ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

THE COLUMBIAN.

St. Helen, Columbia Co., Or.

FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1882.

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E. G. ADAMS, Editor & Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT CO. TICKET,

For Judge,
E. G. ADAMS.

For Treasurer,
T. H. TAYLOR

REPUBLICAN CO. TICKET.

For Joint Senator,
F. C. REED.

For Representative,
G. W. McBRIDE.

For Judge
F. A. MOORE

For Clerk,
W. H. CONYERS.

For Sheriff,
N. C. DALE

For Treasurer,
P. COX.

For Assessor,
M. F. HAZEN.

For School Superintendent
E. E. QUICK.

For Surveyor,
T. S. WILKES.

For Coroner,
H. WEST.

For Union Precinct Justices,
W. H. WHITNEY. J. HARRIS.

For Constables,
J. H. BONSER. GEO. HANCOCK

ADAMS AHEAD.

For the information of people throughout the county, we would state that the news for Adams is of the most cheering nature. The ring are setting up all the roor-backs they can, but lately they are very still, and appear hugely depressed. the defection is becoming so universal, a panic has seized them. Conyers' eyes have grown red with weeping or straining them to look for votes he can't see. Moore is awfully plagued when they call him "Judge," and all of them think they have started something they can never get away with. Our paper is increasing in subscribers, we shall have to get more paper. Conyers has been reporting we lived in a glass house, we should think as far as he is concerned it is a stone fort. He says they will fix us *after* election, "in the sweet by and by," that they will take our press away from us. This is all in your eye, the ring hasn't a dollar of claims against it, nor ever will have. They may silence us with a bullet, or a dose of arsenic, that is all they can do. Deceit and lies are the grand resort of our enemies. Let them lie. It is nothing new for them. That is their trade. A gentleman going upon one of the boats spoke depreciatingly of our votes; "You never mind about Adams' votes," was the unanimous voice of the passengers, "he will carry the county almost clean from St. Helen to the Multnomah line." No one need be in fear of being in the minority by voting for Adams. He is the winning horse. The keynote of opposition to the St. Helen Ring has aroused from their sleep the men of this County. Adams was popular before, but now his walk over the county will be a perfect ovation. Our enemies' noses grow red, there is a slouch in their gait, the Muckles go humping along, and look sad as if they had lost a bit through a crack in the floor. Conyers had better send and borrow another bottle of mucilage at Lemont's store to make his constituents stick. A dreadful uncertainty hangs over the ring and their babes, appear languishing without any pap in prospect. The County refuses to give down her milk, and they will have to be raised on such thin gruel as the generosity of the Muckles will afford. They will never arrive at maturity, and will have to be sold to the Muckles at last for their hides.

The ring are very anxious for us to back down. They are like a negro, our great grandfather, Dr. Joseph Adams owned in the times when there was slavery in New Hampshire. It appears he had committed some grave offenses and his master had determined to tie him up and whip him. His master however had a sore arm, and the negro came along, and said to the Dr., "O massa, me drefful fraid you hurt your sore arm!" That is the way with the ring.

The success of the ring depended on keeping us still. They thought we should be afraid of exciting the hostility of some, and so should be gagged, but mistook Major Adams. He waited to fulfill one of the most cherished wishes of his life. He sailed quietly along till the time came, and then he cleared the decks for action, and he will keep up the fire, hotter and hotter, till every battery is silenced, and our enemies crawl into their holes, and pull the holes in after them.

A man by the name of Allen, shot at a Dutchman in Beaver Valley; the Dutchman was badly frightened and said he felt his life "yoost hung on a pole." Allen was arrested on a warrant by Conyers, and brought to Rainier, where he let him escape. Next day a certain person in the county received $50, it is reported, from Kalama, and it was also reported that said person was not Allen's wife. It was probably some ther old granny.

James Muckle, we have heard, has reported the *Gazelle* unsafe. Capt. Hez. Caples will go for him if he reports falsehoods about his boat. The boat is in splendid condition. Its boilers have been lately tested and it has Mr. Higby, a first class engineer to attend to its machinery. It is new-painted, and will be in splendid trim for Decoration Day.

The ring undertook once to get up a Literary Society in St. Helen and leave Major Adams out. The Society met once or twice, and then died not with water on the brain, for it had no brains to take water. Its funds amounted to the astounding sum of $3.00 or so. Requiescat in Pace, or to put the initials, as it R. I. P.

