ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

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St. Helen, Columbia Co., Or.

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E. G. ADAMS, Editor & Proprietor.

GOTHAM GOSSIP.

Running amuck in the streets of New York.—People confined in lunatic asylums who ought to be at liberty and others at large who should be immured.—Beecher's Secession.—A veteran clergyman's strong views.

NEW YORK, October 16th, 1882.

The readiness with which the authorities send people to insane asylums, has been illustrated during the past five or six months, when the number of persons released on habeas corpus proceedings was so startlingly large as to make timid people almost shudder at the easiness with which so-called friends—if it suited their purposes—could have them examined, packed off to the mad-house, and there buried alive for years and years. Last Tuesday, however, a case occurred which would indicate a serious remissness in confining people to insane asylums; whose liberty is a constant and serious danger to society. For years two Frenchman named Dubourgne, father and son, were familiar sights on the streets of New York. They had no visable means of subsistence, they never worked, and they were never seen to beg They spent their days in paradir through the principal thoroughfar each armed with two large tin plates, which were written a long incongr story in which the U. S. Govern was charged with having defraude of their inheritance. The fat this spring and then the so his perambulations alone continued father was alive, both w While his quiet; but traveling were peaceful and made the sen more lone seems to have go he became en e. Some months a a policeman gaged in a quarrel with stabbed in whom he assaulted and rusty co he arm with a huge pair of policer mpasses. In self defence the into lan drew his club and beat him w submission. Young Dubourgne as discharged and the officer was placed on trial although he proved pretty conclusively on his trial that his assailant was a dangerous maniac, yet nothing was done to rid society of his presence.

On Tuesday Dubourgne seemed to be seized with the same sort of violent mania which takes hold of the Malay, when he "runs amuck." About four o'clock he suddenly appeared in Fourteenth street, near Broadway, from no one knows where. The street was as usual crowded with ladies visiting the stores; armed with his compasses he darted through the street like a mad man. His hair was disheveled and his eyes were blood-shot like those of a wild animal; a lady whom he was approaching, started back in terror; guided by a blind sort of impulse, he plunged the compasses into her right breast. Then fired by a shriek of pain he attacked the next lady he met, and thus in a few minutes he had stabbed no less than six ladies, before a courageous gentleman could overcome him, and pin him to the ground, pending the arrival of a policeman. The scene was a terrible one, and the description of it would have been worthy of the morbid imagination of Edgar Poe. One of the ladies will probably die, while the others are less seriously injured. Dubourgne is now awaiting trial, but there is not the slightest doubt that he will be sent to the insane asylum. The city however can be, and probably will be made liable for the injuries inflicted; and I am informed at least two suits for damages will be commenced as soon as the condition of some of the ladies permits their appearance in public.

The sensation of the week was undoubtedly the secession of Henry Ward Beecher from the Congregational Church. It came like a thunderclap, and everybody was astounded to hear of it. Mr. Beecher cannot be said to have increased his admirers by this step, for, while his blind followers, clergyman and layman as well, may praise him for his action, laud his so-called intellectual and moral honesty, and insist that they have held the identical belief that Mr. Beecher now says he holds, yet the better class of ministers who are deadly enemies of sensationalism, are deeply grieved over his conduct. I met a venerable clergyman who has been an active worker in the "vineyard" for well-nig and asked him what he matter; said he, "Mr. perfectly honest in his the way he picked to p which he was suppose for years at Plymouth this and refusing the shocking and but litt mous; when he gone divinity of Christ, for his large hearte ministers, I confe Beecher patronizin ful. To see Ing over our most sacre but to see a minis cending to believe sad indeed. But outcome of that he, Talmage, a have indulged. cartoon in a Talmage as ar and mischie at a band w women ben intention encouragi are anxi advertis enough more painf this ple str

gh thirty years, thought of the Beecher may be convictions, but ieces the doctrines d to have taught Church, admitting t, was to my mind le short of blasphe rously admitted the and was applauded dness by his fellow s I was ashamed. g Christ! It is awersoll cracking jokes d belief is bad enough, ter of the Lord condes this and deny that, is this is but the direct sensationalism in which nd a number of others

I noticed to-day, the omic paper, representing ape, up a cocoa-nut tree ously throwing cocoanuts f gamblers and abandoned eath. He seems to have the f injuring them, but they are ng him to throw more, as they us to secure the milk of free ing from the cocoa-nuts. It is to make one blush, and all the so because the caricature is so ully like truth. People say that is an irreligious age, and that peoackuowledge no sort of moral reaint. I assure you the ministers of e Lord when they leave the paths of luty, decency and earnest belief are solely responsible for this."

