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JOCELYN'S NOVEL.

She did not look much like an author, at least not like the typical blue stocking we were always reading about. She was a very fair and delicate girl, of a little more than twenty, with flaxen yellow hair down to her eyebrows, great, appealing eyes, soft, white hands of a good deal of "style." But she had written a novel—in secret—not even her mother knew of it, much less her lover. That was to be a surprise. She held it in her hands now, fresh from the publishers; for, strange to say, it had been accepted, although never in her life before had she offered any of her heart and brain to the harpies that rule modern thought. A dainty Summer idyl, with a breezy motto and tinted pages and delicate covers with the wealth of Jocelyn's nature lying between spicy dialogue, dreamy reverie, flashing wit, and the back-ground dashed in with a masterly hand. She felt her heart leap as she looked at the little volume, and a wild rose crept into each cheek. How lovingly "the mother" would kiss her little girl when she read this anonymous prose-poem and recognized the hand that guided the pen for the dimpled waken one she had led in babyhood. How proud Philip would be when he knew she had written a book and managed everything so cleverly and unexpectedly with the aid of a doting uncle in the mystical land of publishers. They had hardly dared dream of success, despite her arch playfulness, her sweet gaiety; she had always had this twilight dreaming thread through the wool of her sunrise tinted nature. There were many hours when she did not care for excitement, when she liked to creep away by herself and sit and muse with idle hands. She hardly knew, when some voice called her back to wifely duty, of what stuff her dreams had been made. This last year her soul had blossomed into new beauty. Her prince had found her sleeping in the palace and had kissed her silent lips. Henceforth the dawns were amethyst above the mystic hills; the tremulous sunsets wore such splendor of gold and crimson as dazzled her wondering eyes; there was a languor in the roses, an abandon in the bird's song, a hush in the noon-day, a holiness in the starshine—all the world was new, strange and beautiful. And yet there was an awe upon her, as if in the midst of a garden of bloom and scent, a hooded monk should glide forth with his finger on his lips, and a skull in his hand. She had never been so happy; she had never been so miserable, so restless. Even her music failed her; even her long dreams could not satisfy her now. She hardly knew what to do with herself. Suddenly she thought she would write a book, a simple, natural little story. No one should ever see it. It would be better than keeping a journal—journals were stilted and sentimental things, but this would be something to chain her attention and banish her restlessness.

When she did not care to read, she would go over a chapter twenty times and see nothing but a pair of dark eyes looking at her from the pages; sewing was too dull; music only roused the passion-pain and rapture in her more strongly; society palled upon her, it was like morning ale, stale and flat, after last night's champagne. So, an hour, an hour there, she devoted to the little desk in her room. At day-break when the robins were riotous in the apple boughs; at midnight when the stars began to pale; in the afternoon when mamma was dozing; rainy days when the falling music upon the roof made the pen move faster in rhythm. She had begun vaguely, but before she knew it she had written out her own sweet story with its touches of pathos and joyous carelessness.

Philip was her hero, of course. It was so much easier writing about him than any other man—men were very stupid at the best, all but Philip. And as she wrote with lingering, loving fingers, her heart thrilled again with the surprise and graciousness that love had brought her a little while ago. Unconsciously she recorded words and events and happenings, and over all was the glamour of youth's first carelessness fancy. In every page the womanliness and childish purity of her shone out stately, and the womanliness of a fresh and unspoiled but thoughtful and cultured nature. No lover's summer idyl had ever been penned, with the strong background and heavy shadows throwing into relief the sunny brightness of her sketch. But when it was done to the very last word, when she had penned it, and touched it up here and there, she felt the author's insanity come upon her. She must be printed. She never stopped to think of the many strange, cold eyes that would read the open pages of her heart, she only longed to see it in clear characters between covers. Had not Philip given her this magnificent diamond for his betrothal gift? And a diamond was a stone that any one might buy—only a cold jewel that one might have for base money. Supposing she gave Philip this little book for her betrothal gift? Would he not prize it? Why, it was part of herself—it was herself, his Jocelyn.

