes to have in a garden too."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Basely Deceived.
The Husband—You want to know where I was so late last night? I was at the office balancing my books.
The Wife—It seems to me that you balance your books very often. That excuse is about threadbare.
The H—H'm! If you don't believe me, why don't you consult a fortune teller?
The W.—Not much. I consulted one once, and she told me a pack of lies.
The H.—Indeed! What did she tell you?
The W.—She told me I would get a rich, handsome, kind, attentive and truthful husband.

Costly Eyeteeth.
"I guess paw must have passed a lot of time at the dentist's when he was in New York," said Johnny Green.
"Why do you think so?" queried his ma.
"Cause I heard him tell a man to-day that it cost him nearly \$300 to get his eyeteeth cut," replied Johnny.—Chicago News.

Inconsistent.
"Dear me," said the poetess. "I don't see why those horrid editors insist on having manuscripts written on only one side of the sheet when they go and print their paper on both sides."—Pathfinder.

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