

# THE COLUMBIAN.

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help by fall, she would go into a decline," says Mrs. Ray.  
"I've seen lots o' sich in my time. I remember Miss Nancy Tryon—she that was Nancy Whiting. Well, she used to set in her rookin' chair with her quart camphire bottle, and every five minits she'd take a sniff at it, till bless you, she went into kind o' spasms like jist as easy as nothin', and the poor fool never thought it was the camphire that was a doin' on't till one day her poodle dog went into fits, and she sent for the doctor. He found out then about the camphire, and he told her that blessed dog would die in spasms if he got five whiffs from that bottle, and she hadn't better have it anywhere about the room where he was. And over and above all, he charged her to take that dog out walkin' every day, and four times a day, and not to stop till he could walk a quarter of a mile and back, or he'd likely die of apoplexy. You see some doctors use gumption on the sly. Well, the dog got way, and the woman got way, and by and by she had a baby, and nursed it herself, and she got to be a strong woman, and in time she came to have real good sense. Now I make no doubt that hundreds of women are just about off the same pattern of stuff."

"But, Aunt Susy, I don't suppose Letitia Loring is after that sort. She is most likely really sick, and needs nursing and care right along."  
"We shall see," replied Aunt Susy, shaking her head.

One month from this time a bankrupt law was passed, and Fred and his partners settled off their old scores as best they might, and were ready to begin the world anew. Now there was a chance to make a home, and the spirit of hope and ambition began to rouse the energies of the drooping young woman. Rag carpets for common rooms began to be all the rage among the neighbors, some one having woven one said to be altogether lovely; and then stair carpets woven out of yarn spun and dyed at home were pronounced all the style in a little city. Whither their minds were tended; and the drooping Letitia became alert and active, forgetting her troubles and only counting on the comforts and elegancies of her future home. Before autumn came, her cheeks were rosy with the new-found health, and her step was as elastic as the spinning wheel as in her girlish days. One day, Mrs. Ray, returning from a call on Mrs. Loring, dropped in to see Aunt Susy.

"Well, well, Mrs. Clarke," said she, "I quite believe in your doctrine. Mrs. Loring never said 'dyspepsia' while I made my call, but showed me her nice rag carpets, and the beautiful colors her mother has dyed for her stair carpets, and she has grown as plump and rosy as a girl of eighteen."

"Just what I told you; half the women get sick for want of business enough to give them a good digestion. You see I was right, it was nothing but fever delirium."  
"A motive for work, even if it is only a childish vanity, I begin to think is of more value than we generally believe. I have seen rich women, who, as girls or young wives, kept houses and had plenty of spare time for pleasure, kind of crumple down as they got rich, and you'd think they needed somebody to breathe for them. A little dose of poverty often restores them to a good measure of health," added Mrs. Ray.

"Yes, if they haven't got so selfish that they break up and wine and grow down hill to just nothing at all, kind o' crumple like burnt bone. To my mind, it takes some good sense and a deal of self-denial to get on comfortably through thick and thin in this world," and Aunt Susy took out her snuff box and lit it a rap to emphasize her opinion.

"But, bless you, I don't s'pose the Lord made wimmen jist to sit in the rookin' chair and read stories, and eat candy, any mor'n he made men to set round on nail legs at the store and whittle sticks and drink rum and cider brandy. Land sakes! It wouldn't be worth the taller candle we've burned a puttin' in their first foot blanket, and if nothin' is made in vain, I dare vow and desire to goodness the mark seems to be dreadfuller near it for some folks."

To account for such opinions, be it known that Aunt Susy lived some years before that century began.

"That was the best thing they could do. I suppose, when they gave up their beautiful home. They say Mr. Loring acted most honorably; never kept even what the law allowed him, but gave everything that could be sold to his creditors," returned Mrs. Ray.