And so in her eager, impetuous way, she had consulted no one but this one relative, a wealthy, cultured man, who was always willing to abet his little niece in any scheme that amused her, and though he had expected nothing but a pretty school girl sentiment and gush, he was none the less ready. "It can't possibly be worse than the majority of summer novelties," he said to himself, grimly. He read the work with astonishment. The crisp, breezy, sparkling little story was a revelation to him and he had written a very respectful letter back to

the coming "distinguished authoress," greatly to Jocelyn's amusement.

And now, after many days, this child of her brain had come back to her clothed in the latest fashion. And then a new thought came to her: Philip was not rich, and she had nothing but what mamma gave her; if she were very successful, Philip should have it all. The home he was working so hard for now should be theirs, and he need not look so pale and harassed. She was lost in the depths of this brilliant thought, poor little Jocelyn! She had so lately joined the toiling ranks: What should she know of the struggle and despair, of the dreams that must die, the hopes that must perish, before the white, steep mountain-peaks were reached? How should she know how many had faltered and failed on the way, and dropped behind to be heard of nevermore. How know how pitifully few they were who stood in the eternal sunshine, with eyes blinded by pain, with bleeding feet and broken hearts? Ah! Fame is the Juggernaut that has rolled over countless loves, crushing that which was bright and true, and leaving only a heap of broken hearts. But little Jocelyn never dreamed of fame, she only wanted to please and surprise her mother and Philip.

That evening as her tall lover was going away she timidly handed him a little volume, bound in white with edges of gold. "I want you to read this, Philip," with a deep and beautiful blush, "and tell me what you think of it."

He took it from her, a little perplexed at the scarlet cheeks, and the trembling hands. "Who is it by? Oh, anonymous. Just as well for the writer, doubtless. 'A Summer Idyl'—like all the rest of the sort I suppose, wishy-washy diluted sentiment; roses and stars and strawberries, and music in dresses. But I will read it, my pet. Luckily it won't take long, it isn't voluminous. It seems to have impressed you deeply, Jocelyn," with growing perplexity as he saw the sweet lips tremble with mortification. "If so, I shall find it worth reading; your taste is perfect, my darling," fondly, as he drew the slim form to him.

"I will call to-morrow morning with the horses. It is a week since we have had a canter, and the lake road is gorgeous now after the frosts. Good-night, my Jocelyn—my joy," and much more that she did not hear.

That afternoon she had placed one of the little books in her mother's room, and now, as she went up stairs she peeped in and smiled mischievously to see the madre so absorbed as to be quite unconscious of her pretty daughter, until she stepped down and kissed her.

"Mamma, mea, is it nice?"

"Nice?" severely. "If you read it, Jocelyn, you would not call it nice—it is exquisite. But it seems as if I had read it all before, and yet I know I never have."

"Perhaps when you have finished it will be clear to you," demurely. "But kiss me good-night, mother mine, and let me inform you you are losing your beauty sleep."

Next morning she awoke smiling and happy, and yet, with a chord of anxiety jarring on her mood. But she would not stop to think.

Before she had finished dressing, her mother came into her room and folded her arms about her. "My little girl! my baby, how proud mother is of you! With many kisses of maternal love and pride."

After breakfast Jocelyn wandered about half nervously. She could not yet think calmly of her work, nor could she sleep. She must wait until the colors laid upon her summer picture had begun to fade and, even then, would not memory make it fair and beautiful, the picture other hands had painted for her, inspired by that immortal master, love?

Ah, here was Philip now. She ran down to the little breakfast-room with her heart beating tumultuously. But it was not immediately. Philip looked very grave and stern, and he did not spring to meet her. She had not thought the loving eyes could wear so cold a regard, and she felt suddenly numb and hopeless.

"Has anything happened, Phillip? Have you had bad news?"

