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The Daily Astorian.

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TEACHING A CALF TO DRINK

Those who have had the mournful experience, know that there is nothing more trying to the soul than the operation of teaching a young calf to drink. The process is familiar to every man who has brought up a calf from infancy. You seize a pail of warm milk, go into the stable, catch the calf by the ears, back him into a corner and bestride his neck. The idiot rather likes this, and while you are reaching for the pail, he employs his time in slobbering the lower corners of your jacket. You discover what the blockhead is about and box his ears. You can't help it. You feel that way and let him have it. But the calf can't tell for the life of him why he has been struck, and he gives a sudden and unexpected "flounce." He believes he will go over and stay on the other side of the stable, but he doesn't announce this beforehand. He starts on the impulse of the moment and you can't tell just when he arrives there. You ride along with him a little way. But the laws of gravitation are always about the same. Your legs—one on each side of the critter—keep up with the calf for about a second, but your body doesn't. You slide over the calf, and your back kisses the floor. Your head is soaking in the pail of milk. When you get up you are mad—uncommonly so. Milk runs from your hair and imprecations out of your mouth. There is buttermilk in your eye, and you solemnly declare that you will learn that calf to drink or break his blanked neck. The calf doesn't know of this resolve, and he glares at you in stupid fright from across the stable. He is not aware that he was the cause of your downfall, and wonders ignorantly what in thunder is the matter. You don't try to explain it to him, but furiously catch him by the ears, look back over your shoulder at the milk pail, and back up toward it, dragging the calf after you, who bawls out in a manner which seems to say, "is this the way you treat a fellow-creature?" You again back into the corner, sling your left leg over him and once more try to get is head in chancery. The calf attempts a little more funny business and plunges suddenly forward. You are on the lookout for breaks this time, and having a firm hold on his ears you mutter through your clenched jaws. "No you don't honey." But he does though, and you "cross the continent" together by the "rapid transit" line. You hadn't intended to go, but that is where you and the calf didn't see it alike. You take his view of it a few moments later. After "rassling" around awhile, you get back to the point you started from, but you had been so busy all the while that you hadn't noticed it. The calf is out of wind and you haven't a particle of grace left in your heart. You are astride of the calf's neck, and jamming the fingers of one hand into its mouth you place the other on the back of his head and shove his nose into the pail fully resolved to strangle him, if he don't drink. The calf holds perfectly still—ominously so—and there is silence in heaven for the space of half a minute, at the end of which time the blockhead, who hasn't drank a drop, suddenly makes a splurge, knocks the pail to "kingdom come," milk and all; you are again reduced to a horizontal from a perpendicular, and when you rise the excitement is intense. You have been soaked with milk, "slobbered" on, and hurt and abused in the worst way. Not a drop of milk has gone down the infernal brute's neck and there he stands, glaring at you, ready to furnish you another free ride anywhere you want to go. With an affidavit you bang him over the head with the empty pail and hobble out of the pen, mad and hurt all through, fully resolved to let the four-footed fool starve; and thus endeth the first lesson.

In this connection we have to state the experience of a worthy deacon of the church, residing near Adrian, who a few Sundays ago, with his pious wife, started for church, when the wife suddenly remembered that the calf had not been fed. The deacon was in a terrible hurry to reach the sanctuary, but he was also a thrifty farmer, and he turned back, got the milk, bestrode the calf and tried to make him drink. He wouldn't. "Drink, I say! Drink! Bless your infernal skin!" yelled the deacon in a rage, forgetting that he had come out from the world. Finally, besmeared with milk all over his Sunday clothes, the pillar of the church seized the obdurate brute by the head and cramming its nose deep into the pail, muttered with set jaws and low crouching tones that betokened how fearful was the struggle against the flesh and the devil: "O, if I were not a follower—drink, I say; drink!—drink or die. I've lost my religion on your account. Now—you drink, will will ye." Then, suddenly awakening to his transgression, the good man dropped the pail, let go the calf and exclaimed, "Merciful heaven, how I have sinned! all on account of that blasted critter."