"Oh yes, Fred Loring is a proper, good hearted fellow, but that isn't sayin' that he is wise where Ticy's concerned. He jist worships the ground she treads on. They might better have gone to house keepin' if it had been like that old fellow that lived in his tub—a big hollow log, I s'pose, like our leach tub. You see, Ticy needed to work. She'd been brung up to it, and jist sittin' down in a cushioned chair, with a carpet under her feet, and plenty of good victuals and strong tea and coffee, and lots of stories to read—tell me it wint make a woman sick! I tell you it's what ails half the wimmen that's complainin' these days, and they aggravate it by takin' patent medicine, and then callin' in the doctor. And the doctor he must find out somethin' that's the matter, and he brings his telescope, and listens to hear how the poor patient's heart beats; and then he sounds the lights to find out whether the air can get in when you're laid up like a drum, and he'll keep on his pryin' and spyin' till he's gone through a woman thread by thread—the ondest thing I ever heard tell about, and by this time, if her heart don't go pit pat, it's coz she haint got a mite o' shame in her. 'Spepsy! I should think so! You jist set that woman to spin thirty knots o' yarn a forenoon, and thirty knots o' yarn a forenoon, and thirty knots o' yarn a forenoon, and she'll be able to eat a good dinner of biled pork and garden sass, I'll be bound, and afore night she'll slip into the pantry and eat cold baked beans, and nobody'll hear any more about 'spepsy.'"

"But they say she looks real feeble, and I dare say she'll scarcely be able to make her own bed. Dr. Glucose said it was a very peculiar case, and he thought most likely if she didn't get

## A Robber's Story.

With heavy gyves clanking in dull, metallic ring at each movement, Henry W. Burton confessed murderer and mail robber, sat wearily on the bench in a cell in the Central station, where he was brought from the prison in Detroit, last evening by United States Marshal Matthews, of Michigan. Burton never smoked a cigar or pipe, or used tobacco in any other form, nor has he ever taken a drink of intoxicating liquor. He never swears, and he said last evening that the sound of an oath cuts him like a knife.

He was born in Texas. "My father was a ranchman," said he; "his name was White, and my right name is Samuel White. When I was thirteen years of age my father was shot by James Brown in a quarrel. It was when I was twenty-one years of age that I met Brown for the first time. It was in a camp in Rockdale county, Texas. I was told who he was. Stepping in front of him I exclaimed, 'You are my father's murderer,' and before he had time to draw a pistol, I shot him through the heart. I was arrested afterward for the offence, and served a short term of imprisonment. After my discharge I began my career as a mail robber, or train agent. I worked without any assistance whatever; always alone. In April, 1877, I stopped a mail express in Rockdale county, Texas. There were fourteen passengers in the stage. You would hardly think it possible that one man should intimidate so many, but I erected dummies that in the dark looked like men surrounding the vehicle. Then I made the passengers step out of the coach; one by one, after first attending to the driver and the guard by crippling them with a shot piece from my revolver. As the passengers alighted I threw black hoods over their eyes and fastened their hands behind their backs. I got \$4000 from this haul, but was arrested soon after and sentenced to an imprisonment for life. I was pardoned through the influence of friends within two years."

"I went to Colorado. I cannot tell how it was, but after drifting about for a time I returned to my old pursuits. One dark night about a year ago I heard that the stage on the road between Dreadnought and Aramosa, in Colorado, was full of passengers and carried a rich mail. I erected several canvas tents and built dummies looking like men on the sides of the road. I barred the road with two poles, fastened forkwise. Shortly after midnight the vehicle came dashing along the road. The horses caught on the stakes and rolled to the ground. One by one I ordered the driver and passengers to alight. There were fourteen passengers, any one of whom could have knocked me down, for I was a cripple, remember; but out they came as gentle as lambs, looked at my dummy men and trembled with fear. After my trial in the September term of court, 1881, in Colorado, I was being taken from Chicago to Detroit when I disarmed the sheriff and his two deputies who had me in custody. This was in the cars. I had the sheriff's revolver pointed at his head. In an instant more I would have blown his brains out, but a passenger, Miss Alice Smith, a lady whom I had never seen before, and whom I had never met since, threw herself upon me, begging for the sheriff's life. I think I am too tender-hearted. Escape was open to me, but Miss Smith called out: 'Think of the man's wife and children.' Without a word I handed the revolver back to the sheriff, and submitted without any sound of complaint to having shackles placed upon my hands and feet. (Philadelphia Press.)

## An Inventor's Courtship.

The following account of Edison's marriage is from the Buffalo Commercial Advocate.

Griffin, Edison's private secretary, once told me a family characteristic story of the manner in which Edison came to get married. The idea was first suggested by an intimate friend, who made the point that he needed a mistress to preside over his big house, who was being managed by a housekeeper and several servants. I dare say the idea had never occurred to him before, for he is known to be the shyest and most reserved of men; but he seemed pleased with the proposition, and timely inquired whom he should marry. The friend somewhat testily replied, "any one; that a man who had so little sentiment in his soul as to ask such a question as that ought to be satisfied with anything that wore a petticoat and was decent, and concluded by saying: 'There are a number of nice girls employed in your factory over yonder. They aren't especially refined or cultivated, I must confess; but they are respectable, and that is the main consideration, after all.'"