Marriage.

On Wednesday Nov. 1st, Frank C. Perry was married to Miss Jennie Bean of Clackamas Co., Oregon at the residence of Francis Perry Esq. Judge Moore performed the ceremony with becoming grace and dignity, Mr. Edwin Overman and Miss Nettie Perry were groomsman and bridesmaid. The groom and bride were a fine-looking couple, and dressed in good taste. After the marriage ceremonies all present sat down to an elegant collation of baked pig, cranberry pies and cake of various kinds and other delicacies, too numerous to particularize. Suffice to say, the dinner was excellent, and got up in the best style of culinary art. The happy couple received the kind wishes of all present, and soon started on the *Fleetwood* for their bridal tour. It was almost exclusively a family wedding, a few neighbors only being present. Besides the family the witnesses were A. H. Blakesley, Mr. and Mrs. John Frantz and children and Major Adams and wife. Esq. Perry sat up in front of the warm fire in his easy chair like some old patriarch blessing his children. He is still feeble, but on the gain. He has wonderfully improved since his arrival at home. The room was beautiful with woman's taste and art. The shrubbery and leaves out side were goldening away into beautiful decay like a well-spent life melting into the bliss of a better world. We hastily mounted our horses, and rode from the sunshine of a pleasant home into the rain of an Oregon November.

PEN PICTURES.

Maj. Frank E. Hodgkin, the assistant secretary of State, was in this city last week, in the interest of the work he is superintending to be denominated "Pen Sketches of Notable Oregonians and Legislative Sketch Book." We are pleased to learn that his subscription list is already over two thousand. The work will be a valuable hand book for years to come and every intelligent citizen of Oregon will want a copy. The work will be carefully prepared and neatly printed. It will be an interesting souvenir of the times in which we live.—*Telegram.*

We unintentionally did injustice to Mr. J. J. Galvin in our notice of the forthcoming work "Pen Sketches." We learn that Mr. Galvin is superintending the publication of the work. As he is projector of the work and fully competent we can safely predict a creditable volume.—*Telegram.*

With pleasure we copy the following from the *Olympia Transcript* respecting Edward Campbell, a brother of J. W. Campbell. There is no more sterling family in W. T. than that from which Joseph Campbell sprung.

One of the candidates for joint representative in Chehalis, Pacific, Wahkiakum and Cowlitz counties is Edward Campbell, of Hoquiam, one of the most enterprising and thrifty farmers of Gray's Harbor. Mr. Campbell is a printer by profession, and it is needless to say that he is a good republican and well qualified. There is no doubt of his election.

Heavenward.

Clara May Watts, aged 10 years 2 months and nine days, died of menengitis on Friday last at 1 o'clock in the morning. She was the daughter of T. C. and M. J. Watts, and endeared herself to all who knew her by her amiable and kind disposition. She suffered from spinal difficulties caused by a fall when quite young, and her parents tried by all means to remedy her misfortune, sparing no expense in her behalf. But all their efforts were in vain, Death claimed at last their beloved daughter, and neither tears, the tenderest care, nor unremitting attentions could prolong her life. Her last day of school, she laid her books carefully away and brought her speller home so that she might gain more head marks, but God has called her to a higher school in which with Christ for her Teacher she will grow in intelligence, where that little form as still in her coffin as sculptered statuary will be instinct with life and beauty, and never suffer pain any more. "Lift me once more, I am almost ready to go," said the dying child to her mother as tender of her as when a babe in her arms. Now she lies in the arms of the kind Shepherd, bringing her into pastures green and beside still waters. She was to wear her new dress, dove colored cashmere trimmed with red moire and Spanish lace to Portland on Saturday; instead she wore it in her coffin, and was laid away in her little grave on Germany Hill. The funeral exercises were conducted at the Court House. The Episcopal burial service was read by G. W. McBride, and then followed appropriate singing. The heavens rained torrents verifying the adage "Blessed is the dead the rain rains on." Not a great crowd went to the cemetery but they were all sincere mourners. We noticed these her former playmates who saw the last clods fall on the coffin of one they will remember as long as memory lasts, Alice Cox, Lena & Kendal Blakesley, Blanche and Birney Adams besides her brothers, Eddie and Frank. Clara endeared herself to her uncles and aunts and all her relatives as their copious tears showed.

