

THE COLUMBIAN.

St. Helen, Columbia Co., Or.

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E. G. ADAMS, Editor & Proprietor.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Special Correspondence of the COLUMBIAN.

NEW YORK, July 31, 1882.
THE HEAT.

It is a trite subject here in New York, but at the present time it is the most important to every man, woman and child, from Battery Park, to Spuyten Duyvel Creek. It is not only a question of comfort or discomfort; but, especially in the case of the out-door toilers, and the people who are packed in tenement houses, it is one of life or death. Yesterday, and the day before, the thermometer marked 99 degrees, and the indications are that it will record the same temperature today. The mortality among the children of the poor, has been very great for many days, and sun strokes are more frequent, than since the summer of 1850. In some parts of the city places of business have been closed, on account of the heat, the proprietors, like their customers, deeming it more profitable to flee to the country, than to fry within the super-heated walls of the city. Yet the trade in beer is lively. It is never too warm for lager.

BEARDING SATAN IN HIS DEN.

Mrs. Doolittle, a lady who believes that she cannot do too much toward saving the souls of the wicked, has been holding gospel meetings in a bar-room in Baxter Street, among thieves, murderers, all sorts of criminals. On first applying for admission to the den, she was told that her life would be in danger; but in she went, and before the drunken inmates could tell the difference between a beer glass and a hole in the wall, Mrs. Doolittle was raising the roof with one of her most ear-splitting melodies. The worst man in the room was an ex-pugilist, called dangerous Jack, known as a terror to all who live virtuous lives and wear clean linen. Jack was taken aback. He tried to join in the singing, but being weak in the upper register, he abandoned the attempt, and with all the politeness he could manage, he extended to the missionary, in the shape of a glass of stale beer, "hospitalities of the house." When Mrs. Doolittle declined the beer, Jack became converted; and now when the missionary makes her tour through Baxter and other streets in which the rum-sodden and crime-soaked outcasts of the city dwell—when not in prison—Dangerous Jack always acts as her escort. With her by his side, he says he can knock Satan out of time in the rounds with soft gloves, "and" he adds, "pray the blasted soul out of his body, afterwards."

THE FREIGHT HANDLERS.

Attempts have been made to fix upon the striking freight-handlers, the responsibility of raising rows in the street; but these attempts are miserable failures. The strikers are, as they have been from the beginning, orderly and law-abiding in every respect. This is one reason why they have the sentiment of the public with them. Money flows into the treasury every day from all sorts of sources; and it is easily seen that the railroad companies must ultimately give in. Some of them have offered the twenty cents demanded, provided the men will leave the Union, but the men prefer to hang together. Even the Italians and Russian Jews, who have joined the strikers, decline to renounce their allegiance to the Union, and are standing side by side with their brethren, evidently with no intent to surrender. Indeed, many of them have gone beyond their fellows, and declare that they will not work for less than 20 cents an hour.

THE TURF SCANDAL.

F. T. Walton, proprietor of the St. James Hotel, and better known as "The Plunger," is recognized as one of the successful sporting men of the age. He returned from Europe a few months ago with about \$500,000 won at the races; and has been very lucky on this side. A charge has recently been made, that he has been in the habit of bribing the jockies, and otherwise tampering with them. The Executive Committee of the Monmouth Park Association are preparing to receive testimony in the case. Mr. Walton is said to have lost \$25,000 on one race last week because a jockey whom he had attempted to bribe, be-

came conscience smitten, and brought his horse in a winner.

SHOWS IN THE BOWERY.

