# Che mailn Astorim. 

Vol. xvir.

| thin clothes said to the man in the corner seat as the South Hill car <br> was coming down the Divisio <br> street steps. <br> What's pretty warm? ", gowle <br> the man in the corner <br> "Why, the weuther." <br> "What weather?" more gruffly than ever. <br> Why," the man with thin dothes said, looking as though he wished be hadn't begun it, "this weather." <br> "Well," sail the man in the cor ner, "how's this weather any dif ferent from any other? <br> The man with the thin clothe looked nerrously at the dumb mule and said, "It was warmer." <br> "How do you know it is?" asked the man in the cotaer. <br> The other man began to wish ho was well out of it, and said he supposed it was; he hadn't heard how the- <br> "Isn't the weather the same *werywhere?" savagely demanded the man in the corner. <br> "Why no," the man with the thin elothes replied, wishing to goodness he had a newspaper to hide behind; "no, it's warmer in some places and in some places it colder." <br> What makes it warmer in some places than it's colder in others? remorselessly pursued the man in the comer. <br> "Why," the man with the thin clothes said piteously, "the sun, with the effect of the sun's heat. <br> "Makes it colder in some place than it's warmer in others?" roare the man in the corner, indignantly "Never beard of such a thing." <br> "No," the man in the thin clothe hastened to explain. "I didn" mean that. The sun makes it warm. <br> "Then what makes it colder?" pursued the remorseless man in the corner. <br> The man ir the thin clothe wiped the beaded perspiration from his pallid brow, and said slowly he guessed, "it was the ice." <br> "What ice?" demanded the it quisitor. <br> "Why," the vietim said, with all symptoms of approaching dis solution apparent in his tremulou voice, "the ice that was frozen- frozen by the frost." <br> "Did you sver see any ice tha wasn't frozen?" howled the man in the corner in a burst of derision. <br> The man in the thin clothes huskily whispered that he wished he was dead, and said: "No, that is, he believed he didn't. <br> "Then," thundered the man in man in the corner, "What are you talking about?" <br> The man in thin clothes then made an effort to brace up, and spicily replied that he wa "trying to talk about the weath |  |
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And what do you know aloun it the corner. "What do you know about the weather ${ }^{\text {P }}$ "
his grip again, and feebly said he dian't know very much about it that was a fact." And when he little joke about nobody being alle to know mach about the weathdown on him with a tremendons outburst. " No , sir! 1 should say you force yoursell on the attention of a stranger, and begin to talk to me about the weather, just as though
you owned it, and I find that you don't know a solitary thing about your toric of consersation; you don't know one thing about meteo-


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