

METAPHOR AND FACT.

An Interesting Letter from Mrs. Duniway.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE ARGUMENT.

The Fallacy of Prohibition Bombed in a Somewhat Novel Style--Unvarnished Facts.

ON TRAIN, NEAR UMATILLA, MAY 28.

EDITOR STATESMAN:—Since I last met a representative of your valuable and constantly improving publication, in the city of Portland, about two months ago, I have been reminded perhaps fifty times of my promise to pen a few thoughts, now and then, for its plethoric and spirited columns.

I cannot tell you how delighted I was with "Misph's" letter from India. Mrs. Bonham might have remained at home for half a century, and we should all have been kept in ignorance of her rare powers as a writer.

That little "apple transaction" between our first parents ought to convince every Christian that "prohibition don't prohibit." God Himself (and I say it reverently) couldn't make it work.

A FAMOUS MASONIC LODGE.

The records of Fredericksburg Lodge show that George Washington was initiated on the 4th of November, 1752, passed Fellow Craft March 3, 1753, and was raised to the degree of Master Mason August 4, 1753.

He was appointed surveyor of Culpeper county, Virginia, at the age of seventeen years. At the age of nineteen he was appointed adjutant general, with the rank of major, in the Virginia militia.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Wherein a policeman and a rain-bow alike! Both are tokens of peace, and usually appear after a storm.

At the ball—Grace (whispering)—"What lovely boots your partner has got, Mary! Mary (ditto)—"Yes, unfortunately he shines at the wrong end."

"All good evening, Mrs. Brown. Is your card full?" "No, Mr. Smythe, but my card is full, and if you would kindly take me home I would be so much obliged."

"What can be worse," said an exasperated husband in the middle of the night, "than a teething baby?" "You are, John, when you have the toothache," responded his wife.

A supper of sheep's heads is served. One gentleman enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish, throws down his knife and fork and exclaims: "Well, sheep's head for ever, say!" "Jerrold—There's egotism!"

A sufficient reason—Miss B.—Why is it, Mr. A., that whenever you refer to a Boston friend you invariably use the word "fellow?" "New Yorker—Oh, because he belongs around the Hub, of course."

A young lady with an aptitude for punning was asked why she had rejected the "suit" of an elderly lover. "Oh, you see," she replied, "I learned that it had been pressed several times and feared that it might be worn threadbare."

A man showed a lawyer a five-shilling piece and asked him whether he thought it was good one. The lawyer said that it was, put it in his pocket, said his usual fee for advice was 5s 6d, and would the inquirer please send the balance of 1s 8d round to his office at his earliest convenience.

HE MADE USE OF HIS FATHER. "Humph! but you are wearing your father's hat!" he said, as he looked over the fence at the other boy.

"I know it!" was the reply. "Hey! but you are ashamed!" "Not much! I ain't! A feller who can't make use of his father hadn't orter have one!"—Detroit Free Press.

tax, which if rightly used would have been correctly understood from the very beginning. For many years I have believed that the final solution of the drink problem could only be worked out under conditions of the utmost freedom from both "tax" or "license" and "prohibition," or espionage.

In this great billowy bunch-grass region through which I am now journeying, there are to be found occasional pools of alkali water, of which cattle, if usually fenced away from it, will, when they reach it in unguarded moments, partake to their great injury, and often to their death.

I have known injudicious and over-stingy parents to keep sugar, preserves and molasses locked away from their children to keep the little ones from "eating too much" and "making themselves sick."

But here I am, at the top of the 20th page, which I had prescribed as my letter's limit, and I've scarcely touched the theme I thought when I began to scribble—a descriptive theme in which scenery had the foremost place, and will require another letter to elaborate it now.

ARRIVAL SCOTT DUNIWAY.

RIGHT SMART NEBRASKA BOY.

"I want to tell you a little story about my boy out in Nebraska," said an old farmer in the smoking car to the party of drummers who had been telling him some pretty tall yarns. "My boy is a good deal of a genius in his way, lemme tell you, and none of 'em gets ahead of him. T'other day he rigged up a kite. It was the biggest kite I'd ever set my eyes on. It was about six feet wide, and twice as long, and on the top of it my boy placed a few green branches which he'd cut from a cottonwood tree."

"What's them fer?" I inquired. "Never you mind, dad," says he; "I know what I'm about." And, by gosh, he did. He flew that kite up in the air 'n' stood watchin' it for a long time, when I says to him: "You'd better pull that thing down, now, 'n' get to your work."

"None of the drummers wanted to guess, and the old man continued his story. "Well, sir, a-sittin' on the top of 'at kite was eleven of the purtiest willow seeds I ever saw. Yes, sir, eleven on 'em. You see, the geese was flyin' north purty thick, and my boy had got up this scheme to catch 'em. There ain't many trees out our way, and after a fat goose has been flyin' purty steady all day he gets kind of tired 'n' looks around for a place to sit down 'n' rest."

LONDON'S UNDERGROUND ROAD.

Rapid progress is being made in the new underground railway from the Monument to the Elephant and Castle, connecting the city with the south of London. Two independent tunnels, it should be explained, are being constructed for the new cable subway.

HIS OBJECTIONS.

"Naturally you don't think much of the interstate commerce law," said a traveling man to a Dakota editor.

"Think much of it! Why, sir, I consider it the most damnable, yes, sir, I say damnable, outrage ever known in this country!"