It is almost incredible, but nevertheless true, that even in this sultry weather the dozen or more cheap shows that are open in the day time as well as at night, in this bewildering city, are doing an excellent business. They are, for the most part, on the Bowery, which, to the average visitor from the rural districts, is the most wonderful thoroughfare in the world, and the average visitor's estimate is not far from right. For dash, crash and flash; for dirt; for wealth of cheap nastiness in hundreds of shops and stores of all kinds; for Jew Pedlars, Italian fruit vendors, bloated drunkards of both sexes and all ages; for brazen women to whom a bath would be as great a surprise, as an invitation to a queen's drawingroom; for ragged children, houseless and shameless; for policemen, surly and ill bred, rough and vulgar; for blind, halt, lame and deformed beggars, the Bowery has no parallel, except that London highway of the low, known as shoreditch. In the night-time from Chatham Square to Bond Street, it is an endless panorama of all that is filthy, and vile and poisonous and deadly in human nature. Yet its cheap glitter and gilt, its abominable show music, its ceaseless whirl and howl seem to attract a certain class of strangers, and I verily believe that if our country cousins would give the Bowery the cold shoulder for one calendar month, that time dishonored pathway of disease and vice would be overgrown with weeds.

Its chief attractions, if I except the cheap clothing stores and the Brummagean jewelry shops, seems to be its shows—miserable imitations of the cheapest so-called museums, and hardly fit to be compared with many of those little tent-shows to be seen at every county fair, or in the near vicinity of a popular circus. A description of one will suffice for all.

A man at the door of a rattle-trap building, which is embellished on all sides with the most horrible pictures, of the most impossible creatures. The man who has a voice like that of a bull of Bashan with an attack of croup, walks up and down flourishing a cane, and howling a list of curiosities to be seen inside, "for this night only, admission ten cents." A barrel organ, accompanied by a cracked drum, and an asthmatic cornet sends forth strains of discordant melody upon the fetid air. A bearded nondescript awaits at an inner door to take your dime. At his side stands "the largest woman in the world" taking a glass of beer. She weighs—museum weight—900 pounds. She might weigh one fourth as much if she wore a greater superfluity of clothing and if her arms and calves could only be more elaborately padded, and her face and neck and other visible portions of her anatomy could carry more soil. Passing the largest woman in the world, who as soon as she drinks her beer, will put on her waterproof, and exhibit for an hour at the museum up the street, where her weight is 834 pounds, you encounter the "living skeleton, weight—museum weight—41 pounds." He is simply a thin boy, to lazy to grow stouter, and weighs 100 pounds. The lecturer represents him as being 40 years old. This age he will reach about the year 1917. Then you are shown the great Patagonian Giant. He is 8 feet 11 1/2 inches high—museum measurement—from which deduct two feet and a half, and you get his altitude. Although a Patagonian giant, he was born in the Fourth Ward of New York, Irish parents, and speaks Hibernian English with a Tipperary accent. Next you view two alligators, the like of which you may see in a dozen private aquariums and an anaconda 17 feet long, three times its actual length; and a razor-back pig from Tennessee, that passes for an Australian hedge hog. You have seen all that is to be seen; and if you tramp up and down the Bowery or block, you will see at another museum, the same wonders, barring the hedgehog, the alligators and the anaconda. In both museums—in nearly all of them—you will see the same visitors. They are country cousins, who do not read the papers. Bunnell's on Broadway, is far superior to the Bowery shows, and in course of time, will equal Barnum's world renowned establishment of twenty years ago.

CRUMBS.

The market is glutted with strawberries and blackberries. This is a sign that summer is near.

A farmer near White Plains has killed a snake with two heads. People have ceased to express astonishment at the discovery of such *lusi naturae* nowadays;

but just let a farmer kill a snake with a head at each end of its body, and a pair of wings between. Then the curious world will howl.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 5, 1882.

