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## THE TWO ROSES.

I send two roses to my fair,  
A red one and a white,  
And if she love me, she will wear  
The pure white rose to-night  
But if my love deny me grace,  
To bid me hope be dead,  
In her sweet bosom she will place  
The faded one, the red one.

In hope and fear the day I spend,  
Each moment slowly goes,  
For all my future doth depend  
Upon a simple rose.  
'Oh, that the night would come,' I sigh,  
Then wish 'twere only noon;  
For me, if hope be doomed to die,  
The night will come too soon.

She comes! and with her comes a breath  
Of roses on the air,  
And be it life or be it death,  
I look upon my fair.

I see the white rose on her breast,  
The red rose on her cheek,  
What need of words to tell the rest,  
So plain the roses speak!

—(Chicago Tribune.)

## San Francisco.

Somebody has poked fun at San Francisco by calling it "The Venice of the West," and then qualifying the compliment by explaining that the only resemblance between the two cities is in the volume and variety of the disagreeable smells that prevail in them. But the San Franciscans take no notice of this explanation. They accept the comparison in its broadest sense and positively expect you to see a resemblance between their very wonderful but very new and very ragged town and Venice. Indeed, there is no limit to the San Franciscan's expectations from a stranger. No excess of admiration ever becomes flattery. They will accept every word you say, and even then will think you have not risen to the whole truth about "the Golden City," "the Queen of the Pacific," etc., etc., and perhaps go away after all with a lofty sort of commiseration for your rustic incapacity to grasp all at once the metropolitan splendors of San Francisco.

Now, I was sitting in the hotel one day and overheard a party of San Franciscans bragging in an off-hand way to a poor wretch who had been brought up in New Mexico or somewhere like it, and calmly assuring him that there was no place "in the world" of greater beauty than San Francisco and of more delicious fruits. (They said a great deal more about fine buildings, institutions, etc., etc., which was all nonsense, but all that passed unheeded by the stranger.) Hearing the conversation, and being inwardly exasperated at the imposition that was being put upon the simple-minded barbarian, I pretended to fall into the same easy credulity myself and drew the stranger to making extravagant assertions as to San Francisco was a revelation of beauty to every tourist and the perfection of its fruit a never-ceasing delight to him. Having these grossly ignorant men thoroughly committed to what they had said, I ventured to inquire what standard of comparison they had in their self-laudation, what other countries they had visited and what fruits they considered California produced in such perfection. Now, it is a fact that these three impostors had never been out of America; in fact, that except for short visits on business to the Eastern States they had never been out of California and Nevada! I then proceeded to enlighten them—told them that to those who have traveled, to the cognoscenti, San Francisco does not appear at all beautiful; that on the contrary it is a great disappointment; that in America itself there are many places far more beautiful, while "in the world" there are scores of seaports with which San Francisco can no more venture to compare itself than a mud-pie can with a meringue. As for its fruits, there was not in its market now, in its best shops—a single thing that deserved to be called first-class. From the watery cherries to the woolly apricots, every fruit was as flavorless as it well could be, and as a whole they were so second rate that they could not find a sale in the best shops of either Paris or London.

This was very rude, I know, but I found to my surprise that every traveler in the room had been just as exasperated as myself by the local habit of exaggeration and several of them corroborated me. It is a great pity that San Franciscans should have this weakness. They have plenty to be proud of, for their city is a marvel. But it has all the disadvantages of newness, and in a greater degree, too, than any other new places, for instance Chicago or Denver. Its population, moreover, is more disagreeably unsettled than in any other town I know of except perhaps those on the Levant. All the mud and dirt are still in suspension, and a very undesirable mixture they make, too, those half-breed and hoodlum elements. I have no doubt, of course, that improvement is making immense and rapid strides, but to the visitor the act of transition is of course invisible and he only sees the place at a period of repose between the last point of advance and the next. He can imagine anything he pleases. But this is not what he actually sees. For himself, then, I found San Francisco, as so many other travelers have described it, dirtily, breathless with haste, unkempt. Here and there, where trees have been planted and there is the trace of flowers and creeping plants, the streets look as if rational people might really live in them. But for the vast majority of the buildings they seem merely places to lodge in—dark bugabooes or rest houses, perches for passing swallows—anything you like except houses to pass one's life in. They are not merely wooden, but they are

sham too, with their imposing "fronts" nailed on to the roofs to make them look finer (just as vulgar women pin curly "bangs" on to the tops of their heads) and their inexcusable dearth of ornament.