"Takes away your pass I suppose." "Yes, but I don't care for that."

"Does it raise freights to this point?" "Er—yes, I b'lieve so—but I never get anything by freight."

"Why do you object to it so strongly then?" "Why do I object, hey? Why I understand that it is going to cause every circus that used to come out to this country to disband! Yes, sir, cut us off from circuses—and I've been in the habit of having six complimentary tickets every season for the last twenty years."

BIOGRAPHY OF A PLUTOCRAT.

Reporter (interviewing rich man)—You began life barefooted, and worked for \$1 a week, I believe?

"No, sir; I didn't." "Well, that will have to go in, any way. They all do, and if we should make an exception in your case our readers would complain."—Burlington Free Press.

HE WANTED TO GO TO THE CITY.

Farmer's son—"Pap I want to go to Cincinnati to live." "Pap—What for, Samuel?"

"Cause I read in a paper jist now that men there are makin' thousands of dollars jist by waterin' stock, and here I've been waterin' stock every winter fur half a dozen years or more and haint made a cent. What's the sense in me workin' for nothin' when I kin go to the city and get rich by waterin' stock?"

"Samuel, you ain't got no sense. You don't know no difference between a four-legged stock and a railroad stock. I feel like whalin' you, as big as you are."

Samuel was too frightened to ask for an explanation jist then.—[Kentucky State Journal.

A JOKE ON DISRAELI.

In a newly published life of the first Lord Lytton's wife there is an account of a joke made by Rogers, the poet, at the expense of Disraeli, the younger: Mrs. Bulwer was sitting by the side of Rogers in the drawing-room after a dinner party, when Disraeli, who had been lounging in a cane-seated chair, crossed the room, with his coat-tails, as usual, over each arm, leaving his dark-green velvet adomacles, with the marks of the chair on them, fully visible. Rogers asked: "Who is that?" "Oh, young Disraeli, the Jew," answered Mrs. Bulwer. "Rather the Wandering Jew, with the brand of 'Cane' on him," said Rogers.

NOTHING TO GO WILD OVER.

"What do you think of that?" asked Simpson enthusiastically as he gave his city friend Gibson a fresh draught from his new spring in the meadow. "Just tell me what you think of that for water?"

"That's not at all bad," answered Gibson rather coldly, "for water."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

ONE GREAT MERIT.

Of that benefactor of the Teeth, SOZODONT, is that its effect upon the mouth is refreshing, while as a means of cleansing the teeth, and improving the breath, it stands alone.

"FOR THE CROUPIER."

A week ago the German minister gave a handsome dinner party in honor of the nineteenth birthday of Kaiser William. The occasion, of course, was replete with incidents of the long and eventful career of this wonderful man. One of the most interesting anecdotes related by a countryman of the emperor was in regard to his early youth, and which seems to be little known. Since public gambling has been forbidden by law in Germany, the votaries of fortune from all Europe, who used to fill the hotels at Ems, Baden, etc., have flocked to Monaco. The story runs that Kaiser William, while he was still Crown Prince and a dashing young officer, entered the Kursaal at Ems wearing an overcoat which concealed his brilliant uniform, and, approaching the crowded table, placed thereon a coin of small value, about a dollar. With a contemptuous gesture the banker tossed the coin upon the floor, with the remark: "For the croupier!"

Again the unknown gentlemen threw down a coin and lost, the banker repeating his action and word, to the amusement of the other players. It was then, as now, the custom of the banks to set aside a certain sum each day, and put up a notice of the amount beyond which they could not play. If the losses amounted to this sum the bank must close.

William glanced at the notice—200,000 francs—quietly remarking that he would play for the whole bank. "Who are you?" exclaimed the dealer, with sudden respect. For reply the future emperor of Germany then opened his coat, displaying the imperial star upon his breast. Tig carls were dealt, the prince won, and the bank was broken. Taking up the enormous sum, he deliberately dashed it on the floor, exclaiming, "For the croupier!" then turning on his heel, left the apartment.—[Baltimore American.

HOW SHE KNEW.

"You are not so strong as you used to be, John," said a fond wife to her husband; "I think it is about time you were getting some insurance on your life."

"Insurance on my life! What are you talking about? I am as healthy as I ever was. Insurance, indeed!"

"Well, my dear, I only mentioned it, you know, out of respect for yourself. I thought you were failing."

"And what in the world put it into your head that I am failing? Me failing? Why, I am as strong as a horse, and can run up three flights of stairs without taking a breath."

"Well, it may be so. But I am afraid you are deceiving yourself."

"Deceiving myself! Goodness gracious, woman, what do you mean?"

"Don't be so impatient. What makes me think you are failing, is this: When you were courting me you could hold me on your lap for three hours. Now, you cannot hold the baby on your lap three minutes!"

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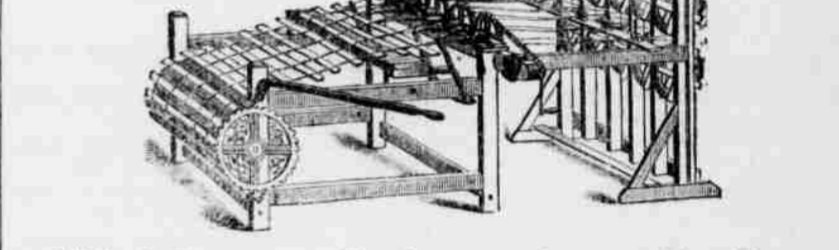
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