"All that has happened, Jocelyn, has been written out by your hand and given to the world. I had thought you so reserved," bitterly. "I never dared flatter myself that I held even one of the keys to so pure and womanly a heart; but you could unlock it and expose it to every rough and vulgar eye that would look. Jocelyn, how could you so abuse my confidence? How could you sully the silence and sweetness of a perfect love? How could you drag a jeering, scornful mob into the white sanctuary where no unbeliever's foot had trodden before? I am terribly disappointed in you. I thought I understood all your innocent soul, but this shameless parade—" he threw the little white and gold volume on the table with a gesture more expressive than words.

And Jocelyn, with a piteous look in her large eyes, with white stammering lips, stood silent. This man, her prince, who had led her to the kingdom of the sun, radiant with unimagined glory—with the dark passionate eyes, and the eager wooing lips; who had crowned her with a gesture more expressive than words, and who now stood before her a relentless judge! She saw the gates of night shut out her kingdom of sunshine, she saw herself a beggar, ragged and houseless, where she had reigned a queen! And then, without a word, with only that long, speechless, hapless look, she went swiftly from the room.

She had meant to surprise him—ah, the cruelty, the mockery of it! All night she sat in the little white room with her head in her arms, too miserable to think. And then she rose slowly and

slipped the diamond off her finger, sealed the little box that held it, and directed it in a steady hand. Then she opened her wardrobe and drawer, and when the luncheon bell rang at half past two, she went down stairs quietly. Her mother sat at the table alone, and Jocelyn went and knelt down at her side.

"Mamma, I have packed my trunk; I am going to Uncle Gerald's on the seven o'clock train to-morrow morning. You will not refuse me?" imploringly, and then in a whisper, "Philip—and I—we have—I have sent him back his ring—Mamma, I can go?"

"Yes, my darling. Mother's little woman!" folding her in her arms with infinite tenderness. She understood perfectly, this dear woman. And the mute anguish heart of the girl broke into sobs and tears on the loving breast.

And Philip, like the rest of us, he realized, too late, the preciousness of his treasure when he had lost it. For a week he was proud and bitter, but when he found the ring upon his desk, he awoke with a strange ache and fear at his heart, and rushed to the house that had exiled his love, but it was closed and deserted. He was well punished for his cruelty. Who, but those two, would ever have held the key to the blossomy little story? And was it not one more beautiful tie between them? He had been a coward, a brute, to wound that loving, shrinking heart.

He went to New York, but could obtain no information. Even Jocelyn's old friends only knew vaguely that she had gone abroad with her mother and uncle. So he went back to his work moodily. Once in the year, in a fever of unrest and longing, he had gone across the ocean, but nowhere could he find Jocelyn.

Her book had won a phenomenal success. I would be afraid to say how many editions had been sold, and the press was unanimous in words of praise. All the critics were dismayed by the tender simplicity of the story. It was even called the most perfect story that had ever been written by an American woman.

By and by another book was ushered out upon the tide of popular favor, "A Dream of Fair Travel," stronger, more powerful than the first. The work of a woman, not a girl.

Three years passed, how slow, how fast, only each heart can tell. Philip had won the place he had toiled and striven for. He was successful and very wealthy now, but happiness and content had gone from him. No other head had ever lain where the golden one had rested; no other fair lips had ever touched his own. He was lonely and sad, the more so that he wore a careless front to the world.

SEVEN YEARS AT SAN QUENTIN.

"You are right, sir, in supposing I have just been discharged from San Quentin. I heard the captain of the boat give you a hint as I came on board, and he has seen so many of us, going in and coming out, that he can tell convicts as gamblers tell cards—by their backs. I remember very well, just four years and nine months ago to-day, on my way to the prison in company with several others, that a pretty old gentleman, who maybe had a son of his own about my age, looked at me kindly and remarked that it was too bad to see such a good-looking young man going to San Quentin. The captain glanced over to where I sat, with my iron bracelets tucked out of sight, and with a laugh said he had seen thousands of 'em just like me. Perhaps he was stretching a little, but that's the way of the world. Everybody likes to exaggerate."