In many ways the Queen of the Pacific was a surprise. I had expected to find it "semi-tropical." It is nothing of the kind. Women were wearing furs every afternoon in June, because of the chill wind that springs up about 3 o'clock, and men walked about with great coats over their arms ready for use. The architecture of the city is not "semi-tropical" as that of suburban New York, while vegetation, instead of being rampant, is conspicuously absent. Three women out of every four wore very thick veils, but why they wore so thick I could not discover. In hot countries they do not wear them, nor in "semi-tropical." Perhaps they were vestiges of some recent visitation of dust, which appears to be sometimes as prodigious here as it is in Pietermaritzburg. But they might very properly have been made an armor against the flies which swarmed in some parts of the town in hideous multitudes. —[N. Y. Sun.]

## A Georgia Corn-Shucking.

The farmer who proposes to give a corn-shucking selects a level spot in his lot, conveniently near the crib, rakes away all trash and sweeps the place clean with a bush broom. The corn is then pulled off the stalks, thrown into wagons, hauled to the lot, and thrown out on the spot selected, all in one pile. If it has been previously "nored" through the neighborhood that there is to be plenty to eat and drink at the corn-shucking, and if the night is auspicious, there will certainly be a crowd. Soon after dark the negroes begin to come in, and before long the place will be alive with them—men, women and children. After the crowd has gathered and been moderately warmed up, two "gin'r's" are chosen from among the most famous corn-shuckers on the ground, and these proceed to divide the shuckers into two parties, later comes reporting alternately to one side or the other, so as to keep the forces equally divided. The next step, which is one of great importance, is to divide the corn pile. This is done by laying a fence-rail across the top of the corn pile, so that the vertical plane, passing round the rail, will divide the pile into two equal portions. Laying the rail is of great importance, since upon this depends the accuracy of the division; it is accompanied with much argument, not to say wrangling. The position of the rail being determined, the two general motors of the corn pile, and the work begins. The necessity for the "gin'r's" to occupy the most conspicuous position accessible, from which to cheer their followers, is one reason why they get up on top of the corn; but there is another, equally important, which is to keep the rail from being moved, it being no uncommon thing for one side to change the position of the rail, and thus throw an undue portion of the work upon their adversaries. The position of the "gin'r's" in a corn-shucking differs from that of the soldier, in that the former is in greater danger than any of his followers; for the chances are that should his side seem to be gaining, one of their opponents will either knock the leader off the corn-heap, or thus cause a momentary panic, which is eagerly taken advantage of. This proceeding, however, is considered fair only in extreme cases, and not frequently leads to a general row. If it is possible, imagine a negro man standing upon a pile of corn, holding in his hand an ear of corn, and shouting the words of a song below, and you will have pictured the "corn gin'r's." It is a prime requisite that he should be ready in his improvisations and have a good voice, so that he may lead in the corn-song. The corn-song is almost always a song with a chorus, or to use the language of the corn-shuckers, the "gin'r's give out," and the shuckers "drone." These songs are kept up continuously during the entire time the work is going on, and though extremely simple, yet, when sung by fifty pairs of lusty lungs, there are few things more stirring. —[October Century.]

## Root Pruning.

The London Garden prints the following regarding the pruning of roots. The experiments were made on the apple and pear. A vigorous apple tree, eight or ten years old, which had scarcely made any fruit buds, has done best when about half the roots were cut in one season and about half three years later, by going half way round on opposite sides in one year and finished at the next pruning, working two feet underneath to sever downward roots. It has always answered well also to cut from such trees all the larger and longer roots about two and a half feet from the stem, leaving the smaller and weaker ones longer, going half way round, as already stated. The operation was repeated three or four years later by extending the cut circle a foot or two further away from the tree. By this operation unproductive fruit trees become thickly studded with fruit spurs and afterward bore profusely. This shortening of the roots has been continued in these experiments for twenty years with much success, the circle of roots remaining greatly circumscribed. The best time for the work has been found to be in the latter part of August and beginning of September, by going half way round in one year, while the leaves are yet on the trees, causing greater increase of bloom buds the following year than when performed after the leaves had fallen.

