

THE COLUMBIAN.

VOL. II.

ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON, JUNE 16, 1882.

NO. 45.

TILL DEATH US PART.

BY DEAN STANLEY.

[These beautiful lines were first published after his death by the Spectator, and were evidently written after the death of his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley.]

"Till death us part,"
So speak the heart;
When each to each repeats the words of doom;
Through blessing and through curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one, till that dread hour shall come.
Life, with its myriad graces,
Our earnings souls shall clasp,
By ceaseless love and still expectant wonder,
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

"Till death us part,"
O voice yet more divine!
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime
Through lonely hours,
And stately eaves,
We still are one, despite of change and time—
Death, with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link which none may sever.
Till, through the Only Good,
Heard, felt, and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever.

WORSE THAN A GHOST.

BY A. YOUNG.

The winter of 1826-7 was extremely severe, even for that country where Jack Frost holds high carnival, Nova Scotia.

For six months there was a level whiteness of dazzling splendor. The incrustated snow became firm as ice, rendering roads unnecessary. Fences and shrubberies were things of the buried past, and offered no impediment to the flying sleighs. The graceful, verdure-clad, forest-tipped mountains, rising from either side of our beautiful valley, could be likened to nothing under the sun but exaggerated sugar-loaves.

But to me, it was a glorious, enchanting winter—the first I had known of a paradise; or, in other words, it was the first winter I had known love.

The previous autumn our beloved pastor, who had been a widower for many years, surprised his congregation and friends at large by bringing to the parsonage a wife, the widow of a British officer, and a lady of great beauty and refinement. With her came a daughter fifteen years of age; but the child, as I considered her, had not the slightest interest for me.

I had arrived at that stage of hobbledoism when all feminines under the age of twenty-five were looked upon by me with the most supreme indifference; and, moreover, I had the satisfaction of considering myself irresistible to those whom I honored with my attention.

I accordingly arrayed myself in "killing" attire, and sauntered forth, one frosty night, bent on conquering the new wife. I came away from the minister's house forever conquered by the "new wife's" daughter, Lillian.

When she entered the parlor, where I was chatting pleasantly with the mother, I started to my feet with astonishment for the slip of a girl, whom I had thought too insignificant for my notice, was more lovely than I had dreamed mortal could be. She was quiet and, in spite of her tender years, her form was modeled in perfect symmetry, and every motion was grace itself.

At the first glance I could distinguish nothing clearly; there seemed to rise before me a brilliant combination of white, pink and gold; but as she drew near, I was spell-bound by her wonderful eyes. Were they brown or blue, I could not tell. I could only think of the soft velvet of the pansy, and wonder at their glory.

That night opened to me a new phase of existence, and I walked homeward under the twinkling stars, dreaming strange dreams of wild impossibilities, woven thick with golden tresses and soft velvet eyes.

The Christmas of that year brought with it unusual festivities. My mother gave a party, and invited every one far and near. The old, gray, weather-stained walls grew young again with the sweet laughter of children.

The tables fairly groaned under their load of delicacies, and were partaken of by numerous guests with true the zest that a clear conscience and good appetite always give. The evening was devoted to games and dancing, in which both old and young joined heartily, forgetful of the past hours, until some of the more steady-going ones were horrified to find themselves out of bed after 12 o'clock—a dissipation they had not been guilty of for years. Then came a hasty gathering of wraps and heating of bricks and they were gone. After hearing the last sleigh bell die away in the distance, I entered the house, and was made supremely happy by finding that Lillian and a young friend were to remain with us for a few days.

The clouds had been threatening during the day, and as night closed in, there came with it a solemn stillness, and the air was soft and stilling with un-fallen snow. Before morning it commenced falling gently and with no appearance of violence at first; but gradually the wind rose to a furious gale, and the air was dense with whirling, hissing snow. The sky closed down upon the earth like a huge pall, and the blackness of death lay upon the valley. For seven days and nights the storm raged with unabated fury. The doors and windows were blocked by the drifting snow, and an arctic night reigned throughout that long-to-be-remembered week.

To this day, children gather around the old men and women, and listen with

wondering eyes to the story of "The Snow Storm." How the bright, promising lad, "the flower of the family, by long odds," perished at his own door; that he was supposed to be safe with friends until his body was found while digging a path to the barn; how many of the cattle died from thirst, while others were wounded unto death by the horns of their companions, who, driven to madness, broke loose from their stanchions, and so on. The stories are legion that had their birth in that storm.