"Do I feel sorry for what I've done? No, sir; not a bit. I went across on a seven years' sentence, and put in the time faithfully. Thanks to the Goodwin act, I'm a free man again, but I don't owe society a cent. The old Judge had a great deal to say about my youth, good character, first offense, and all that, but I notice the fellows with the influential friends got off lighter than I did, and didn't stay out their terms, either. That's the way it runs. Everything goes by favor, and I don't think I am particularly indebted to society under the circumstances. The debt is paid and that's all there is to it. Now let us begin again."

"Friends in the city? No, sir; none worth talking about. I didn't become a thief for nothing, and when caught, had too much sense to hand over what I had stolen to the legal sharks who hang around the criminal courts. Sooner or later I knew the blow must fall, and was prepared for it when it did come."

"You never saw such a man? Well, I'm certainly no common thief. I haven't asked for your money or your sympathy, and am abundantly able to take care of myself. No offense, sir; but that's just how I feel. Now, the boat is near the dock and we'll say goodby. Will you shake hands? Yes, well, you're a good fellow, at all events, and I suppose, a poor devil of a 'con' as they call us over there, ought to feel grateful; but that's not my style. I feel just as good as anybody, and ask no favors."

"I'm going to put up at the biggest hotel in town, and, if, as you say, you want to hear from me further, shall be glad to see you any time in the afternoon. I never was fond of early rising, and have had so much of it of late, that I propose to make a change in that respect at least."

The arrival of the boat here put an end to the conversation, and the two men shook hands and parted with an agreement to meet again in a day or two. At their next meeting the ex-convict said: "You are prompt, I see, and I suppose it is the proper thing to feel flattered by the interest you take in my personal history. I confess your coming is a surprise. On leaving the boat I hardly expected to see you again, notwithstanding our appointment. You know how those things are. People get tired. But now you are here, be good enough to sit down, and I'll ring for a bottle of wine."

"What is your favorite brand, Mr. B?" I asked, your coming is a surprise. On leaving the boat I hardly expected to see you again, notwithstanding our appointment. You know how those things are. People get tired. But now you are here, be good enough to sit down, and I'll ring for a bottle of wine."

"Now to my story. Before coming to California I was what you might call a bright, sharp, intelligent boy. Father was in business, and after giving me a pretty good education, started out for myself. The old gentleman was in the hardware line, and didn't think it sufficient lightened to suit my ideas. His ambition was to see me a banker, or a speculator. 'Look at Brown,' he used to say, or 'Jones, Smith and Thompson.' They all had to 'hoe their own row,' and see what fortunes they have made on Wall street. Well, he was eternally impressing upon my mind the vital necessity of making money, without saying anything about being particular as to how to make it, or by what means. Of course he didn't mean anything wrong, and was thinking only of business methods. In our own store, however, and at Clark & Ford's, where I stopped a year, I found that 'business methods' embraced trickery, deceit and falsehood. All manner of sharp practices were resorted to without a thought of dishonesty or dishonor. With such teachings and experiences I was thrown into the whirl of financial business in New York, a mere boy in years. Our house had a number of clerks, but the senior of the firm was an old friend of my father, and that caused me to be trusted and put forward more than others of my own age. For a while everything went on beautifully. I won golden opinions on all sides, and was complimented and praised at a great rate. I really began to think myself quite a genius, and honestly thought I was making a fortune. There was short time by investing my savings in a certain stock operations on the street. What followed is the old story. My own little pile went, and then a few hundreds belonging to the bank, which were put in with perfect confidence of being able to make good at the proper time. Twice the old gentleman came to my assistance, with earnest paternal admonitions of greater caution and circumspection. Then came a discovery and threatened arrest, but the matter was hushed up and I found myself on the way to San Francisco with a bundle of letters or recommendations. I can assure you, however, it was a hard thing to leave Wall street,

It seemed to me as if I were leaving millions that could be had by a few successful turns.