## The King and the Wasp.

The following is from a correspondence entitled, "The Funeral Tent of an Egyptian Queen."  
It was desirable in the interest of science to ascertain whether the mummy bearing the monogram of Thothmes III. was really the remains of that monarch. It was, therefore, unrolled. The inscriptions on the bandages established beyond all doubt the fact that it was indeed the most distinguished of kings of the brilliant eighteenth dynasty, and once more, after an interval of thirty-six centuries, human eyes gazed on the features of the man who had conquered Syria and Cyprus and Ethiopia, and had raised Egypt to the highest pinnacle of her power, so that it was said that in his reign she placed her frontiers where she pleased. The spectacle was of brief duration; the remains proved to be in so fragile a state that there was only time to take a hasty photograph, and then the features crumbled to pieces like an apparatus, and so passed away from human vision forever. The director told me that he felt such remorse at the result that he refused to allow the unrolling of Ramses the Great, for fear of a similar catastrophe. Thothmes III. was the man who overran Palestine with his armies 200 years before the birth of Moses, and has left us a diary of his adventures, for, like Caesar, he was author as well as soldier. It seems strange that though the body moldered to dust the flowers with which it had been wreathed were so wonderfully preserved that even their color could be distinguished, and they looked as if only recently dried, yet a flower is the very type of ephemeral beauty that passeth away, and is gone almost as soon as born. A wasp, which had been attracted by the floral treasures, and had entered the coffin at the moment of closing, was found dried up but still perfect, having lasted better than the king, whose emblem of sovereignty it had once been; now it was there to mock the embalmer's skill, and to add point to the sermon on the vanity of human pride and power preached to us by the contents of that coffin. Incurable is the decree, "Unto dust shalt thou return," running in the same line of meditation it is difficult to avoid a thought of the futility of human devices to achieve immortality. These Egyptian monarchs, the veriest types of earthly grandeur and pride, whose rule was almost limitless, whose magnificent tombs seem built to outlast the hills, could find no better method of insuring that their names should be held in remembrance than the embalment of their frail bodies. These remain, but in what a condition, and how degraded in the uses to which they are put! The spoil of a general, and the pet of a young man, who buys a royal mummy as he would buy the Sphinx if it were removable; "to what base uses art thou come," oh body, so tenderly nurtured, so carefully preserved! How far better to have mingled with friendly mother earth, and let the worms of the soil do their duty, than other lives in nature's wondrous transmutations!

## German Peasant Women and American Invalids.

An American woman expresses her pain at seeing the German women carrying on their backs great baskets of earth, which men filled with their shovels; and at a Holland woman's pulling, by means of a strap across her breast, a canal boat in which two men sat smoking. She had also seen women and dogs haggard together dragging a cart in which sat a man, laying his whip impartially over both woman and dog. "Being a woman," she says, "thank God I was born in America."  
It certainly is one of the privileges of birthright here that women are not forced to toil as the women do whom she describes. Yet in all probability, so far as health creates happiness, and happiness is almost impossible without health, the hardy peasant women of Holland and Germany might not have much occasion to envy their pitying American sister. The chances are that the American woman has scarcely known since she came of age a whole year of healthful hearty life; that she has some ache, some ail, some weakness, brought on by bad habits of living, imprudent diet or fashionable clothing; that her hips are loaded down with several pounds' weight of skirts; her waist local so tight that she can scarcely breathe; and the heels of her shoes are in the middle of her instep, and bound to produce, if they have already produced serious physical complications. The peasant woman's lot is a hard one, and she has a hearty appetite; and if she is killed by toil so severe, it is quite as likely that her American sister will die, or live a protracted invalidism, in consequence of a too luxurious and fashionable existence. —[Detroit Free Press.]

It would be hard to find a more pitiable set of human beings anywhere than the female emigrants that arrive in this country from various parts of Europe. They are not only ignorant of the country, but usually without money and frequently without heart, and so in too many instances are the common prey of sharks and sharpers, who seek to use them in many evil ways. Castle Garden is one of the dreariest places on this earth. Whatever, therefore, Mrs. Elise Roerber and Lady Jane Taylor or other ladies can do or conceive looking to any amelioration of the conditions of the female emigrant deserves the popular sympathy of man and woman kind. —Philadelphia Times.