There is probably no man in the country who does more work than the President. Quite certainly no man in the country does more irritating and aggravating work than the President. It is pleasant enough to receive a social call or shake hands with a friend, but when shaking hands becomes a duty and receiving all sorts of callers a necessity, the pleasure of the thing dwindles most magnificently. The "President's Room," situated in the right wing of the White House. This is a large apartment, plainly but handsomely furnished. It is on the second floor and opens into the hall, and looks from its windows at the rear upon the well-kept grounds and the Potomac beyond; also upon the alleged Washington monument. The White House, especially this room, is excellently ventilated. Around the room are chairs and one or two sofas. There is but one picture on the walls—a life sized portrait of George Washington, painted by a South American artist, and presented by the President of the United States of Columbia. Although the President is ready to receive callers at an early hour he never finds the visitors waiting. Members of Congress and the President's advisers walk past the door keeper without showing their cards. Other visitors must first send their cards in by the door-keeper. Sometimes there are as many as twenty people in the room at a time. Members of Congress take their turn at talking to the President in the order in which they entered the room, keeping the tally themselves. The President indicates to the others when he is ready to hear them. The interviews are short or long, generally the former. When the President desires to consult without interruption with callers they retire to the library adjoining. Everybody who calls is received except those upon business strictly pertaining to the different departments, such as minor appointments. The President positively refuses to hear applicants for such places. They are referred to the departments. As a general rule, each call is on a different business. Delegations sometimes take eight or ten in of the same mission—except Baltimore delegations, which split up when they get before the President, and each man gets a separate candidate. The number of people who call to "pay respects and shake hands" is great and growing. They mumble something, seize the President's hand and depart. It is a great thing for the principals of female seminaries in the adjoining states to bring on to Washington whole batteries of beauty and bring them to bear upon the President. Bridal parties are quite numerous. Sometimes they accompany to the President that they are newly married, but whether they do or not that fact is perfectly apparent. When no attempt at the concealment of their happiness is made, the President presents the blushing bride with a flower from the large, fragrant bouquet which is always on his table. When concealment is intended he looks unconscious while the groom looks remarkably conscious. The President pays a good deal of attention to bridal parties, evidently remembering the time when he was a happy and fortunate groom. Another class of visitors are excursionists by the hundreds. These and large delegations are received in the East room. There are frequently as many as five hundred people in one of these excursions. The member of Congress whose constituents they are, arranges with the President for their reception. He gets them in line, and as they file by the President, the member introduces each one, and makes lots of votes for the next time.

The rewards of Stalwart fidelity follow each other in rapid succession. The President nominated to-day for the vacant mission to Italy his personal friend, Mr. W. W. Astor, of New York. This mission is a very pleasant and desirable place for a gentleman of means and leisure, as is Mr. Astor. There were many who cast longing eyes upon it during the very protracted incumbency of the late Mr. Marsh, and there were several occasions when he would have been displaced had it not been for the powerful influence which was exerted in his behalf.

The House adopted the resolutions of the committee on appropriations to adjourn sine die on Monday.

The difference between the two houses

on the legislative, executive and judicial bill were settled to-day, and the bill was sent to the President for his approval. The principal hitch was in regard to the occupancy of the fourth story of the State Department building by the additional clerks, who are to be appointed to hurry up the thousands of pension cases under the arrangements of pension act.

The matter was compromised by leaving it to the judgment of the Secretary of War. As soon as the bill is signed Secretary Teller will make the appointments of 800 additional clerks provided for.

AUGUST.

Poor Archie!

Archibald Clifford Boyn who was drowned on the 16th of June 1882, near Enterprise Landing on the Columbia river, was the son of Hon. John Boyn and his wife Ann, whose maiden name was Crawford, a daughter of Major Archibald Crawford, an 18th century Scotchman, whose title is Lord Ardullian. The celebrated Yelverton Case was tried before him. The subject of this sketch was born in Carthage, Spain at the time his father was British Consul there. He was christened Archibald Clifford Blackwood Crawford Boyn, having many names as is the custom among the gentry and nobility of England, Scotland and Ireland. He was educated at a Jesuit College in France, and could speak French equal to a native Parisian. He served as Lieutenant in the Foreign Legion in the Franco-Prussian War. Left France in 1871 for Scotland. In Glasgow married Elizabeth Taylor Nov. 13, 1872. Mrs. Boyn has one brother, Thomas Taylor, living there. From Scotland, came to Montreal, Canada where he lived two years, then to San Francisco. Has been living in Columbia Co. four years. His place was the Capt. Mordoff place. He purchased it of William Neer, and hoped there to spend the rest of his days. He liked this country very much. He was elected School Clerk of his District three times; was also Road Supervisor of District No. 3, and kept all the records of his offices in tip-top shape; was nominated County Assessor, on the Democratic ticket, but defeated. He was drowned at 5 o'clock June 16th, 1882. He reached to catch the rope of the sail, and a sudden flaw of wind gave the boat a lurch and threw him overboard. The undercurrent there is very strong, and sucked him down never to rise alive again. His body has been lately found, and buried at Woody Island near Brookfield. His brave heart is at rest. He had a genial soul in a strong athletic body, was full of wit, and replete with humor. Was a gentleman at all times, and above all deceit or low cunning. Manliness was his chief characteristic, and he knew not fear. We appreciated him at his real value, and so one day we hope to write a poem commensurate with his worth. He had his faults as the sunbeam has its notes, but they never would be seen if it were not for the glorious light that by its superior splendor reveals them and shows how little they are in comparison with the brilliancy in which they float.