"On arriving in this city I found business very different from what it was in the East. Resolving to turn over a new leaf, and avoid the vortex of speculation, I secured a good position with a mercantile firm, and set to work in earnest. Here, too, I found business methods didn't scruple at trifles, and more than once felt disgusted at the miserable hypocrisy and petty frauds countenanced and tolerated if not adulated and encouraged in mercantile pursuits. I tell you, sir, this sort of thing used to shake my honest intentions fearfully; and I remember on one occasion, after a peculiarly sharp transaction in trade, when one of my employers, who was serving on a jury in the criminal court, began boasting about finding a hoodlum guilty of stealing a few dollars' worth of leather from a warehouse on the water front, that I quietly asked him which was the worse of the two transactions—the boy's or ours? He didn't appear to know what to say at first, but laughingly replied: 'Oh, that's another thing entirely. There's no law against what we do.'"

"Soon after I had got fairly settled, and was congratulating myself on laying a few dollars in bank, there came a big 'boom' in mining stocks. Everything was going up! up! up! Everything grew excited and was crazy to invest. The whole town was at fever heat. My employers gave orders through a broker occasionally. All the clerks openly did the same thing, including myself. I had an old schoolmate who was superintendent of a rich mine in Virginia City. I told my employers about it, and they gave me money to go up quietly and see him and get 'points.' He was enthusiastic about his mine. It was a bonanza sure. He also promised to 'post' me on other mines. On my return I invested all the money I had, on the strength of his assurances, and my wealthy bosses put some thousands of dollars in the same venture. It turned out well, and we tried again. Before a month had passed my check would have been honored for \$10,000. Not a large amount, you will say, but it was pretty good for a clerk on a salary of \$1500 a year."

"Well, my employers time and again came to me for 'points,' and repeatedly pressed me to take their money and invest it for them. Even when I got afraid the market would break, and resolved to stop in time, they made light of my timidity and urged further investments on their account. The result was that I became infatuated with the thing. Day and night I thought of nothing else. It haunted me wherever I went. I was on the street every hour, to the utter neglect of everything else, and the firm made no objection. On the contrary, they appeared to take a fierce delight in spurring me on. Why, even the wife and daughters of one of my employers, at whose house I was an honored guest, begged and implored me to take their money and buy whatever I liked. They left everything to me. I was at the topmost wave of sudden prosperity—petted, consulted and flattered. No wonder I lost my head, and sought some relief from the frenzy that had taken possession of me of me in fast life and reckless dissipation. My associates were going it with a rush. They had fast teams and faster women. Why not I? They lived in luxurious apartments on Kearny street, gave champagne suppers at the Mason Doree, played faro at Briggs' and squandered money without a thought of the morrow. I was not slow in following their example. Life, in those days, was a wild whirl of excitement. My employers knew all this. I made no secret of it. They not only did not object, but eagerly sought my elegant quarters and enjoyed the society of my fast companions."

Well, as you know, a change came over the stock business. A weak market one day and strong the next, up one day and down the next, but steadily growing weaker. I could have quit with \$30,000 to my credit, even after the first shock of the earthquake was felt. The partners in the firm had made more than three times that amount. Still we wanted more, and before I had fairly realized the extent of my losses, I found myself unable to keep up my margins. What was I to do? Already my employers had grown cold toward me for the loss of their money. I assured them of my ability to carry their stock, and did so for some time. The coldness and ill treatment of those who had favored upon me, put bad thoughts in my head. In plain words, I deliberately embezzled the funds of the firm to a considerable amount. I saw, however, that a grand crash was coming, and determined not to be left out in the cold. With this object in view, I stopped paying margins, sold whatever I had, and secretly put away over a thousand dollars for a rainy day. Well, the storm burst, and the firm got a terrible shaking up. An examination of their books became necessary to wind up the business, and I was found to be short in my accounts as well as in my stock operations. There was no pity for me then. I was arrested and thrown into prison. Everybody gave me the cold shoulder. The result you know. I pleaded guilty, and my honor, Judge B., sentenced me to seven years in the State prison."

"San Quentin didn't prove to be a very bad place, after all. I found more kindness and sympathy there in the time of disgrace and adversity than was shown towards me by those who had wine and dined with me in days of prosperity. There was no actual suffering in my imprisonment, for I had my little nestegg laid away and took things like a philosopher. Officers and all said they never saw such a contented fellow,

and made it pleasant for me in many ways. My time being up I left the prison just as I entered it, neither better nor worse. There is one thing, however, I want to say right here. I found, as a general rule, that the poor devils in that place were very much like myself. That is, they didn't do wrong for the love of the thing, but couldn't resist temptation and bad circumstances."