Happily we had no such severe experience. Our woodshed and barns were joined to the house by covered passages and aside from the anxiety felt for our neighbors, and a sensation as of being buried alive, we got along very well, devoting all our waking hours to amusements of the lightest sort. My father threw aside his habitual reserve, and played "blind-man's buff" and "pussy wants a corner" with all the agility of youth. He also astonished us by singing old ballads, learned years and years before, and for the first time in my life I awoke to the fact that at some remote date he had had a boyhood. Among other surprises, he suddenly developed a gift for story telling, but never touched upon any but cheerful and amusing subjects, until one evening when the wind moaned and sighed around the old house like the lost, troubled souls, he succumbed to the influence of the hour, and narrated a thrilling ghost story.

At its conclusion we huddled together with bated breath and a half-dread of something horrible coming out of the shadowy corners. But our minds once turned in this direction, the fascination became irresistible, and we talked of things supernatural till the flickering lights from the wide-mouthed fire-place seemed so many huge shadows mocking and nodding at us, until at last they disappeared in the darkness.

Lillian had been sitting with a far away look in her eyes, apparently unconscious of the turn our conversation had taken; but as she felt our gaze fixed upon her, she drew a shuddering sigh and said:

"Oh, that horrible dream! how it haunts me to-night; I cannot shake it off! And her face grew so pale that we feared she would faint, and drew near in alarm. In a moment, however, she recovered, and, in answer to our inquiries, told us the following dream, which was as strange as it was thrilling:

"I was only six years of age at the time; but, young as I was, the shock to my nervous system was so great that the work was entertained of serious and lasting results, and it was only by constant amusement and change of scene that the remembrance of that fearful night was driven from my mind. A sister of dear papa's had recently become a widow; she was strongly attached to her husband, and her bereavement seemed almost more than she could bear. She was of a singularly sensitive and excitable temperament, so her friends were not seriously concerned at her terrible outbursts of sorrow; but with the reaction came more alarming symptoms. It was the calmness of despair, instead of resignation. "She must be roused out of this at once," the old doctor said, "else she will go mad. Active grief is the safest. And, as a last resource, he begged my parents to bring me, hoping the strong resemblance I had borne to her only child, whose death she still mourned, would turn her mind in another direction. How well I remember the look of hopeless misery in her dry eyes as she held me in her arms and gently kissed my cheek; but with no thought, apparently, of her own lost darling. After our arrival, she made an effort to appear more cheerful, and her family hoped she might be her old self again; but when they appealed to the doctor for confirmation of their wishes, he shook his head as he answered, 'I would rather see her weep.'

"I occupied a room with my nurse in the remotest part of the house from Aunt Nina's apartments, and was entirely separated from them by a long corridor, the door of which was kept constantly locked; and what an amount of relief could never have been seen with my physical sight.

"I had slept soundly during the early part of the night, and it must have been nearly morning when I became suddenly conscious of a peculiar light. I was in Aunt Nina's bedroom, and every object was distinctly visible. I remember seeing a scrap of crumpled paper lying under a table which was found exactly as I described.

"Aunt Nina was kneeling by the bed, her long hair falling in disheveled masses around her. Her low, imploring voice was full of agony, and sobs convulsed her slight form, as with clasped hands she raised her streaming eyes to heaven. Her words were distinct, and burned themselves into my very brain: 'O God! spare me this, and keep me from myself! Crush me beneath a greater load of sorrow, if it is possible, but take from me this horrible temptation. Let me not be carried beyond Thy saving goodness, but give me, I beseech Thee, strength to resist this madness.' Again and again she repeated the words, increased despair in her voice, until, with one agonizing cry of 'God have mercy!' she threw herself face downward, and clutched at the carpet as if she were being torn from it by invisible hands. How long she lay there I could not tell for a great darkness came over me. When I looked again, she had risen to her feet with a fearful look on her blanched and ghastly face, every feature quivering, and, instead of tears, her eyes filled with a light I pray to be spared from ever seeing again, even in my dreams.

"In her hands she held what appeared to me to be a large towel, which she twisted with eager, trembling fingers,

And I saw her open the door, and move in the direction of the staircase. In mortal terror I closed my eyes to shut out the horrible sight.

"At last I seemed to feel a great light, as in our waking hours we are conscious of a strong light with closed eyes, and for an instant I looked upon a scene of glorious brightness. It hung limp and lifeless, but with a smile of ineffable sweetness on the pale lips, and surrounded by a halo of light, through which I caught glimpses of floating forms.

"I was awakened by the nurse calling to me, and Mama came hurriedly to my bedside. In an instant my dream flashed upon me, and I screamed in an agony of fear:

"Aunt Nina is dead. I saw her hanging to the balusters, and the angels have taken her soul to God."