Mrs. Rodgers, having completed her fourscore years and ten died at the residence of her son-in-law, Hon. Nelson Hoyt, on Tuesday evening last. Funeral to-day. The last of her earthly pilgrimage she was blind. Her eyes now open on the glories of Heaven, for Jesus with his gentle hand has removed the film from her eyesight. She was born in the North of Ireland.

The Philadelphia Musical Journal for May is full of good things as ever, containing the following attractive sheet music:—"Fairly Caught," "He giveth His Beloved Sheep," and "The Old Cottage Clock," all popular vocal selections; "Chinese Serenade," a pleasing melody, and "Evening Calm," an instrumental romance. The June No. is even more attractive. It contains the continuation of "Woman and Artiste," a serial from the German, of which Adelaide Ristori, the great Italian actress, is the heroine; musical news; and the following pieces of sheet music:—"I Remember," by Pinotti; "A Leaf from the Spray," by Mey; "Confidence," by Mendelssohn; "Angel's Dream," by Lange; and "Little Louie Waltz," by Manville. A supplement, containing the initial instalment of a French novel, translated into English, will be given away with the July number. Terms:—One dollar a year in advance, or ten cents per single copy. Published by Chandler Publishing Co., 306 & 308 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

La Centre.

The steamer *Manville* had an excursion on Sunday from Portland to La Centre. We took our family, and went. Quite a delegation got on board at St. Helen. It was a delightful day, and we never enjoyed ourselves any more. The site of the Kinder place was the finest we passed. We noticed the hut of I. T. Jenny surrounded by his beautiful orchard of peach-trees. The scenery is grand, and all lacking to make it more beautiful than Europe is a few castles or ruins of that kind. The many-hued foliage gave the landscape a decidedly æsthetic appearance. La Centre is a quiet little burg. It looked lively, however, then, with its three steamboats, *Duelo*, *Luton* and *Manville*. A fine bridge across the river is in process of erection.

We called on Dr. Davis and he kindly showed us some of the treasures he is gathering up for a museum. He has a fine collection of ancient coins. He showed us the knee buckles and shoe buckles of Benjamin Nason of York Co. Maine, worn in Revolutionary times. He has a splendid collection of stuffed birds, but the greatest curiosity of all was a tree fungus big as a safe. It beat anything in that line we ever saw. The Doctor has a fine apothecary establishment, and is a much bigger man intellectually than many give him credit for. It isn't every numskull that can appreciate talent. We called on Mr. Barr, the miller; he has a grist-mill and saw-mill, and is a live man of business. His wife is a very pleasant cordial lady, and Mrs. Adams liked her much. They have two beautiful little girls who did their best to entertain our children. Before we made our last call, we had gone on the top of the hill, and in a delightful cool grove eaten our lunch. We never saw a nicer place for that purpose than the grove on the hill above La Centre. We had almost forgot to mention our visit to Miller & Guther's store. Mr. Miller has returned from Indiana, and brought back a bran-new wife. He kindly showed us around the store which is full of first class goods. The children would not forget to thank Dr. Davis for a bountiful supply of candies and nuts.

On the boat we met many old acquaintances from Portland, Mr. Bush-digler, Mrs. Waul and two beautiful daughters, Robert Caples, Mr. John Finney, Mr. S. Herman and Mr. J. M. Reddick who has been logging on Coa Creek. He was accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Whittle. There were many beautiful girls on the boat, but none handsomer than the St. Helen delegation. There were quite a number of the Milton Quarry men went, a very quiet, gentlemanly set of men. Altogether the excursion was refreshing. It rested us. The officers of the boat, had everything move along just like clock-work.

