

NYE AT THE CAPITAL.

HE DISCOURSES ON THE METHODS OF WASHINGTON BARBERS.

His Harrowing Experiences with a Safety Razor—An Interesting Conversation He Overheard in the Tonsorial Chair—The Heat and Hotels of Washington.

When I got off the Pennsylvania train yesterday I went to a barber shop before I did anything else. I have a thick, Venetian red, chinilla beard, which grows very rapidly, and which gives me a funny appearance every twenty-four hours, unless I place myself frequently in the hands of the barber.

There were three chairs richly upholstered in two ply carpeting of some inflammatory hue, with large vines and the kind of flowers which grow on carpets but nowhere else.

The barber who waited on me asked me if I wanted a shave. A great many barbers ask me this during the year. Sometimes they do it from habit and sometimes they do it to brighten up my life and bring a smile to my face.

I said yes I would like a shave unless he preferred to take my temperature or amuse me by making a death mask of himself. He then began to strap a large razor with a double shuffle movement and to slip me up at the same time.

While I sat in the chair I heard a man, who seemed to be in about the third chair from me, saying that a certain bill numbered so and so had been referred to a certain committee and would undoubtedly be reported.

When I arose from my chair and looked over that way I saw that the gentleman who had been talking on the condition of congressional legislation was a colored hotel porter of Washington, who was getting shaved in the third chair, and the man who was discussing the merits of evolution was the colored man who was shaving him.

I believe this unnatural heat to be the cause of much ill health among our law makers, and I freely admit that the unhealthy surroundings of Washington and the great contrast between the hot air of the capitol and the cold air outside have done a great deal towards keeping me out of the senate.

As spring warms up the air about Washington the heating apparatus about the capitol building begins to relax its interest, and now you can visit most any part of the stately pile without being scrambled in your own suboptimum.

A certain fat man within ten miles of Burlington has a very thin wife. The boys have nicknamed them "enough" and "too spare." Burlington Free Press.

Some tramp recently decorated, in the night, the great door of Sing Sing (N. Y.) prison with the legend, "Hair cut while you wait."—Exchange.

HE WAS ADMITTED.

The Future Mayor Got In and the Show Proceeded.

Will J. Davis, of the Haymarket theater, tells of a night of minstrelsy in a California town in the mountains. He was manager of the show, which was given in a skating rink, opposite a corn field.

Taste, Not Necessity.

Philanthropist (in the office of an old friend, a building contractor)—John, if I had to live on blood money as you do I'd retire and start a peanut stand.

Encouragement As It Is.

Jones had married the prettiest woman in town and Brown had married the homeliest and thought she was beautiful.

Deafness a Pleasure.

"I am told, sir, that you are quite hard of hearing."

Being Neighborly.

"I'll bet I've got one of the meanest neighbors a fellow ever had," said a man yesterday to some half dozen loungers.

Another Superstition.

Ancient Dame—No, indeed, we'll not celebrate our diamond wedding, not with my consent, it's unlucky.

Who They Were For.

"Why, these are not the shoes I ordered," exclaimed the lady of the house, with extreme vexation; "this is a pair of \$10 French kids. I can't afford such shoes as these."

No Time to Lose.

Examiner (to graduating medical student)—If you should make a mistake and give a patient an overdose of tartar emetic what would you do?

A Family Man.

"Are you a man of family, sir?" he said to a timid little chap, who had a nervous way of looking over his shoulder.

A Light Luncheon.

Customer (to waiter)—Here, John, take my order: Beef soup, cup of coffee, roast lamb, baked beans, onions, tomatoes, cucumbers, mince pie—an be spry about it; my train leaves in just 4 minutes.—Life.

A Bloody Tragedy at Every Clip.

Sardou will have to look to his laurels as a prolific producer of plays. There is a Park road barber who every time he shaves you brings out a new piece.—Judge.

A Homely Adage Illustrated.

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Wanted Another Pair.

The senior senator from Delaware, Mr. Saulsbury, is a gay bachelor of 74, for whose attentions half the widows in Washington plead.

"The committee man give me, amongst other things, what he called a pair of pants, and 'twould make me pant some to wear 'em. I found your name and where you live in one of the pockets. My wife luffed so when I showed 'em to her that I tho't she would have a contumacious fit."

Next.

He marched into an insurance office on Griswold street, pointed to his empty sleeve and said: "Lost it at Antietam."

"But you held it?" "No, sir, I was wounded and forced back."

Pherdinand's Phervent Phancy Phloored.

"Phairret Phlora," wrote an amorous youth who is smitten with the phonetic craze, "phorver dismiss your phears, and ply with one whose phervent phancy is phixed on you alone."

A Corps of Volunteer Seamen.

Last winter one of our yacht clubs, to all appearances appreciating the serious condition of grilling into which the sport had fallen, organized a series of lectures on marine topics by officers of the navy, and formed out of its own and other yacht clubs a body of men who desired to acquire a more intimate acquaintance than the clubs themselves afforded.

The Sparrow Pest in Michigan.

No state has exercised more good sense concerning the sparrow pest than Michigan. That state offers one cent bounty for each sparrow killed. These birds attack every crop, whether fruit or cereal—everything above the ground.

Had Not Helped Him.

Two men sat beside each other on a railway train. One of them, putting down a magazine, remarked: "That series of articles, 'Books That Have Helped Me,' has engaged the attention of some of the leading literary men of the country."

The Place to Trade.

Stranger (to tailor)—You've got a nice stock of goods here.

Chinese Logic.

A gentleman who is visiting town for a few days carried to a "heathen Chinese" of laundry proclivities a bundle of linen which he wished to have washed within a short time.

Grant's First American Ancestor.

A deed for a piece of land in Windsor, Conn., has recently come to light, which is made valuable and interesting by the fact that it bears the name of Matthew Grant, the first American ancestor of Gen. Grant.

Novelties in China.

Special china sets, for use in country houses, are novelties. Each piece takes the shape of a natural object, so that one finds potatoes in a big cabbage head and strawberries in a delicately turned up oak leaf.

Counterfeit Nickels.

Counterfeit five cent pieces are being circulated in towns along the Hudson river. They are reported to be clumsily executed, and some of them are so brittle that they can be broken by the pressure of the hand.—New York Letter.

A Young Novelist.

Duffield Osborne, author of "The Spell of Asharoth," recently issued, is not yet 30. He is a graduate of Columbia college, is well read in many branches of literature, and has a pronounced fondness for athletics.—New York Letter.

An Oriental Railroad.

European capitalists propose to build a railroad from Bagdad to Constantinople. The distance is 1,400 miles, and it is estimated that the cost of the road would be \$15,000,000.—Foreign Letter.

Gen. Hancock's Grave in Pa.

Gen. Hancock's grave is in a secluded and isolated corner of the cemetery at Norris-town, Pa., and is entirely unmarked by slab or tomb.

Nervous Health of Ministers.

Among ministers we find the "clergyman's throat," which is generally supposed to be the consequence of the exhaustion of nervous energy. Another cause for this trouble has lately been suggested.

"The committee man give me, amongst other things, what he called a pair of pants, and 'twould make me pant some to wear 'em. I found your name and where you live in one of the pockets. My wife luffed so when I showed 'em to her that I tho't she would have a contumacious fit."

Tea Drinking and the Teeth.

Some years since, when on duty at recruiting stations in the north of England, I took observations on the great amount of disease and loss of the teeth existing among the class of men who offered themselves. It became a cause of reflection of itself in great numbers.

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THE WEST SHORE (PORTLAND, OREGON)

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