Venerable white-haired colored servants are the newest craze among families who live largely on their pedigrees.

## A Case of Immorality.

The hardest class of shop girls to deal with are those who have seen better days. In her forthcoming report, Miss Jennie Collins, manager of Bofin's Bower—an institution organized twelve years ago by that lady to ameliorate the condition of unfortunate shop girls and workwomen generally—has much to say of the evil effects of the ruinous competition in the clothing and other business. The meagre sum paid shop girls in not a few of the large and small establishments frequently results in the demoralization of the purest and best. One prepossessing young woman, some two months since, re-acted her case to Miss Collins as follows: "I came to make you a little present of \$10. Use it to help some one else before they get where I am. I had to earn my living. I tried housework first. The family's washing was beyond my strength. I then procured a place in a shop, commencing with three dollars a week, with the promise that when I had saved \$10 I could make \$6 or \$7 a week. It was the same old story; I was discharged and another novice put in my place. I next got a position to tend in a cheap variety store, with an advance of \$4 a week on this stipulation—that I was to dress as well as the other young ladies. To do this I was obliged to live upon one meal a day. Half starved, disheartened and oppressed, I drifted where I am now." These are facts; and the story of this girl is the story of hundreds of other girls. The police here say that Boston has more "drifted" women than the squares here than any other city in the country. Crowds of young women come from Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont to get their living, and, failing in that, on account of starvation wages, are tempted, and lead a life of immorality. The women who apply at the Bower for aid are of all classes. The young and intelligent ones are easily disposed of. During the past 12 months Miss Collins has furnished over 3000 meals to destitute girls. She is doing a humane work, but her labors are not half appreciated by the Boston public. She saves and redeems girls from death and destruction every year.

## Protect the Girls.

There is a case coming up before a Chicago court that will be of great interest to the general public. It has long desired a decision on some of the points that will be developed. It seems that a young man, a member of one of the Chicago clubs, a gentleman of wealth and refinement, is to be sued by the father of a young woman for \$50,000 damages for injuries received while on his society. The young people had been keeping company for some years, and the carriage of the young man was often seen in front of the Michigan avenue residence of the young lady. Last December he ceased visiting her, and since that time she has been an invalid, and has sought for a spinal doctor, and the father will go into the courts, it is said, against his daughter's wish, to have the matter of responsibility settled. It seems that the young man is bow-legged, so much so that it has always been considered dangerous for anyone to sit in his lap, for fear they would fall through on the floor and break some bones. It is said that the young man knows his failing, and that he usually holds any person who may be in his lap with his arms, so that there is no danger of falling through, but in this case he forgot the danger and let the girl slip. The father claims that the young man, knowing how fearfully and how wonderfully he is made, should have adopted precautions, and in his complaint he will swear that on several occasions he has warned the young man that he should place a board across his lap, or some day his parenthesis legs would let somebody through. In his answer to the complaint the young man will say that his legs are just as nature made them, and that anybody who sits in his lap takes the chances. He adds that if the girl had used all precaution that one in so dangerous a position should use, and throw her arms around his neck, as others have done, there need have been no danger, and while he sympathizes deeply with her and her family, owing to the alleged injury, he cannot consider himself responsible. Of course there are two sides to every question, and both sides will have sympathizers. —[Burlington Hawkeye.]

An Omaha correspondent of the 19th instant gives the following, which will be of interest to the Christian world, and particularly the denomination mentioned. He says: Almost an entire Pullman car on the Union Pacific west bound train to-day was occupied by some American Presbyterian missionaries, some accompanied by their wives and families, who are en route to various points in Eastern and Southern Asia. Rev. D. McGilvray, Mrs. McGilvray and son are bound for Laos; Rev. E. P. Dunlap, Mrs. Dunlap and their children, are bound for the kingdom of Siam, where they have already spent several years; Rev. S. C. Peoples, J. P. Hurst and Mrs. Hurst, go to Laos; Rev. Mr. McLaren and Mrs. McLaren go to Siam; and Misses Wisard, Warner and Wirt are bound for the kingdom of Siam, where they have already spent several years; Rev. W. W. Hayes and Mrs. Hayes go to China. The party sailed on the 28th from San Francisco.