She rests in slumber, long and deep,
But God shall raise her from her sleep,
Shall take her gently by the hand
And lead her to the flowery land,
Where she shall grow in grace and strength
Through time unending in its length,
No more a child, but woman grown,
No more a bud, but rose full blown.

Near Bickelton W. T. Oct. 23, 1882, of membraneous croup, Laura Allen Butler, daughter of Lizzie M. and Marion E. Butler, and grand-daughter of Hon. S. A. Miles,—aged 14 months.

Like transient features in a glass
This little babe from life did pass,
But in the hearts with grief so rent
She left enduring monument,
A sweetness that shall time survive
And in Eternity shall thrive.
Her soul in loveliness shall grow
Longer than waves shall ebb or flow.
Her grandsire's heart is torn with grief,
To think his darling's life so brief,
He'd hoped when Death should end his day
Her woman hands should smooth the way,
Instead to Heaven she's gone before,
To ope to friends the pearly door,
To them all tired and travel-worn,
She'll rise in beauty like the morn,
And Heaven will seem, O dearer far,
Since there has risen this morning star.

Items from the The Telegram.

John Roycroft was drowned in the Columbia Thursday, last week, while crossing the river in a boat. He had started from a point on the Oregon side about three miles below Rainier, and had nearly reached the Washington side, just below the mouth of the Cowlitz river, when he appeared to have run into a floating tree, his boat immediately upsetting and throwing the unfortunate man into the water, where, after a few ineffective struggles, he sank. He was a married man, aged 49 years, and living near Kalama.

Mr Tho's. Hodgkins, of Columbia Co. left on the steamer last night on a visit to friends and relatives in Bath, Maine. His wife has been there about a month, and he has been rather lonesome since her departure, and concluded that he would go after her. He expects to be gone about two months.

An old friend has found out that he and his belongings his wife values at $10,000, and is quite stuck up about it; we have seen some that would sell out their old man cheaper than that, to wit, for the first good looking stranger that came along provided his tongue was well oiled.

S. F. Howe, DENTIST, will be at St. Helen the *First* Monday in each month, and remain *Two Days*, unless by special agreement to remain longer.

Correspondence.

CENTERVILLE, Oct. 28th. 1882.

E. G. ADAMS—The Golden Enterprise Tunnel will be pushed with double distilled energy this winter, as the last work done making south has discovered the long looked for white sand under the capping clay. Long the miners have looked for a streak of white sand on bed rock in order to follow it to the lead. This has been found now 16 feet below the Tunnel. The direction this sand leads will now by all means be followed. It lies on the line of the outlet and contains fine particles of the precious metal, gold. This streak of fine quartz sand will be followed as fast as the company's means will permit. This is the strongest clue the miners have since cutting through the rim-rock. A crust of cement lying over the upper wash contains fine light gold. These men no doubt will find this rich lead before they test the south and west sides of this hill.

YOUR INFORMANT.

Two Surgeons representing the NATIONAL INSTITUTE

of Indianapolis, Philadelphia, Atlanta Ga., and San Francisco, will be in PORTLAND, OREGON, at the *St. Charles* Hotel, from Nov. 2d to the 11th inclusive; prepared with an expensive outfit of the most approved apparatus, for the treatment of all cases of disease of the spine, hip, knee, ankle, crooked limbs, club feet, &c., &c. They will be prepared to make the most difficult surgical operations, including cataract, cross eyes, hare lip, deformities of the face, dividing tendons, operations for disease of the genital organs, piles, fistula, &c. A rare opportunity is offered those needing their services. Old patients especialy requested to visit them.