"The shock had been too great, and I fell back faint. When I recovered consciousness, there was the awful calm resting over the house that succeeds death.

"Mama told me that the body had been found as described by me. And, even at that early age, I felt comforted to know that she had resisted the fearful death, and that a great and holy peace had come to her at the last moment."

Had a ghost stalked into our midst during the silence that followed Lillian's recital, it would have been a fitting accompaniment to our feelings. We had listened to each other's ghostly tales, knowing they were all "once upon a time," with nothing true or definite about them, and we rather enjoyed the little thrills of fear they caused; but here was an actual experience. There she sat, the slender, graceful creature, with the bright shining on her wondrous golden head. She was among us, and had passed through all this; and everything, even the snow-storm, paled before it.

I don't feel that I should be exactly honest if I did not confess that only shame prevented me begging my parents to let me sleep at the foot of their bed that night, or at least, somewhere within the sacred precincts of their chamber door. When I awoke the next morning the gloom was gone. The sun had burst forth again with renewed glory, and all the world was one unbroken expanse of spotless purity. Lumps of snow, shining in the early sunlight, fell from the trees with a muffled sound, while tiny icicles, discolored by a breath of air, dropped with a flash as of diamonds.

The work clearing away the drifted snow was carried on vigorously; travel was resumed almost immediately, and the great snow storm became a memory.

Lillian and I have just celebrated our golden wedding, and we toddling grandchildren cluster around our knees; but to me she is, as ever, the loveliest of her sex, and as golden-haired and violet-eyed as when I first loved her, fifty four years ago.

Nearly Kissed Themseves to Death.

Osulation is unquestionably a pleasing pursuit. It has been recognized as such from time immemorial, by generations, unnumbered of lovers, poets, and wise philosophers. There are doubts as to the present moment in this, as in other countries, many enamored swains, who ask no better than to be permitted to imprint "ten thousand kisses," one after another, upon the lips of the damsels upon whom they have bestowed their affections. They may, however, esteem themselves fortunate if their opportunities in this direction are somewhat limited, as the following true story will show: At an evening party in Kalkheim a few weeks ago the conversation happened to turn upon kissing, and the question arose how many salutations of this class could be exchanged between two ardent lovers within a certain space of time. As usual, opinions differed, and the discussion waxed warm. Presently a fiery youth offered to bet anybody present the German equivalent of a ten pound note, that he and his betrothed would kiss one another ten thousand times within ten hours, provided they were permitted to partake of some slight refreshment at intervals of half an hour during the performance. His wager having been accepted and the money posted, the affianced couple addressed themselves to the achievement of their congenial task. At the expiration of the first hour their account stood credited with two thousand kisses. During the second they added another thousand, and during the third seven hundred and fifty to that number. Then, pitiful to state, they both broke down. The youth's lips were stricken with cramp, and the maiden fainted away. Later on in the evening she was compelled to take to her bed with a sharp attack of neuralgia. An even more distressing result ensued from this surfeit of tender endearment, for it led to the breaking off, by mutual consent, of a hopeful matrimonial engagement. Young lovers should keep this sad tale in mind and moderate their transports, for, strange as it may seem, Dan O'Connell himself may be kissed to death.—London Telegraph.

The labyrinthine complications of words in which agnostics become entangled are frequently amusing, when they studiously and laboriously attempt to avoid any expression, showing a belief in God as the creator and sustainer of worlds. Duns M. Pasteur's repudiation of the Positivists of M. Littré, in the season of the French Academy at Paris, he quotes the remarkable definition of that overruling power, by many called Providence, which had been given by M. Renan, as "the totality of the fundamental conditions which determine the march of the universe."

The Yarmouth Bloater.

The glory of Yarmouth is its bloater, but the highest qualities of the bloater are so fleeting that only those who live in or near the town can know how deserved the glory is. Take one of the primest of these herrings, "pit" it, and smoke it for between eighteen and twenty-four hours; thus the common herring is transmuted into the delicate and incomparable bloater. The arsenal-like red brick buildings seen in many parts of the town are used for this purpose. The choicest of the herrings, technically called "bloaters stuff," are selected, and threaded through the gills on sticks or "spits" about a yard long, and placed in racks, one above the other, to a height of thirty feet or more, in a building called the smoke-house. One man stands in the racks with his legs astraddle, and puts "spit" after "spit" in position, about twenty-five herrings being on each "spit," until thousands of the fish are hanging like stalactites under the high roof. We call these "loves." When they are filled, he climbed up the racks; "I'm up among the loves."