Edison looked them over, and after making his selection, put the question plumply to her. It was Edison's way of doing business, but embarrassed the young lady all the same. She asked time to consider, and granted her a week. At the end of that time she accepted him, and they were married without delay. They had decided to visit the New England States and Canada and make quite an extensive tour. As the bridal party drove to the station they passed his laboratory. Turning to his wife, Edison excused himself for a few minutes, saying there were some matters that needed his attention and that he would be at the station in time for the train. The train came and went and so did several others, but no Edison. The bride, who knew his peculiarities, finally drove back to the house and waited her liege lord's pleasure. She never saw him again for forty-eight hours. Immersed in some idea that had suddenly occurred to him, he became oblivious to brides, honeymoons or anything else.

## The Stomach of the Horse.

Very few men who feed horses know anything about the physiology of the animal which is man's most faithful servant and companion. Colvin gives the following brief description of the stomach of the horse and the process of digestion, which may interest every man who feeds a horse. It settles the long open question of which to feed first, grain or hay:

"The horse's stomach has a capacity of only about 16 quarts, while that of the ox has two hundred and fifty. In the stomach this proportion is reversed, the horse having a capacity of one hundred and ninety quarts, against one hundred of the ox. The ox and most other animals have a gall-bladder for the retention of part of the bile secreted during digestion; the horse has none, and bile flows directly into the stomach as fast as secreted. This construction of the digestive apparatus indicates that the horse was formed to eat slowly and digest continually bulky and nutritious food. When fed on hay it passes very rapidly through the stomach into the intestine. The horse can eat but about five pounds of hay in an hour, which is charged, with four times its weight of saliva. Now the stomach, to digest well, will contain but about ten quarts, and when the animal eats one-third of his daily ration, or seven pounds, in one and one-half hours, he has swallowed at least two stomachfuls of hay and saliva, one of these having passed to the intestine. Observation has shown that the food is passed to the intestine of the stomach in which it is received. If we feed a horse six quarts of oats it will just fill his stomach, and if, as soon as he finishes this, we feed him the above ration of seven pounds of hay, he will eat sufficient in three-quarters of an hour to have forced the oats entirely out of his stomach into the intestine. As it is the office of the stomach to digest the nitrogenous parts of the feed, and as a stomachful of oats contains four or five times as much of these as the same amount of hay, it is certain that either the stomach must secrete the gastric juice five times as fast, which is hardly possible, or it must retain this food five times as long. By feeding the oats first it can only be retained long enough for the proper digestion of hay, consequently it seems logical, when feeding a concentrated food like oats with a bulky one like hay, to feed the latter first, giving the grain the whole time between the rations to be digested."

## How Arabi Bey Looks.

The general curiosity in regard to Arabi Bey—who has lately shot up into prominence and notoriety, if not fame—will be partly satisfied by a description of a dinner given in Cairo, at which a large number of prominent American and ministers of the Khedive were present. Dr. Henry M. Field, editor of the Evangelist, who made the principal speech of the evening, in response to the toast, "To the President of the United States," describes the dinner and the guests, in a letter to his paper, in the course of which is the following pen-picture of Arabi Bey:

"However, the dinner came off, and proved an unique affair. It brought together a distinguished company. All the ministers of the Khedive were present, among whom the greatest curiosity was manifested to see the Arabi Bey, the leader in the recent military movement. His first act in leading the army against the government was certainly a gross act of insubordination, and had Ismail Pasha been still Khedive, and felt strong enough, he would undoubtedly have been shot. But in such cases the character of the act is generally judged by its success, and, as Arabi Bey had the army at his back, instead of being executed he is now minister of war and virtual dictator of Egypt."

"I was very curious to see a man who acted such a part, and who might be destined either to supreme power or to death, and observed him closely. He is a man of large physique, with rather a heavy face, except his eye, which looks as though it might flash fire if he were once aroused. But his manner was very quiet, and the few words that he said when I addressed him through an interpreter, were such as might be uttered by any other patriotic man. He said he had come out this evening, though not feeling well, to do honor to the memory of a man who had freed his country from a foreign yoke, perhaps thinking in himself that Washington had done in America he might do for Egypt."