It is to be hoped T. A. McBride will be appointed Prosecuting Attorney for the new Judicial District. He is a fine judge of law, has much discrimination and will prosecute no man to gratify somebody else's spite. We believe only real offenders need to fear him. He has an excellent education, was in partnership for some time with his brother John R. McBride at Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, and had a chance to learn the worst side of human nature among the rascally Mormans as well as the best side in his practice in Oregon. He was the first Republican representative from Columbia County, and we believe Gov. Moody would confer an honor on himself as well as on Mr. McBride by his appointment.

Here is spring bed that beats Allen's. Our patent bed spring, says *State Journal*, has been remodeled. The one for two-in-a-bed is so arranged that the part the wife lies on can be set by the husband, unknown to the former, and it springs her out of bed and stands her up on the floor at any time for which it is set. It then remains turned up on the edge, so she can't get back again, at least, on her side of the bed, and she won't come back on his side for she is too all-fired mad to come near him, so the result is she is compelled to dress and go down stairs to see to breakfast, and the old man will get a rest. Oh, it's a daisy!

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 book for every home. The Autumn number is if possible, an improvement on the Summer number. Published quarterly, and only 50 cts. per year, or 15 cts. per single copy, by E. Ridley & Sons. Grand, Allen, and Orchard Streets, New York City.

Mrs. Lizzie M. Butler has another babe, a girl, born just a week before its sister died. Jennie Miles has not come home, as she intended. Mr. Miles has sent for Mrs. Butler to come home for her health, and to divert her mind from her sorrow.

After the funeral we called at Mr. Broyles', and had a pleasant visit. Nobody at home but the lady of the house but she was very interesting. She gave us some apples and tomatoes which were delicious.

Nobody has improved in manners and appearance more than Joseph Harris He is very much of a gentleman about a house, and when he meets any one, and bids fair to be the flower of the family.

Frank Moore has got a new ship carved out by his uncle Lin. Shintaffer, and feels rich as a down-east ship owner.

Trade Mark.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* **testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the**

BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

Guarenteered to cure Dyspepsia.

AGENTS WANTED.

Laboratory 77 West 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

Roseburg, Oreg., Mar. 12, 1881.

DR. CLARK JOHNSON:—Your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP has given me relief for a severe Cold. I highly recommend its use.

J. J. THORNTON.

LOCAL NEWS.

Sombody has stolen George Strachan's boat. If you see a very odd looking boat you can know it is that, for there is nothing on Earth like it. He bought it of us, and we bought it of Ragin. That is its pedigree, and durn the rascally thief that took it, he is meaner than Snell's goats. Those goats belong to Dr. C. G. Caples now, and have reformed.

When Nagel got ready to move over on his ranch in W. T. he had a speckled purp tied up in an old house. When he went over to untie the dog to take him across the river some children heard him say to the dog. "You'll be in your papa's home to-night, doggie, and on your papa's farm."

Mr. Soc. Tryon paid us two subscriptions, one for Tice, and one for Hudson & Co. He said Mrs. Crie charged him to pay the Editor, Mrs. Crie was a Thomas, and has the right kind of spirit; she means an Editor shall have his dues and his right. Reader go thou, and do likewise.

Mrs. Perry informs us Mr. George Mieck of Rainier is the happy father of a beautiful boy, also Mr. Gammy, Agent on Sim Reed's place on Bachelor's Island. May they grow to be pillars for their old age to lean upon!

Judge Pope gave us a call the other day. He brought us some apples. He filled in little apples between the big ones so as to give us more apples, and have no spare space left in the box.

The Cedar Mountain Mill is to be changed into a regular mill for sawing cedar lumber. The R. R. will go near it, and be of great benefit in the matter of shipping.

A Sauvie's Island rancher came over to St. Helen to get some roosters as his hens would not lay. We admire the spirit of those hens. They stand on their rights.

We acknowledge a call from Mrs. Hancock and her interesting daughters and Mrs. Decker and her fine little girls, the good commencement of beautiful women.