Frank Perry has come up on a visit from Bradbury. He says the bad weather has seriously interfered with logging operations. He says the chances for an Independent Ticket in the lower end of the County are good, as the people there have always been disposed to be jealous of the St. Helen ring.

A member of the St. Helen ring is running a logging camp at Skamokawa. He had his men pulling with ropes around the roots of a tree, and thus delivered himself, "Pull you d—d sons of b—s *I pay you for pulling!* Three of the men, indignant thereupon arose, girded up their loins and slid out.

The great popularity of the St. Helen ring is simmering down so fast under the heat of Adams' fires, there will be only a little steam left by election times. The great popularity of Moore is like the Apocrypha believed by some but very few; it is hardly canonical, and will not do to swear by.

"I tell you, gentlemen," says Pomeroy, pushing his bread-basket forward, and giving his arms a spasmodic jerk and throwing up that head shaped like a pike-pole. His movements are the eloquence of gesture, and remind one of Demosthenes, or Kick-a-row, the celebrated Roman.

When Pomeroy lived at Richland Mills, he occupied a house with one of those big fire-places used by coopers. This was necessary, as he generated so much foul gas, he and his family would have suffocated, if there had not been a big apperture to let off the mephitic and poisoned air.

Moore was the Muckles' lawyer about Milton Bridge, and told Captain Pope, the county would have to pay for it. We think he will not dispute Captain Pope's statement. Gradually all the secret acts of the ring are smoked out and exposed to the light of day.

An official made great complaint when he moved into town, of the O. S. N. Co losing his furniture and especially a certain vessel, but when he himself got ashore he had the twin to it all right any how. All's well that ends well.

Conyers has a nose like the snout of a dog-salmon, and like a dog-salmon he will go up Salt Creek till he dies. There he will stink and shine shine and stink like those skunks he killed on the Clatskanie.

A gentleman from Clatskanie says Conyers will not run well at all in the lower end of the county. This gentleman does not live in this State, and has no interest in our politics.

It is said Pomeroy is to go out, and and *lie around* in the county. We hope he will take his own blankets, as people are not now interested to increase their bed stock.

Pomeroy's whiskers are the color of the basement of the Muckles' mansion.

Correspondence.

Sad News.

My brother that I was expecting the first of June has lost his wife with hemorrhage of the lungs. She died April 19th, at 10 minutes past seven in the evening, and I have just received the sad news. I send you all the particulars.

E. PERRY

MUSCATINE, IOWA, April 23d, 1882.

DEAR SISTER—I write you the sad news of the Death of poor Belle. She died Wednesday, April 19th, at 10 minutes past seven in the evening. Just before she died she told me not to cry for she was all right and would soon be up. She had her mind up to the time of her Death, and she told me the day before she died that herself and Grace would start for Oregon and Clara and I could start afterwards.

Dear Sister I am sorry, but I have to give up my Oregon trip. Sister Beck is keeping house for me. Dear Sister, I feel so sad and my eyes so full of tears that I can't write. Answer soon and tell me if you received the 2 papers.

From your affectionate Brother,

O. G. CRANDOL.

Obituary,

MRS. BELLE CRANDOL.

The burial to-day of the fair young wife and mother, Mrs. Belle Crandol, recalls the beautiful and promising day six short years ago, when Oliver Crandol brought his blushing bride home to this city. There were few, in the succeeding months to walk our streets, who drew upon them more admiring glances by reason of bright looks and cheerful contentment sweetly expressed, than this estimable young lady. In time the duties of maternity secluded her at home and those admitted to this sanctuary speak of the peace and happiness that dwelt beneath the roof and of the motherly care and training exercised with the same gentle influence that adorned her conjugal relations.

Two beautiful children, Grace, and Clara, survive, we shall believe, to embalm the memory of their mother in the graces her own life and love bestowed upon them.

Mrs. Crandol was taken with hemorrhages four weeks ago last Sunday, and has since been subject to the same attacks. The funeral services this morning were conducted by Rev. Dr. Dobbins.

The pall bearers were Col. Benj. Beach, B. Fowler, Benj. F. Neidig, John Vance, Theron Thompson and Thos. Prosser.

ST. HELEN, May 15th, 1882.

At the home of Mrs. Meeker, my old friend whose heart is overflowing with kindness to every one. May God bless her in her trials!

I came to this city yesterday for the purpose of making a final settlement with the estate of J. S. Bozarth, H. C. Bozarth, administrator. We accomplished it by mutual consent, the organ worth $200, appraised $130 being given me, and $95 of my money being refunded to me, I feeling perfectly satisfied with the settlement, hoping the remaining property may always remain for the children to whom it is due.