Never Go Back on a Traveling Man

We have just received from the publisher a copy of the above named popular comic ballad. The same is now being sung with unbounded success in nearly all the principal theatres in this country. It promises to become the most popular and salable song ever published in America. Over \$1,900 having already been paid to the author as a royalty in less than seven weeks after issue. It is composed by the popular song writer, Charlie Baker, and dedicated to the Traveling Men of America, the great fraternity who earn their livelihood by their constant "grip."

LAST VERSE.

In don't let this dirty, we don't crave your pity,
We ask your good-will which we hope we're to
get;
Remember us kindly—don't let us be
forgotten;
For in sixty days more we'll be found on your
trac.
To the trade, one an tall—big dealers and firms,
And we mean what we say when we make the
request.
If your hearts "O K." and I you're able to pay,
Remember us big orders—that suits us the
best.

The music is very pretty and simple; can be played on the piano or organ. The title page is finely illustrated. Price, 40 cents per copy, or four copies for \$1.00. Sent by mail, post paid to any part of the United States upon receipt of price. Postage stamps taken as currency. Address all orders to

F. W. HELMICK,
Music Dealer and Publisher,
180 Elm St. Cincinnati, O.

Rev. Mr. Reese has finished the Conference year on this charge. He has had good success at St. Helen, and at Scappoose by large congregations to wait on his ministry. The members in this county are not many but are of a high class, and people of worth and character.

Communication.

SEATTLE, August 11th, 1882.

MAJOR ADAMS—Dear Sir: Your valuable paper found me last evening. Having completed a steam vessel, worth \$50,000 for A. M. Simpson & Bros. in S. F., I have moved from S. F. with my family. I am prospecting the Sound with a view of locating a place for the building of a...

As Mrs. St. Helen and Hood. In the lower field where Mr. Pickering, formerly County Clerk, resided, is one of the grandest views of the mountains in Oregon. The house and barn are both torn down, and only the stump of a peach tree marks the spot. This place now the property of Judge Moore, was first deeded by Mr. Hoyt to his son-in-law Mr. Pickering.

New Goods.

Arrived this week a full assortment of newest styles of dress goods including broads, Grenadines, Brocades, Seersuckers, Fancy Ginghams and moccie cloths also American prints, white goods, Ladies' and Misses' hosiery in all colors, Lisle-thread gloves, Embroidery &c. &c. at McBride's Store.

Mr. St. Helen down the river, had a present lately of a leg of eggs from some of his friends. They were not fresh, and needed a dose of verminicide and a bottle of cologne to make them presentable. The incipient chickens had not peeped on Earth, but their spirits, unstained by aught of Time, had chirped first in the happy chick—much in the dim beyond over there. Shall we weep?

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

A large and well-assorted stock of men's boots, men's women's, and children's shoes of all kinds carefully selected by Mr. Giltner in San Francisco now arriving and to arrive at McBride's store. Especial care has been taken to get the very best goods in the market.

Capt. Stephens is cutting a big wake since he got out of the narrow in St. Helen. He was a man too big to be associated with those so contracted they could not appreciate him. He likes the COLUMBIAN; a word of praise from a man of intellect is worth all the damning of a set of mongrels whose faces have the expression of the bottom of a chair.

Received *Ridley's Fashion Magazine*. It is full of interesting stories, in prose and verse, useful home articles, amusing and instructive sketches, a profuse illustration of the fashion of the day, and invaluable shopping information. Just the look for every home. Published quarterly, and only 50 cts. per year, or 15 cts. per single number.

The best minstrel song of the day has just been issued. The title is "Do Gospel Crown," the words and music being by Dan Lewis, whose fame is world-wide. As an "end song" this is par excellence. Sherman, Clay & Co., San Francisco, are the publishers, and will mail copies for 35 cents.

Have received *Good Cheer* from Greenfield, Mass. It is good cheer sure enough to read it. 50 cts. a year. A splendid paper for children. Address Good Cheer Publishing Co., Greenfield, Mass.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.