## The Stinging Tree.

Through the tropical scrubs of Queensland are very luxuriant and beautiful trees are not without their dangerous drawbacks, for there is one plant growing in them that is really deadly in its effects—that is to say, deadly in the same way that one would apply the term to fire, as if a certain proportion of one's body is burnt by the stinging tree, death will be the result. It would be as safe to pass through fire as to fall into one of these trees. They grow from three inches to ten and fifteen feet; in the old ones the stem is whitish, and red berries usually grow on the top. It emits a peculiar and disagreeable smell but it is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round, having a point on the top, and is jagged all around the edge, like the nettle. All the leaves are large, some larger than a saucer.

"Sometimes," says a traveler, "while shooting turkeys in the scrubs I have encountered the stinging tree till warned of its proximity by its smell, and I have then found myself in a little forest of them. I was once stung, and that but lightly. Its effects are curious. It

## Certainly He Would.

The other evening as a muscular citizen was passing a house on Montoalm street, a lady who stood at the gate called out to him:

"Sir, I appeal to you for protection!" "What's the trouble?" he asked, as he stopped short.

"There's a man in the house, and he wouldn't go out doors when I ordered him to!"

"He wouldn't, eh? We'll see about that!"

Thereupon the man gave the woman his coat to hold and sailed into the house, spitting on his hands. He found a man down at the supper table, and he took him by the neck and remarked:

"Nice style of a brute you are, eh? Come out o' this or I'll break every bone in your body!"

The man fought back and it was not until a chair had been broken and the table upset that he was hauled out doors by the legs, and given a fling through the gate. Then, as the muscular citizen placed his boot where it would do the most good, he remarked: "Now, then, you brass-faced old tramp, you move on or I'll finish you."

"Tramp! tramp!" shouted the victim, as he got up. "I'm no tramp! I own this property and live in this house!"

"Yes, and that's my wife holding your coat!"

"Thunder!" whispered the victim, as he gazed from one to the other, and realized that the wife had got square through him; and then he made a grab for his coat and slid into the darkness with his shirt bosom torn open, a finger bitten, and two front teeth ready to drop out.—[Free Press.]

## Clandestine Correspondence.

One of the surest roads to ruin trodden by young girls is the pernicious custom of indulging in clandestine correspondence with any handsome scamp that lies in wait for them. Saturday is a red letter day with these clandestine correspondents, many of whom are school girls whose parents never dream that their children are following in the footsteps of so many girls who have been taught the art of deception and disloyalty by their love of what they call adventure. The writer of this article once stood near the ladies' delivery window in a city postoffice and watched these girls as they came and went. It was very easy to distinguish those that came to the office for a legitimate purpose. One young lady approached the delivery window and inquired for a letter in a manner which seemed to indicate that she didn't care whether she got one or not. She was good-looking, but there was a restless, uneasy look about her face, and scarcely heading the delivery clerk's reply to her question, she glanced furtively about the postoffice. Suddenly a young man entered the office, and with her soul in her eyes she met him, and held a hurried conversation, the last words of which were, "To-morrow evening in the usual place." Lots of women call regularly at this office who never receive a letter in their lives," said the postoffice official, "and many of them don't expect any letters. We have done all we could to get rid of them, and of these young girls who come to get letters from clandestine correspondents, but we can not. We deliver no letters at the general delivery addressed to initials, but scores of them are received." Then the official showed a long list of these letters which had been sent to the dead letter office.

## Curious Facts.

The horseshoe crab grinds its food between its thighs.

One half of the human family die under 17 years of age.

Antwerp and other towns of Belgium are overrun by a vast network of telephone wires.

Coarse garnets are sometimes used as a substitute for emery in the work of preparing glass for polishing.

The salutation of the Egyptians is alleged to be "How do you perspire?" and that of the natives of the Orinoco, "How have the mosquitoes used you?"

Plants have been raised from seeds found with coins of the Emperor Hadrian in an ancient barrow in England.

Sultan, the pet elephant of the Jardin des Plantes, was unable to survive the death of his companion, the dog Jean.

A statistician estimates that the people of the United States have to pay twenty-three dollars a minute for Congress while in session.

The chamois is the only antelope found in Europe, and the baboon, on the rocks of Gibraltar, the only quadrumanus.

The word "daughter," common to all Indo-European languages, means milk, and bears witness to the early taming of the cow.