"Loves?" we repeated, incredulously.

"Yes, lo-o-v-e with a h-e-s," he replied, positively, though we afterward found out that he was mistaken, and that the proper but inexplicable name of the racks is loaves. When they are filled, a log of oak is lighted and left to smoulder, and in about eighteen hours the herrings have absorbed a certain proportion of the smoke, and become perfect bloomers with an unmatched delicacy of flavor. They have so little salt in them and are so finely cured that they are too perishable to be sent any distance, and thus it is that in this condition the bloater is only known to those who are in or near Yarmouth. Smoked for a longer period, and salted, they are prepared for the foreign markets, and an exposure of twelve or thirteen days to the fumes of the oak produces the vulgar red herring. The stale fish, and those which have lost their heads or are in any way disfigured, are packed in barrels and compressed by a machine like a cheese press, in which form they are sent to Italy, where they may often be seen in the shop windows, adding a shining disk to the glitter of a Venetian day.—W. H. Rideing, in Harper's Magazine for June.

Towed by a Shark.

Heading across the bay to St. Simon's light the man in charge of the wheel landed Mr. Titt, and directed his attention to something ahead of us. The object turned out to be a shark's fin, so large as to be noticeable to the sailors aboard. The boat happened to be provided with a shark line—a manilla cord about a half inch thick, with a large hook tied to a trace chain. A small piece of beef was quickly put on the hook, a float put on the line, and then cast out, and the line made fast to the water fount. After about a mile's run he began to tire and the boat was headed for the beach, and then one of the hands waded ashore, taking the end of the line with him, which he made fast to a stump and came back for help. Four of us got on shore and commenced to pull Mr. Shark ashore. It took all we could do and two rifle balls to boot to land him. When I tell you that he measured seventeen feet, ten and a half inches from tip to tip you will know what a job we had. We determined to prove that we caught this shark, so we gave two negroes four dollars to cut him open and get his head off so that we could get his jaw over home. His teeth are wonderful, being about three and a quarter inches long, and so strong that he actually flattened out the big iron hook. The negroes made quite a prize. In his stomach they found eleven silver Mexican dollars and one Spanish doubloon, gold, and a whole lot of brass buttons.—Albany (Ga.) News.

An Obstinate Bride.

The other night a young man from northern Arkansas and a young lady from the southern part of the State, met at a hotel in this city and were married. After the ceremony the young man went out and sat in front of the hotel while his wife went up to the room assigned as the bridal chamber.

"This thing of getting married is a life-long business," he said, addressing a man who had just been divorced from his wife. "I reckon you have found it so," he added, turning to a single man.

"Well, I reckon I'll go up. Dinged if I don't sorter hate to go up there, too. But I never was afeard of a man, and I don't see why I should be afeard of a woman."

He went up and rapped at the door. "Who's there?" demanded the girl. "It's me."

"Who is me?"

"Don't you recognize my talk, honey?"

"No, I don't."

"It is your own wide-awake and living husband. Let me in."

"Go away from that door; you shall not come in here. I am not acquainted with you yet."

"Say, let me in. Them fellows down stairs are laughing at me. Open the door, fur I'm sleepy, and I yawned like a man waiting for a night train."

"Thought you said that you were wide awake?"

"I was a while ago, but I'm powerful sleepy now. Say, ain't you going to open this door?"

"Why did you marry me?"

"Cause I wanted to."

"Wall, why don't you let me in?"

"Cause I don't want to."

"All right, old gal; I'll shell out fur home and leave you to pay the hotel bill; I never seed the woman that could pull the wool over my eyes."

The latch clicked and the door opened. The hotel bill had frightened her.

"It won't do for a woman to buck agin me, lemmy tell you, fur I was raised at the cross-roads, an' went to mill early."

—Little Rock Gazette.

A Nevada Romance.

The auction sale of the personal property of Ira S. Parke recently attracted fully 500 people to the Parke mansion in Six-Mile canyon. The prices realized were for the most part much below value. A few of the much smaller pieces of furniture were taken at fair figures. The furniture sold was bought 12½ years ago, and was the most expensive outfit ever brought to this city. There was a romance connected with Ira Parke's life in which the buying of this furniture was an incident. Feeling that he was getting to be somewhat advanced in years Mr. Parke decided to take a wife, and in order to get one entirely to his liking, concluded to have a girl reared and educated with that particular object in view—making a mistake not unknown to other elderly men who have gone before him. Accordingly he sent to school a most estimable young woman, and as he watched the gradual development of her personal and intellectual charms, counted himself a happy man. The young lady's school course being finished, the big brick house which had been built to receive her was sumptuously furnished, and she was invited to enter it as its mistress. It was then that Mr. Parke was informed by his fiancée that her heart was irrevocably another's, and that though she would fulfill her engagement and marry him, she could never love him with devotion due from a wife to her husband. With true manliness Mr. Parke promptly released the lady from her promise, and settled down to live an old bachelor's life in the paternal mansion, which he had expected would be brightened by her presence, but which now appeared a dungeoned. Mr. Parke never married.—Virginia Enterprise.