His wife found him on his knees when she returned from church. We feel assured that he received an unconditional pardon.—*Adrian Record.*

Saving a Colonel's Life

As a train over the Georgia Railroad, on which were a number of northerners, stopped at a small station beyond Atlanta the other day, a citizen entered one of the coaches, presented a fine bouquet to a lady, and said:

"Madam, you see that man leaning against the door-post over there?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you will lean out of the window and bow to him you will win my eternal gratitude."

Somewhat confused and surprised she obeyed the request. The man at the door straightened up as if shot, pulled off his hat with both hands and bowed almost to the ground in reply.

"Madam, accept not only my thanks," said the man on the car, "but of this whole section of Georgia. That man is Colonel Goodsell, and this is the first time he has had his hands out of his pockets for over seven months! Thanks—thanks—you have saved his life!"

Many persons are puzzled to know what is meant by the terms "four-penny," "six-penny" and "ten-penny," as applied to nails. The Scientific American explains this by saying that "four-penny" means four pounds to the thousand nails, or "six-penny" six pounds to the thousand, and so on. It is an old English term, and meant at first "ten-pound" nails (the thousand being understood), but the old English clipped it to "tenpun," and from that it degenerated until "penny" was substituted for pounds. When 1,000 nails weigh less than one pound they are called tacks, brads, etc., and are reckoned by ounces.

—Warrantee deeds at THE ASTORIAN office.

Man Boiled Down

The average number of teeth is thirty-one.

The average number of bones in man is 240.

The average weight of a skeleton is about 14 pounds.

The average weight of an adult man is 140 pounds, 6 ounces.

The brain of a man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

A man annually contributes to vegetation 124 pounds of carbon.

A man breathes about twenty times a minute, or 1260 times in an hour.

One thousand ounces of blood pass through the kidneys in an hour.

The skeleton measures one inch less than the height of the living man.

A man breaths about 19 pints of air in a minute, or upwards of 7 hogsheads in a day.

The average weight of the brain of a living man is 3½ pounds; of a woman 2 pounds 11 ounces

Twelve thousand pounds, or 24 hogsheads, 4 gallons, or 10,782½ pints of blood pass through the heart in twenty-four hours.

The average weight of an Englishman is 150 pounds; of a Frenchman 136 pounds, and of a Belgian, 140 pounds.

Five hundred and forty pounds, or one hogshead, 1¼ pints of blood passes through the heart in one hour.

The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 9 inches; of a Frenchman, 136 pounds, and of a Belgian 5 feet 6¾ inches.

One hundred and seventy-four million holes or cells are in the lungs which cover a surface 30 times greater than the human body.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood 80; at 60 years 50. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

The heart beats 75 times in a minute; sends nearly 10 pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat; makes four beats while we breathe once.

Professor Ennis, of the Naval Observatory at Washington, believes that the tails of comets are electric light. "If these tails had any substance," he argues, "the laws of motion are constantly violated by them. The great comet of 1843 went so near the sun that it passed from one side to the other in a few hours. Its immense tail, 100,000,000 miles long, was shifted completely, so that it pointed in an opposite direction. Could that be so if it were composed of any substance? Could it swing around 100,000,000 miles of tail as quick as that? The electricity is generated by evaporation. As the comets approach the sun, the heat becomes more intense, the accumulation of electricity more rapid, the repulsive force greater and the tails longer. Sometimes the material becomes completely evaporated. Then the comet has no tail."

A cough, cold or sore throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable lung disease or consumption. Brown's Bronchial troches do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but act directly on the inflamed parts, allaying irritation, give relief in asthma, bronchitis, coughs, catarrh, and the throat troubles which singers and public speakers are subject to. For thirty years Brown's bronchial troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at 25 cents a box everywhere.

Have Wistar's balsam of wild cherry always at hand. It cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, croup, influenza, consumption, and all throat and lung complaints. 50 cents and $1 a bottle.

Furnished Rooms to Let

At Mrs. Munson's lodging house.

Astoria Verdict.

Frank Fabre has been found guilty of making the best Ice Cream.

Notice.

Ice cream, ice cream, at Roscoe's refreshment saloon, Saturday and Sunday evenings. Occident block.

Men Wanted.

Ten first-class carpenters and ten laborers can procure work by calling at Hansen Brothers office. Highest wages paid to competent men.