"Now you have my story, and I ain't afraid of you 'giving me away,' to use a vulgar phrase, for not one of the old firm is left in California. Besides, in less than half an hour, without an accident happens, I shall be on my way to Arizona. So good-by, once more and forever. I don't know why, but I wanted to tell the story of my life, and now it is off my mind I feel better."

"What! You live in Greenville, and know the old folks? Let me look you up again, for now your face seems like one I've seen in a dream, and your voice brings back the dear old times. My God! Uncle John, I know you now, and I'm ashamed to see you!"

"There, don't say any more, sir. I see how it is. Mother knows all about it, and you have come to take me home. But in this you will be disappointed, for I shall never go back as a felon, to disgrace those who love me in their old age. I have pride enough left for that. But you can tell them that when I have won a fortune and an honest name in the new country to which I am going, and where my shame is unknown, I will be only too glad to return and see them once again."

Uncle John took the Eastern bound train alone for his New England home, but he had learned a lesson about loose "business methods" which he will never forget. As for the unfortunate nephew, it only remains to be said that at last accounts he was doing well in his new field of labor, although still indulging his passion for mining speculations. Now, however, it is the substance, not the shadow—the mines, and not the stocks—in which he speculates.

The Superintendent Explains.

A committee of stockholders which waited upon the superintendent of a California mine to ask him why in the blazes the said mine hadn't panned out anything but assessments, were graciously received, invited to be seated, and the official explained:

"Gentlemen, you are all aware of the fact that we had scarcely begun work when the mouth of our mine was blocked by a landslide. That put us back a month."

"They nodded in their remembrance."

"Then we had just got in shape to take out 4000 tons of ore, worth \$2000 per ton, when the mine caved in. You recall it?"

"They did."

"Once more we bent ourselves to the burden of reaping \$500 for every \$10 invested, when the mine was flooded by a subterranean river."

"That was true also."

"Then we had just got the water out when we discovered that the mine was located on another man's claim. We had him shot to prevent trouble, and once more we were about to declare a score of 200 per cent., when the dead man's heirs put in an appearance. There were three of them. We chased one over the range, had another bung by the vigilance committee, and I am happy to inform you that I have four men out after the other, and am every hour expecting to hear that he has tumbled off a cliff. Gentlemen, there is hope ahead—golden hope. Please come up and drink with me; after which there will be another assessment of 10 per cent."—[Wall Street News.]

The Deadhead

"Why, you newspaper fellows go everywhere for nothing," remarked a man to a reporter he met at a public gathering the other night; "it must be a regular picnic."

Yes, it is, unthinking friend. We do go everywhere and have everything for nothing. We go to a church festival (for which we have done \$4 worth of advertising), get a plate of soup with one oyster, a cup of coffee and an urgent request to be sure and write it up—all for nothing."

We patronize the regular places of amusement pretty regularly (on tickets bought by satisfactory interchange of courtesies with the management), for nothing."

We drop into a twenty-five cent lecture for the benefit of the poor heathen (for which we have done several dollars worth of preliminary)—for nothing."

We eat a thirty-five cent dinner at the opening of a new dining hall (that took \$2.25 worth of valuable space to call attention to)—for nothing."

We ride \$22 worth a year on a railroad line whose time card at regular advertising rates is worth \$40 a year—for nothing."

We do all these things and more, and go to all these and many other places (for which privileges we invariably pay roundly in advance)—for nothing."

And when the last day comes to us and we depart to the better shore, our beneficiaries, and perhaps our creditors, will read our obituary and pick our character to pieces and abuse us generally—all for nothing.—[Cleveland Voice.]

It is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell your friend of his faults. If you are angry with a man or hate him, it is not hard to go to him, and stab him with words; but to love a man that you cannot bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to speak painful truth through loving words, that is friendship. But few have such friends. Our enemies usually teach us what we are at the point of the sword.