## The Minister Ceased to Wonder.

Appropos of the Egyptian troubles, we wish to relate a little story, the circumstances of which occurred during our trip to the Holy Land several years or more ago. He was a devout Christian, and had made the study of the Bible and a proper understanding of the Big Book the highest aim in life. When he arrived at the Sea of Galilee his heart was filled with awe, and he felt enervated and cleansed by the thought that he was gazing on the very spot where his Savior once stood. Approaching the boatman, he addressed him in his choicest Arabic, and with an air of command in hand he awaited an answer. "Ah! what smatter 'th yer? Why don't yer talk United States?" asked the man contemptuously. He was a real live Yankee, who was picking up a living by ferrying tourists across the sea. "So this is the Sea of Galilee?" devoutly murmured the searcher after knowledge. "Ya-a-a." "And the is where our Savior walked upon this waters?" "Ya-a-a." "How much will you charge to take me to the exact spot?" "Wa-ah, you look like a clergyman and I don't want to charge you nothin'." The devout man boarded the boat, and at last is pointed out where the miracle is said to have occurred. After gazing at the waters and dividing his time between the books and devout ejaculations of satisfaction, the searcher signified his willingness to return. "Charge you \$20 to take you back," said the speculative Yankee. "But you said you would charge me nothin'." "Naw, didn't. Nothing to bring you out. Twenty to get back." "And do you charge everybody to take them back?" asked the searcher. "Ya-a-a, that's about the figure." "Well, then," said the devout one, as he went down into his clothes, "no wonder our Savior got out and walked." —[N. Y. Dispatch.]

## The Incisors of the Horse.

The incisors of the horse, once worn down or lost, are gone forever, but in many species a provision exists by which the wear and tear of mastication is compensated by the perpetual growth of certain members of the dental series. This very convenient arrangement exists in all the rodents or gnawers, an order of which the beaver, the rat and the rabbit are familiar examples, and also in the elephant, the walrus, wild boar, etc. "And do you charge everybody to take them back?" asked the searcher. "Ya-a-a, that's about the figure." "Well, then," said the devout one, as he went down into his clothes, "no wonder our Savior got out and walked." —[N. Y. Dispatch.]

## The Title of Rail-Splitter.

Mr. Seward was nominated in the Convention by Mr. Everts of New York. Mr. Lincoln was nominated by Mr. Judd of Illinois. The nomination of Mr. Lincoln was seconded by Mr. Dolano of Ohio, who said: "I desire to second the nomination of a man who can split rails and mail Democrats—Abraham Lincoln." This probably originated the term "rail-splitter," which immediately became popular. Decorated and illuminated rails surrounded the newspaper offices, and became a leading feature of the campaign. "Rail-splitter battalions" were formed in the different cities and minor villages of the North. At a great ratification meeting at Cooper Institute, June 8th, after speeches by Messrs. Everts, Blatchford, G. W. Curtis, General Nye and Judge Tracey of California, the last named said: "We wage no war upon the South, we harbor no malice against the South. We merely mean to fence them in" (pointing significantly to a rail exhibited on the platform) "this is all we propose to do to stop the extension of slavery, and Abe Lincoln has split the rails to build the fence." —[The Century.]

PERPETUAL ICE SNOW.—The Hon. G. W. Stapleton returned yesterday from a business trip to Glendale, and while there was told of a lake which a hunter had seen near the headwaters of Wise river about eighty miles south of Butte. It is situated high up in the mountains and surrounded by steep crags, and the water is frozen solid, notwithstanding the remarkably warm weather in this section. The hunter is convinced that it never thaws, and states that in the center of this great body of ice is an avalanche of snow piled up to a great height, which has evidently slid down the crags surrounding the lake. It is described as a beautiful spot, scenery grand, and the whole country alive with game. A glorious spot, no doubt, for a summer excursion. —[Montana Star.]

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

William Shakespeare is a booming politician in Michigan. Pennsylvania is infested with tramps, who amuse themselves by burning barns. It is said that alcohol equal to that made from grain can be produced from acorns.

The city of Ottawa has expended \$15,700 on electric lights, which, after all, have proved a failure.