Mr. Bozarth and I became acquainted over 35 years ago, in Iowa, when young. We both emigrated to Oregon; were both married. Mr. Bozarth married a Miss Lewellyn of Milwaukee,—had 11 children,—8 living,—3 married,—5 single, two girls and three boys, the youngest eight years old. May God bless them is my prayer. Mr. Bozarth died two months ago to-day. We were married three years and six months, when he died. We lived happily together, looking forward to our *old* days when we could lean on each other for that love, and care that only true hearts can feel.

A few hours before he died, I asked him if he wished to bid the children all good-bye. He responded by a press of the hand! He could neither see nor speak. Each child was called, he then laying their hand on his, we giving each name to him, he thus bidding them a good-bye for the last time on Earth, but with a hope of a glorious renewing in the sweet by and by.

One little incident happened: One morning we were sitting around the old home stove. He looked up to me and said, "Ma, twenty years ago to-day, I put this stove up, and if you should outlive me, remember it, and perhaps you will be sitting right here," thinking I would remain on the old farm with the children retaining the name of John S. Bozarth.

MRS. JOHN BOZARTH.

The following letter-extracts speak for themselves.

CLATSKANIE, COL. CO.

Politically you stand at the head here and among most of the men on the Beaver, and all your friends hope that you will run independently.

It is only a short question of time when the bloodiest revolution of modern times breaks out in this country. Capital has grown so insolent that it says to us "you have got to be content with Chinese wages, eat what our hogs can't, and be content with the pittance we allow you or starve." A little more grinding, a little more tread-mill work, and the starved working men will appeal to the bayonet. The conflict is now inevitable. Our lands have been given to these big corporations and bonded to foreign capitalists, who hold for high prices; our railroads, built by government money, now control legislation; the people are getting poorer and poorer; there is no middle class, and soon all will be millionaires or paupers; our vast timber regions are owned by a few corporations and mostly by non-resident foreigners; all laws passed are such as will increase the wealth of the few who govern the country, and make and keep down more securely the millions of poor. How we will ever right things without war I do not see, but one thing I do know, these curses of civilization never again get a vote of mine!

AT HOME, May 17th.

MR. ADAMS—*Dear Sir:* I have an item for you. Mrs. James Cox had a son born to her last Monday, weighing 8lbs, and Mrs. Dalton had a son born to her to day, Wednesday, weighing 12½lbs. I arrived here from Rainier last night. Mrs. Dalton's sister, my granddaughter has come home very sick, but is improving nicely.

With Respect,

E. PERRY.

LOCAL NEWS.

At a meeting of the Republican Co. Central Committee held at St. Helen, May 6, 1882 for the purpose of nominating a candidate for representative to the Legislature to fill the vacancy on the ticket caused by the declension of Mr. Joseph Dobbins, it was resolved to renew the nomination of Mr. Geo. W. McBride, which was unanimously tendered him by the vote of the last Co. Convention. He accepted the nomination.

Willie Meeker gave us a call this week. He is working at Astoria since the Muckles froze him out. He wishes we may whip the ring. Bryant, who was with Captain Rockwell, is at Astoria, and hopes we will get elected Judge. Willie Meeker looks first-rate. We wish him success. He is a splendid young man, and will cut his bigness wherever he goes.

Mr. Benton Killin gave us a call to-day. He is a distinguished lawyer of Portland formerly in partnership with Judge Shattuck who is now nominee on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Killen was formerly a soldier. When we first knew him he was School Superintendent for Clackamas Co. Has been on the up grade ever since, and is one of the substantial kind.

Received calls this week from a L. L. Allen, Hiram VanBlaracom, Mr. Neal, father-in-law of E. L. Downing of Deer Island Landing, Charley Hancock, Charley Jones, Mary and North Hancock and Mrs. Wm. Stevens and her sister, Miss Hendrickson. These ladies dress with splendid taste. Rosa Stevens accompanied her mother and aunt.

All the friends of Judge Pope may feel satisfied that nothing they could do would please him more than to cast a vote for us in the comming election.

NURSERY RHYMES.

In vain Mr. Muckle
Will laugh and will chuckle,
His babes he can't suckle
Since Adams won't knuckle.
I'll bet you a buckle,
The people won't truckle,
And he suddenly tuk ill
Be naught but a duck ill
Alas for poor Muckle
*Candidates.