If you wish to make a cake which will keep well, use the yolk of eggs only, as they make it much more moist and less liable to dry than the whites do.

SHOT BITS.

The United States census gives 92,653 Protestant churches, 71,662 Protestant ministers and 9,003,030 members of Protestant churches.

There is a marked increase in the number of theological students in Germany. This would indicate that the salaries of clergymen are going up in Germany.

The State Sabbath school convention of California, urged all schools in the State to have Bands of Hope organized in connection with their Sunday school work.

An Ohio man, who would probably have no objection to serve on the commission, has sent the President a plan for the suppression of "polygamy in Entaw."

Elephants, it is believed, can be taught to play billiards. If so, it will be a great relief to young men who are now obliged to give up so much of their valuable time to this work.

A man with a red nose doesn't need a placard hung around his neck to tell the world what caused it. You're right he don't. The little joker starts off as soon as he begins to smile.

The mistress of the household asks her new cook what her name is. The cook, obligingly: "My mistresses call me 'Madame Benoit'; with the gentleman my name is 'Felicie.'"

They were seated on the sofa, where they had been for four long hours. "Augustus, do you know why you remind me of the Chinese?" "No, dearest, why?" "Because you won't go." The meeting then adjourned sine die.

A foreign letter states that the Buddhist dignitaries of Japan have taken alarm at the spread of Christianity and the consequent decline of Buddhism among other classes of their countrymen.

The princess Dolgourki, widow of the late czar, is in Berlin, with three children. It is strangely reported "that she receives no official recognition." If she were to visit Washington now, half of the government would be around for introductions.

At the close of dinner at the late dean of Ely's, a guest happened to remark that six eminent lawyers had died in six months. At that time, the dean, very deaf, rose and said: "For these and all other mercies, God's holy name be praised."

One of the witnesses in the Malley-Cramer murder trial swore on cross-examination that he had prepared himself to induce the Malleys to give him hush money. It does take Connecticut to get up a murder trial that will bring out every known form of meanness and deviltry.

A man may plug his own firewood with powder to prevent thieves' neighbors and then by accident get a plugged stick in his own stove; but, though he swears to this explanation, it won't prevent the neighbors winking and snickering when the firewood is mentioned in his presence, and kind of hinting that honesty is the best policy.

A dentist who broke a Detroit man's jaw offered to pay \$2 to settle the case. But the victim was insulted at the idea that breaking his jaw was only \$2 damage to him, and indignantly asked if the man of torture thought that sum would console him for having to refrain from chewing tobacco for a month.

"How much quinine can you take at a dose?" inquired one inquiring individual of another, as they met on the street one morning. "Oh, not more than about four grains. If I take any more it sets my head to working."

"Doesn't it should think you would take six grains twice a day?" "No, I'm sure that the old thing worked, you know."

The clergymen of Chicago are determined to put a stop to Sunday-night theatricals. They say that if the theaters would only play standard dramas they would not care, for such counter attractions would have no effect on the size of their congregations. The trouble is that so many of the places of amusement present nothing but burlesque and ballet troupes.

There are occasionally brave women in this world. A Philadelphia lady heard burglars breaking into the house. She arose, called the bull-dog and seized the shot-gun. Then she opened the door and let the dog out. Then she almost immediately fired the gun. The dog's hide was too much perforated to sell for anything.

Cetewayo, the Zulu king, has set a noble example to the Mormons. He has picked out his favorite wife to keep, and set the others adrift. It's a great racket. You don't have to choose one wife to begin with and then keep her for better or worse. You test half a dozen, find out which is the most disposed to hold her jaw when you come home late, and then you rest. Then there'll be rejoicing in the religious circles over your reform, and everything will be lovely.

When Dr. Johnson had completed his dictionary, Millar, the book-seller, and principal proprietor of the work, could not help expressing his joy upon the occasion in terms somewhat immoderate, as appears by the following acknowledgment of the receipt of the last sheet of the manuscript: "Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the dictionary, and thanks God that he is done with him." To which Johnson returned this good-natured answer, "Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, as he does by the note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."