Lost.

Saturday night, May 20th a gents fine shoe, between Astoria and Union Packing company. Finder will please leave at this office.

Take Notice.

On after this date an additional 10 cents per cord will be charged on all orders for sawed wood not accompanied by the cash, at Grays wood yard. July 1st, 1881.

Wood for Sale.

I have about six hundred and fifty cords of dry hemlock, which I will sell for cash at $3.75 per cord. I will deliver the wood to my customers.

R. R. MARION.

Notice.

The Astoria Shirt and Oil Clothing Factory has moved next house to O'Brien's Hotel. Persons wishing good oil clothing to keep them dry will please call.

Attention Fishermen.

Use Nichola's Balm of Gilead oil for sore or chapped hands, for sale by Joe G. Charters. Tide tables free to all.

For the finest baths in the city go to the Orient bathing rooms, opposite Holden's auction store.

JOE G. CHARTERS, Props.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, bedbugs, roaches, vermin, flies, ants, insects. 15c per box.

Skinny Men.

Wells' Health Renewer. Absolute cure for nervous debility and weakness of the generative functions. $1, at druggists. Oregon Depot, DAVIS & CO., Portland, Or.

"Buchupaiba,"

New, quick, complete cure 4 days, urinary affections, smarting, frequent or difficult urination. Kidney diseases, $1, at druggists. Oregon Depot, DAVIS & CO., Portland, Or.

What Makes You Hiss?

A tooth is missing among the incisors, and you cannot help hissing. Go and get one put in, and then use SOZODONT to keep the others right. You should have done this years ago, but it is better now than never.

War! War! War!

Water front offered free to any person that will build a saw mill in the city of Williamsport. Lumber we must have to build this city. We have one store in running order at present. Quite a number have already located homes in this city, and yet there is room. Sold on time to suit purchasers. Located one mile south of Astoria, on the sunny side of the hill, on Young's bay.

J. WILLIAMSON SR.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYERS SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain in its remedial effects, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders rising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick, anywhere.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

Peruvian Bitters

Cinchona Rubra

The Count Cinchon was the Spanish Viceroy in Peru in 1630. The Countess, his wife, was prostrated by an intermittent fever, from which she was freed by the use of the native remedy, the Peruvian bark, or, as it was called in the language of the country, "Quinquina." Grateful for her recovery, on her return to Europe in 1632, she introduced the remedy in Spain, where it was known under various names, until Linnaeus called it Cinchona, in honor of the lady who had brought them that which was more precious than the gold of the Incas. To this day, after a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, science has given us nothing to take its place. It effectually cures a morbid appetite for stimulants, by restoring the natural tone of the stomach. It attacks excessive love of liquor as it does a fever, and destroys both alike. The powerful tonic virtue of the Cinchona is preserved in the Peruvian Bitters, which are as effective against malarial fever to-day as they were in the days of the old Spanish Viceroys. We guarantee the ingredients of these bitters to be absolutely pure, and of the best known quality. A trial will satisfy you that this is the best bitter in the world. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and we willingly abide this test. For sale by all druggists, grocers and liquor dealers. Order it. Loeb & Co., agents for Astoria.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Toilet and Fancy Articles,

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I shall send to any DRESSES and DOLMANS at prices that CANNOT BE DUPLICATED in America, from $15 upwards, with privilege of examining at Wells-Fargo, and if not good value I pay charges BOTH ways. Address, with size,

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References:

CHAS. HODGE, of Hodge, Davis & Co.
JAMES STEEL, Cashier First National Bank.
J. A. STROWBRIDGE, Wholesale Leather and findings.
C. A. DOLPH, of Dolph, Bronaugh, Dolph & Simon.
Col. J. McCRAKEN, of J. McCraken & Co.
L. C. HENRICHSEN, of Henrichsen & Greenberg.
Dr. G. E. NOTTAGE, M. D., Examiner and Physician.

References:

M. S. BURRELL, of Knapp, Burrell & Co.
W. W. SPAULDING, Packer and Cattle Dealer.
ANDREW ROBERTS, of Fishel & Roberts.
JOHN CRAN, of John Cran & Co.
C. M. Wiberg, Boots and Shoes.
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