There's Mr. Cong-ears
With his very long ears,
He will bray like a mule,
And talk like a fule.
Poor Mr. Long-ears.
Just give him a thistle,
To tickle his whistle
Then he'll bray for a jack
To bring his votes back,
But the jack off will go,
And leave him to woe.
In vain he will cry
In the sweet by and by.
All covered with flunks
He'll go back, killing skunks,
Setting hens, raising taters
At his sweet Alma Mater's.
On Clatskanie's banks
He'll be king of the cranks,
And be a soul-sleeper
With Nichols for keeper,
Who has separate pen
For the women and men.

PRESENTIMENTS.

An Investigation of the Causes of Those Dark Forebodings which Make Powerful Men Weak.

Golden Rule.

Much apprehension has been occasioned throughout America from the announcement made by Professor Proctor that the return in nineteen years of the great comet of last summer will cause the destruction of the earth. But while people are becoming so strangely exercised over this announcement, an event of far more serious importance, which is taking place to-day, seems to be almost wholly overlooked. The nature of this most vital subject can be best explained by relating the following experiences

Bishop E. O. Haven, known to the entire land, was unaccountably awakened one night out of sleep and lay awake until morning. His mind seemed unusually active, and he not only reviewed his past life, which had been an eventful one, but laid extensive plans for the future. He did not feel especially ill, but could not account for the unusual activity of his brain, nor for the restlessness which seemed to possess him. But try as he would the shadow of some evil seemed to follow him, and he was conscious of a gradual sinking and wasting away of all his physical faculties. He had been an earnest and diligent worker, and in his zeal frequently overtaxed his strength, and being absorbed in his duties failed to observe the minor symptoms with which he was afflicted, thus permitting the work of destruction to go on unheeded. But the end finally came in a most peremptory manner. Shortly before his death he wrote a letter the last one he ever indited in which he speaks as follows: "A belief that death is near affects different minds differently, but probably all who retain fair condition of physical and mental strength instinctively shrink from it with an undefinable dread and horror. A dying man is no more able of himself to foresee his own destiny or the destiny of those he leaves than he was before he began to die."

The recent sad and sudden death of Hon. Clarkson N. Potter is one of the most serious warnings ever given in the long list of innumerable cases of fatal neglect. It is not sufficient to say that many other brilliant men, including Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wood, Wilson, and Carpenter, were swept away by the same fatal trouble. The question is, were these men sufficiently careful of their health, and could they have been saved? The Albany *Argus*, in speaking of Mr. Potter's sudden illness and death, says:

"One of the physicians who attended Mr. Potter here was interviewed lastly ing. He stated that Mr. Potter's inability to converse had for some time served to baffle the physicians in their efforts to determine the root of the illness. It seems, however, that Mr. Potter, some two years ago, suffered a slight attack of kidney disease. Unwise dependence upon a robust constitution and naturally perfect health, and neglect of proper clothing, doubtless sowed the seeds of a disease that needed but some such personal neglect as that of Tuesday morning to develop. From the symptoms at first shown, it was thought that his only trouble was nervous prostration; but his long continuance in a semi-unconscious state led to the belief that his illness was seated in a chronic difficulty more serious and dangerous.

Up to the latter part of last year Mr. Edward F. Rook, a member of the New York stock exchange, was doing business in Wall street, New York. He had everything to encourage him, and make life happy, but was the victim of unaccountable uneasiness. His experience as described by one who knew, was as follows: 'At unexpected times, and on occasions when he had the greatest reason to feel joyous he was irritable and haunted with strange feelings of discontent. He endeavored to check these feelings and appear pleasant, but it required a great effort to do so; after which he would again relapse into his former morbid mood. This feeling continued for a number of months, when he became conscious of an added sensation of lassitude. He was tired even when resting, and although experiencing no acute pain, had dull, aching sensation in his limbs and various parts of his body. Shortly afterward his head began to ache most frequently and his stomach failed to digest properly. Being told that he was suffering from malaria he consulted an eminent physician, who informed him that his kidneys were slightly affected, and gave him medicine to restore them. But he grew worse instead of better. He then consulted other eminent doctors of another school and was informed that he had a brain difficulty somewhat in the nature of a tumor, but in spite of all efforts to the contrary he continued to grow worse. At this time his condition was terrible. What were at first simple symptoms had developed to terrible troubles. He was flushed and feverish, constantly uneasy, and yet always weary. He had an intense appetite one day and very little the next. His pulse was irregular, his breathing labored, and every moment of existence was a burden. These disastrous symptoms continued, his body became discolored, his heart was irregular in its action, and his breath came in short convulsive gasps. He grew constantly worse, notwithstanding the utmost precautions of his friends and [illegible] a [illegible] the great [illegible] After his death an examination was made, when his brain was found to be in a perfect condition, and the reason of his decease was of an entirely different nature.'