THE GIRL OF COLORADO.—A girl in Colorado had been receiving the attentions of a young man for about a year, but becoming impatient at his failure to bring matters to a crisis she resolved to ascertain his intentions. When he next called she took him gently by the ear, led him to a seat and said: "Nobby, you've been foolin' round this claim for mighty near a year, an' he've never yet shot off your mouth on the marryin' biz. I've cottoned to you on the square clear through an' he've stood off every other galoot that has tried to chip in; an' now I want you to come down to business or leave the ranch. Ef you're on the marry, ye want a pard that'll stick rite to ye till ye pass in your checks an' the good Lord calls ye over the range, just equal, an' we'll hitch; but ef that ain't yer game, draw out a give some other fellow a show for his pile. Now sing yer song or skip out." He sang.—Chicago Times.

## FEVER DELIRIUM.

BY A GRANDMOTHER.

"So Ticy Loring's come home ruther feeble, has she?" queried Aunt Susy Clarke, an octogenarian, who at her four score was as bright and saucy as a girl of sixteen. As she made the inquiry of her neighbor, Mrs. Ray, she set her silver-bowed spectacles a little closer to her bright blue eyes, and elevated her chin, giving her investigation quite a judicial air, as though the announcement had something criminal in itself.

"Yes, Aunt Susy, that is what I heard," said Mrs. Ray. "The doctors call it dyspepsia, I believe, and they say she is white as chalk, and her fingers look as thin and delicate as though she had never washed a dish, or turned a spinning wheel in her life. I s'pose her mother'll wait on her like a baby."

Aunt Susy made an indescribable ejaculation, pursing up her mouth as though it had been cramped with a French fluting-iron. "Spepsy, is it? I can 'nstricate better'n that. I'll wager my gold beads agin your silver spoons that it's nothing in the world but the old-fashioned fever delirium. It's a gettin' dreadful prevailin' in these days."

"Fever delirium, Aunt Susy! What in the name of disease is that?" asked Mrs. Ray.

"Yes, fever delirium—two stomachs to eat and none to work. Ticy's what my granny Chapin used to tell me was the matter when I grumbled at spinnin' two run and a half a day, and I 'spicion Ticy's got it in the worst way. I learn as how, after that factory failed in which her husband was partner, he got a chance to work for big wages, and they broke up keepin' house, and went to boardin' at a swell boardin' house, coz he said the firm owed him so much they never could pay up, and they might as well live in style as to work hard and pour their money into a chist without any bottom."

"That was the best thing they could do. I suppose, when they gave up their beautiful home. They say Mr. Loring acted most honorably; never kept even what the law allowed him, but gave everything that could be sold to his creditors," returned Mrs. Ray.

"Oh yes, Fred Loring is a proper, good hearted fellow, but that isn't sayin' that he is wise where Ticy's concerned. He jist worships the ground she treads on. They might better have gone to house keepin' if it had been like that old fellow that lived in his tub—a big hollow log, I s'pose, like our leach tub. You see, Ticy needed to work. She'd been brung up to it, and jist sittin' down in a cushioned chair, with a carpet under her feet, and plenty of good victuals and strong tea and coffee, and lots of stories to read—tell me it wint make a woman sick! I tell you it's what ails half the wimmen that's complainin' these days, and they aggravate it by takin' patent medicine, and then callin' in the doctor. And the doctor he must find out somethin' that's the matter, and he brings his telescope, and listens to hear how the poor patient's heart beats; and then he sounds the lights to find out whether the air can get in when you're laid up like a drum, and he'll keep on his pryin' and spyin' till he's gone through a woman thread by thread—the ondest thing I ever heard tell about, and by this time, if her heart don't go pit pat, it's coz she haint got a mite o' shame in her. 'Spepsy! I should think so! You jist set that woman to spin thirty knots o' yarn a forenoon, and thirty knots o' yarn a forenoon, and thirty knots o' yarn a forenoon, and she'll be able to eat a good dinner of biled pork and garden sass, I'll be bound, and afore night she'll slip into the pantry and eat cold baked beans, and nobody'll hear any more about 'spepsy.'"

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## COMPLEXION OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

An English statistic says that no less than 7000 swan skins are annually used in London alone for the exclusive manufacture of the "puffs" used for the purpose of laying powder on the face. Every swan's skin makes about sixty puffs, which would make an annual consumption of 420,000 puffs. Is, then, the natural whiteness of the English skin a myth? The same English statistic says that tons of rice and wheat powder are annually consumed in England, and he regrets the waste of so much rice and wheat, which might be better used to feed the starving.