

# The Daily Astorian

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ASTORIA, OREGON, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1885.

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### ON CATNIP BUSHES. A STRANGE CAT-ASTROPHE.

**A Judge's Experience with Four Dozen Odoriferous Catnip Bushes for His Baby.**

The Hon. Charles H. Toll, of Denver, has had an exciting experience. For two years he was Attorney-General of Colorado, and it was near the close of his administration—which, by the way, was characterized by singular probity and ability—that a son was born to him. One day the nurse came to Judge Toll, and said: "The baby has been ailing for a week; we ought to do something for him." Judge Toll thrust his hand down into his pocket and pulled out a fifty-dollar bill. "Get him what he needs, and if that isn't enough I'll give you a check for my whole bank account." The nurse shook her head. "What he needs," said she, "is a simple remedy, a mild tonic. Now, I was brought up down East, and I was taught the efficacy of catnip for him." Accordingly the four dozen catnip bushes were planted in rows in the front yard of the Toll estate on Welton Street.

In a day or two their fragrance began to permeate the circumbient atmosphere. Old Uncle Seth Cooley came down from his place on Capital Hill and leaned over the front fence and gazed tenderly at the odoriferous herbs, and said: "Well, now, I'll be gosh darned if this doesn't remind me of old New England. Our home place down to Pelham, close on to Shutesbury Plum Trees, was everlastin' full o' catnip. Say, Judge, gi' me a booky of 'em, will ye?"

Naturally, Judge Toll was very proud of his catnip garden, but one night he was awakened from his pleasant slumbers by a frightful noise in the front yard. It seemed to him as if the sluiceways of sheol had been opened upon that once fair spot. He slipped into his trousers, and peered out of the window. Cats! Cats! Ten thousand of the creatures purring, yowling, howling, rolling, stretching, and crooning over those catnip bushes!

There were cats of all color, size, sex, condition, breeding, habits, and manners: black, white, yellow, tabby, mottled, brindled, tortoise-shell, striped, speckled, crushed strawberry, maroon, gamboge, cats—big, little, fat, gaunt, one-eyed, stumped-tailed, toothless, hoarse, lame cats—a confused, seething mass of these motley felines, all purring and rolling among the catnip bushes. Nor was this all.

By the clear moonlight Judge Toll could see thousands and thousands of other cats hastening hither. They were coming down from the mountains—from Leadville, Crested Butte, Georgetown, Central City, Manitou, Aspen, Idaho, Boulder, Longmont—everywhere—the foothills were alive with them, and they were headed toward the one local point, that catnip bed. On the east another multitude of cats swept in from the arid plains of Kansas—from Deer trail, from Monotony Water Tank, and the desert solitudes of the eastern confines of Colorado. Some came over the Kansas Pacific, others over the Burlington, while from the north there was waited a din that betokened that another army of cats was on its way from Cheyenne.

It was an astounding spectacle—say, it was prodigious. Yet Judge Toll understood it all—yes, in a moment the whole truth flashed upon him. These cats had lived all these years far from the influences of civilization, and had never been able to enjoy the advantages of the herb that is essential to the symmetry of the feline nature. They had heard what catnip was, but they had never tasted nor whiffed any. What a revelation Judge Toll's front yard must have been to them! With what ecstasy they availed themselves of the boon when the breezes bore the perfume of those catnip bushes to their mountain and prairie homes!

His unerring shotgun was at hand, but Judge Toll had not the heart to interrupt their pleasure—the wondrous carnival of cats was permitted to proceed undisturbed all that night among the catnip bushes.

When Judge Toll went out to the yard next morning, not a vestige of those fair herbs was visible, nor was there a cat to be seen, but scattered here and there on the despoiled turf, an occasional eye, a fragment of an ear, a casual quarter section of a tail, or a desultory tuft of hair, gave pathetic evidence to the tragedy which had been enacted over the last few relics of that once smiling garden.—[Toledo Blade.]

In Russia a society was organized to kill off babies, in order to spare them the tortures of measles, whooping cough, and other infantile diseases. The society was squelched, and the organizer is thinking the matter over in Siberia.—[New York Tribune.]

### How Some Folks Buy Butter.

An old woman a few days since approached a stand on which was displayed several large tubs of butter. She took a nickel from her purse and, making a scoop through the butter, tested what she gathered on the coin, after which the following conversation took place:—

"Is that fresh butter?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Country?"

"No, ma'am; tub."

"What's it worth?"

"Twenty-five cents per pound."

"Have you anything better?"

"Yes, ma'am; here you are—thirty cents."

Tasting it and shaking her head doubtfully, she said:

"Have you any other kind?"

"Yes, ma'am; here is some for fifteen cents per pound."

"Give me a quarter of a pound, please?" said the woman. The dealer recovered sufficiently to comply with the demand.

Our opinion of — is the same as that we have of any other man who does not pay for the newspaper that he takes—it is that he is a contemptible whelp, an ornery cuss, a white-livered sneak, a skunk on two legs, a rectangular specimen of imbecillity, and if we owned a hen house anywhere in this neighborhood we should see that it was kept securely locked. All this is based on the fact that he has not paid for the *Argus and Patriot* that he has received.—[Montpelier Argus and Patriot.]

**A Physician's Testimony.**

"In the treatment of lung and bronchial trouble diseases the liver is often implicated to such an extent that a hepatic remedy becomes necessary. In the treatment of such cases I prescribe Simmons' Liver Regulator with entire satisfaction. I find that it acts mildly but effectually in regulating the secretions of the liver, stomach and bowels."—L. L. STEPHENSON, M. D. Owenton, Ky.

**A reminder—Old lady:** "Now, porter, you're quite sure you put all my luggage in?—the big portmanteau and—?"

"Porter: "All right, mum."

"Old lady: "And you're certain I've not left anything behind—?"

"Porter: "No mum, not even a copper!"—[Punch.]

**Not a Single Gray Hair.**

"You may laugh and think me a vain thing," writes Mrs. J. R. C. of San Francisco, to a friend in this city, "but I have not a gray hair in my head, and yet (sad to say) I am fifty and a day. Recently my hair was not only quite gray but quite thin, too. Parker's Hair Balsam—made in New York, I think—did wonders for me. Try it if you have occasion. It really does what I say, and restores the color, or else." Not a dye, not greasy, highly perfumed. Only reliable 50c. dressing.

There is something suggestive in the fact that the queen sent Sir Peter Lumsden the order of the Bath as soon as he returned from his forced march from Herat to Astrabad—a march that occupied thirty days, and during which, according to his own report Sir Peter did not change his clothes!

See that man coughing. Does it not hurt him to cough? Certainly it does. Then why does he not take Red Star Cough Cure? Will that cure him? Of course it will. There are no opiates or poisons in it. It is purely vegetable and never fails.

**A Valuable Medical Treatise.**

The edition for 1886 of the 400-page Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one-half of a century. It contains, in the soundest and most practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronologies, etc., are prepared with great care and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1886 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two-cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

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U. B. SCOTT, President.