The experiences which have been cited above all had a common cause and were each the result of one disease. That disease, which so deceitfully, yet surely removed the people above mentioned was Bright's disease of the kidneys. In the case of Mr. Rook the examination after death, while showing the brain to be in perfect condition, revealed the terrible fact that he was the victim of a slight kidney trouble, which had gone on unchecked, until it resulted in acute Bright's disease. The leading physicians and scientists of the world are just learning that more than one half the deaths which occur are caused by this monstrous scourge. It is one of the most deceitful maladies ever known to the human race. It manifests itself by symptoms so slight and common, as to seem unworthy of attention; and yet these very insignificant symptoms are the first stages of the worst complaint known in the history of the world. Thousands of people have died from troubles that are called heart disease, apoplexy, pneumonia, brain fever, and similar diseases, when it was, in fact Bright's disease of the kidneys. The ravages of this disease have been greatly increased from the fact that until recent years no way was known to prevent its beginning nor check its increase when it had become once fixed upon the system. Within the past two years, however, we have learned of more than one hundred pronounced cases of Bright's disease, many of them of a much worse type than those above described, and most of whom had been given up by prominent physicians, who have been completely cured. The means used to accomplish this end has been Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, manufactured in Rochester, N. Y., a remedy that has won its way to its present position of [illegible] solely upon the remarkable merits it possesses. As a result, it is more widely used and thoroughly praised than any medicine which has ever been before the American public. Indeed there is not a drug store in the entire land where it can be found.

Although Bright's disease is as common in cities, it is still more prevalent in the country. When eminent physicians in the largest cities are not able to recognize Bright's disease, it is natural that in the country where there are few physicians of any kind, and those few so unacquainted with the disease as to call it by some other name, it should rage terribly and yet unknown to the ones who are suffering with it. Thousands of people can look back and recall the death of friends from what was supposed to be some ordinary complaint, when it was really Bright's disease, AND NO ONE KNEW IT. The terrible pleuro-pneumonia, which has been so dreaded is usually the result of uræmic or kidney poison. Lung fever can be traced to the similar source. Most cases of paralysis arise from the difficulty, as well as innumerable fevers, lung, throat, head and bowel troubles. A vast number of ladies have suffered and died from complaints common to their sex called perhaps, general debility, when, could the real cause have been known, it would have been found to be Bright's disease, masquerading under another name. In marked contrast to the sad cases which have been above described are the experiences of many prominent people who were as low as any of the persons mentioned, but who were remarkably restored to former health and vigor by this same remedy. Among this number are the following prominent names: Col. John C. Whitner, Atlanta, Ga.; B. F. Larrabee, Boston, Mass.; Gen. J. A. Heckman, Phillipsburg, N. J.; Rev. D. D. Buck, D. D., Geneva, N. Y.; Dr. E. A. McManus Baltimore, Md.; Edwin Fay, Davenport, Iowa; Rev. A. C. Kendrick, LL. D., Rochester, N. Y.; J. S. Mathews, Portland, Mich.; C. W. Eastward, New York; Dr. A. Ramsey Albia, Iowa; Chancellor Jones, Marinette, Wis.; T. S. Ingraham, Cleveland, O.; Henry T. Canopy, Boston, Mass.; Elder James S. Prescott, North Union, O.; who is a prominent member of the Shaker community, and many others.

To all candid minds the force of the above facts must come with special power. They show the importance of promptness and attention to the first symptoms of disordered health before disease becomes fixed and hope departs. They show how this can successfully be done, and that the dangers which await neglect can only with difficulty be removed.

We desire to extend to the citizens of Columbia County our grateful thanks for past liberal patronage and while soliciting its continuance for the future, hope through you to gain many new patrons; we have added to our large stock of Drugs and Medicines, a complete stock of Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass &c. &c., and sell as *low*, as the lowest; our place being central, affords a convenient place for storing your parcels when in town making purchases, and we extend a cordial invitation to all to make our place head quarters.—Come and see us.

Very Respectfully,

WOODARD, CLARKE & Co.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.