Richmond, Va., has a debt of \$4,741,707 65, on which she pays an annual interest of \$303,134 43.

The insignificant youth with a very large cane looks like a two-inch sparrow lugging an eight-inch feather.

Of 1000 ounces of healthy human blood 781.5 ounces consist of water and 318.5 ounces consist of solid matter.

Twelve perpendicular feet of water are annually evaporated from the surface of the Red Sea between Nubia and Arabia.

An old Philadelphia druggist says that no soda water dealer can use genuine syrups and charge less than ten cents a glass.

All solid bodies become self-luminous at about the same temperature, beginning to show a dull light at about 1000 degrees.

The greatest pressure of a steam boiler is at the bottom. The water adds one pound pressure for each twenty-seven inches depth.

It is said that 14,000,000 bushels of sweet potatoes will be raised in Georgia this season, and how to dispose of the crop is a problem.

Furnaces in Germany are now being encased in silk, which is found to be a much better non-conductor of heat than felt, and no more expensive.

About twenty tons of old iron, composed of rolls, skulls and salamanders, were recently placed in a pit at Chicago and reduced to fragments with dynamite.

The United States has one medical man to every 600 inhabitants, while Canada has only one to 1200 inhabitants, Great Britain one to 1672 and Germany one to 3000.

Over 500,000,000 feet of lumber will be cut by the mills of Menominee, Marinette and Menasha, Wis., this season. The entire amount will be shipped and sold in Chicago.

The brightest of stars appear the most unsteady and tremulous in their light; not from any quality inherent in themselves, but from the imperfections of vision in the surveyor. —[Plato.]

Griffin, Ga., has the largest peach orchard in the South, containing 50,000 trees, and covering most 600 acres. On the same farm are 4000 grafted apple trees and 5000 pear trees.

The trustees of Oglethorpe's Colony in Georgia legislated in 1733, and here is what they did: "Enacted that the drink of rum in Georgia shall be absolutely prohibited, and that all which shall be brought 'there shall be staved.'"

The 11,071 fishermen of Maine in a year use 19,111,640 pounds of fish for bait, each pound landing ten pounds of fish. How many fish worms are used and the number of times each fisherman spits on his hook, the census man neglects to tell.

In the six months ending June 30th, there were granted in the city of New York permits for 1365 new structures, estimated to cost \$26,048,705; and for 1998 alterations of buildings, estimated to cost \$2,747,532—in all, \$28,796,237 to be expended on dwellings and warehouses.

The building of the New Haven break-water has ruined the finest oyster planting beach on the coast. The swift and continuous current essential to successful oyster culture has, the oystermen claim, been totally destroyed at many points. They are without remedy at law.

Oscoda (Mich.) News: "A Bay City young lady, recently married, sent a friend here one of her stockings filled with wedding cake. The balmoral was emptied, and its contents filled a rag-gallon churn, and enough was left for the girls of the family to play 'keep house' for a week."

Elijah Tracey, of Mount Carmel, Ill., shipped a valuable and yet vicious stallion, and that the animal might not be neglected in transit, he himself occupied the box-car with the horse. When the car was opened at Robinson, Tracey was found dead, having been kicked and trampled by the angry brute.

The St. Louis Globe says that Tel-el-Kebir means the "City of the Tomb." The St. Louis Post says it means the "River Bank." The Cincinnati Commercial says it means the "Plain of Fire." And the Detroit Free Press says that when three distinguished Egyptologists differ on such a question the plight of common folks is, as regards such matters, pitiful in the extreme.

Pennsylvania undertakers are about to organize a State association for mutual protection. Their grievances are based upon the allegations that undertakers are often imposed upon by impecunious customers and dealers in undertakers' goods; and that people in distress and families whose love of display exceeds the capacity of their purses are often so extravagant in providing a good "send-off" that they are unable to pay the bills.

It has been proved in New York that pearls are not beautiful food for cats. A gentleman's pet tabby did, one night, suddenly jump upon its master's expansive bosom and tear from his immaculate shirt front a \$40 stud. All attempts to make the cat give up the jewel were in vain, and now the only consolation enjoyed by the unhappy man lies in the fact that the pussy, once so fat, and so playful, is rapidly becoming thin, feeble and morose.