Mrs James Woods is at Captain Lemont's. Her youngest daughter's health is poor. We saw at the Captain's a beautiful photograph of Miss Louise Conyers.

We were at W. H. Whitney's the other evening. He is fixing up his premises to make them comfortable. His young son is well now, and fat as a cub.

A paterfamilias said "For an Oregon raised boy my son is the worst hand to kindle a fire" and then the old man poured on another pint of kerosine.

Old Johnny the Chinaman has hired the wash-house on the wharf to keep out competition. He is fast getting American ideas of doing business.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Watts return thanks to their neighbors and friends for their kindness and sympathy during their great affliction.

The N. P. R. R. will undoubtedly have lines on both sides the River, so Vancouver will not be left out in the cold after all.

Mr. Dunkin, a nephew of Dr. Blanchard intends to settle in this County. His father has bought 50 acres of Eugene Bacon.

J. S. Davenport is painting and beautifying his coffee house, and will soon have tables and other appropriate furniture.

Some one has sent us some splendid turnips. May they never fail for a good turn or a good nip when they need them.

The leading Scientists of the most diseases are caused by Liver. If, therefore, the diseased Kidneys or kept in perfect order the Kidneys and Liver are result. This truth perfect health will be the time and for has only been known a short without be years people suffered great agony of War ing able to find relief. The discovery a Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure marks a new era in the treatment of these troubles. made from a simple tropical leaf of rare value, it contains just the elements necessary to nourish and invigorate both of these great organs, and safely restore and keep them in order. It is a POSITIVE REMEDY for all the diseases that cause pains in the lower part of the body—for Torpid Liver—Headaches—Jaundice—Dizziness—Gravel—Fever, Ague—Malarial Fever, and all difficulties of the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs.

It is an excellent and safe remedy for females during Pregnancy. It will control Menstruation and is invaluable for Leucorrhœa or Falling of the Womb.

As a Blood Purifier it is unequaled, for it cures the organs that MAKE the blood.

This Remedy, which has done such wonders, is put up in the LARGEST SIZED BOTTLE of any medicine upon the market, and is sold by Druggists and all dealers at $1.25 per bottle. For Diabetes, enquire for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE. It is a POSITIVE Remedy.

H. H. WARNER & CO. Rochester N. Y.

NEWS DROPS.

George Kelly has moved to Scappoose.

Dean Blanchard's boat, the *John West* has been registered.

Jerry Busscie is improving the roads by corduroying them.

Mr. White, the N. P. R. R. engineer is around here again.

Mr. J. L. Morgan is around once in a while also Mr. Robert Crie.

We have interesting letter from Hwaco, unavoidably crowded out.

Mr. William Glendye has moved into the new cottage on Cowlitz Street.

Hiram VanBlaracom was in town. He is in the spring-bed business in Portland.

Mr. Wellborn lost his case before Justice Whitney, but says he means to appeal it.

Rev. Mr. Reese will preach at Scappoose and St. Helen at the usual hours on Sunday.

Mike Welles is still working away at Blakesley's new hotel whenever the weather permits.

Enoch Shintaffer and family are temporarily stopping in the house opposite the Masonic Hall.

Mr. J. S. Davenport sold his nigger preacher to a young man on the Bay who uses spectacles.

Miss Carrie Grey is getting better, also Maud Watts, much to the relief of their anxious parents.

The *Toledo* went up within a few miles of Toledo. A bad snag obstructed her further progress.

Mr. F. H. Hughes and family live in the Durell House. Miss Malcolm, of Beaver Valley stops with them.

Everybody in this country will have a railroad of their own, and some of the youngsters will have switches.

Mr. J. H. Edmunds is building a new side walk between his residence and saloon. Lin Shintaffer, architect.

Mrs. Jewell, of Columbia City, is stopping up on the Molalla, Clackamas Co. She is still in delicate health.

Judge Moore and Harry West have bought of I. N. Lott of Skamokawa two Poland China pigs, costing $25 a pair. Judge Moore's boar is Excelsior, No. 406, his sow Effie No. 407, Harry West's boar, Hercules, his sow, Beauty.