# THE COLUMBIAN.

# VOL. III.

# SHADOWS.

A burst of golden sunshine, A whispering of the leaves, A music ripple on the brook, A joy, a wonder in each nook; A sweeping shadow o'er the land, A flushing of the tree tops, A crimsoning of the lakes, A peaceful mildness in the air, A thought of hidden mysteries there, A glorious fading of the sun-A summer's day is done.

A joy in childhood's playthings, A casting of them aside; A flash of golden youthhood's hour, When joy breaks through the passing shower; A castle-building in the air, A cherished hope defeated; A smile, a joy. a doubt, A gleam reflected from the past; A sigh upon its bosom cast; A mystery of a world unknown; And then-a soul has flown. Chamber's Journa',

JILTED TO HIS HEART'S CONTENT.

Kenneth Ward and Katie Dene had been boy-and-girl sweethearts; but the death of Kenneth's parents and his adoption by a wealthy uncle who took him away to live in the city, separated the juvenile lovers, leaving them both for the time inconsolable. Katie whispered her griefs in her dollie's ear as they lay with their heads on the same pillow, and cried herself asleep several nights in suc cession; and in saying her prayers when day set for the we lding. she came to the words, "Bless every-body," it was a good while before she could bring herself to repeat them without a mental exception of Kenneth's cruel uncle.

was deathly pale, while his frame trem-bled violently. Grasping her hand with a quick, nervous movement, he exclaimed in a voice quivering with emotion:

"It is a sin to marry without love. I fancied, when I asked Grace Dandridge to be my wife, that I loved her-at least that I loved no other. But now that I have seen you again, a love that I had learned to look upon as a childish fancy has come back with the augmented fervor of manhood. Oh! Katie, it is you I love, and you only! Will you not be mine? It is not yet too late!" For an instant her eyes sparkled with

an inexpressible joy. But the next moment the joyous light faded; and the look she turned on Kenneth was almost stern.

"You have solemnly engaged your word," she said calmly and firmly, "and I should despise you if you broke it!" Kenneth Warde let drop the hand which a moment before had lain trembling in his clasp, but which was now firm and steady. He had received his

answer, and knew it was irrevocable. "You are right," he murmured, de-spairingly; "I must keep my promise, though it break my heart!"

Neither spoke again till they parted at Katie's mother's door with the single word, "Farewell!"

Kenneth found his uncle in a fine passion on his return the evening before the

into Kenneth's hand; "I suppose this will explain all, and relieve me from the hateful task."

# ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON, NOVEMBER 24, 1882.

A WESTERN MAUD MULLER.

Miss Muller, so the grasips say Flirted in quite a shameless way;

But Maud with a laugh, pronounced it fudge-Yet we caught her wink at the ratty Judge.

And the Judge-but we mention this sub rose-Blushed up to the roots of his bulbous nose

Till he craned his neck, and, in passing by, Gave a sinister wink with his dexter eye.

Quoth Maud to herself, as on she passed, "I've his royal nibs in tow at last;

"My mother shall wear a sealskin sacque-My pa swing out in his broadcloth black:

"My brother shall sip his whisky-skins, And my sister revel in gay breastpins !"

Quoth the Jndge, as he sauntered listless on, "She's a rattling gyirl; you bet I'm gone !

"No doubt my last wife's ma will kick, And my heirs cut up the very Nick;

"But tho' I've known her a short, short spell, You bes I'll have her in spite of "--well,

"No matter his word-'twas short and stout, And the name of a place that's now played out

According to Beecher. Alack for all ! The maid and Judge ne'er wedded at all,

For he passed in his checks from too much gin, And the maid grew long and lank and thin,

And eke, as her chances glimmered away, She ceased to flirt and began to pray.

God pity the maid and pity the Judge, And these days of twaddle and bosh and fudge, For all sad words from a heart bereft,

The saddest are these: "You bet I'm left."

Overdosing.

Oddities of Kissing.

V. Lo Sancrop

Children should consume as little The Providence Transcript alleges medicine as possible. If properly fed "that no man has kissed Susan B. An-and cared for, they throw off illness thony for 30 years." Much blame attaches

and cared for, they throw off illness readily. Some simple remedy, known and tested in the family, is all they re-quire in light attacks of cold, colic, or the small ailments common to child-hood. To dose infants with drugs is al-most criminal. I am myself one of a large family, all grown to maturity, and all enjoying good health; yet I never re-member the administration of anything stronger than castor oil or aweet tincture

stronger than castor oil or sweet tincture of rheubarb during our childish distem-pers. We were up with the dawn and people.—|Boston Globe.

in bed at twilight; we were fed with regularity three times a day, and only three; there were no lunchcons between meals allowed in our dimpled arms around your neck and home. Oatmeal and milk for breakfast, tries to trade off two kisses for a spring meat and vegetables for dinner, with | bonnet.- [New Orleans Picayune.

some plain, wholesome pudding and An excited old maid in a temperance seasonable fruit, bread and milk at five lodge a few evenings since read an o'clock-this was our bill of fare, vasied original poem entitled, "The Lips that only by special indulgence, or on holi- touch Liquor Shall Never Touch mine," days or birthdays. Pickles, rich sauces, and the young men present gave her cake and pastry, were unknown except | three cheers but no kisses .- [ Jersey by name; and we never tasted tea or | City Journal.

coffee until we had reached "years of The Atlanta Constitution has never discretion," and could decide for our- found a farmer wise enough to explain selves. The result was our good health how red ears of corn can come from then and in after life. But many moth- white kernels. What's the odds, so long ers and nurses seem never to feel satis- as finding a red ear at a husking bee fied as to the health and well-doing entitles you to kiss the best looking girl of their little ones unless they have them | in the crowd?-[Detroit Free Press.

"under treatment." They are perpet ually "purging" or "cooling" or "strengthening" the helpless victims of their solicitude. This is the more to be mouth by the nice and virtuous kitchen deprecated because the great majority of apron. (Of course by this we don't mean the so-called ailments with which very the kiss of any other fellow's housewife.) young children are troubled are the di- - [Kentucky State Journal. The young lady to whom her lover agement of some sort, or are in sang "Darling, Kiss My Tears Away," themselves efforts of nature to get rid of | was just leaning out into the moonlight the stomach-hardening, or irritating for that purpose when a No. 12 bull-dog masses with which children are fed or happened around the corner. Talk about physicked. The practice of administer- your "unkissed kisses," there was a back yard full of them while the town clock was striking one.- | Rochester Post Exdenounced. There is no sedative which press. Victor Hugo is said to be troubled with poor sight. It is also said that he the action of drugs and familiar with the kissed the party of female dry goods indicative phenomena of health and dis- clerks from Boston who recently visited ease. The use of cordials and drams is him; and it may be that the hinge on one of their eye-glasses gouged him in the optic, and impaired his vision .-- [Norris-Alex. Stephens and the Countryman. town Herald.

VARIETIES. Connecticut now has but one active

NO. 16.

gin distillery. London Queen: The bridegroom pro-

An English financial critic says signifi-cantly that England never hawks her wares abroad.

New York Commercial Advertiser: Thirsty men catch at straws oftener than drowning ones do.

Drunkenness is increasing in France just in proportion as wine is ceasing to be the national drink.

The Boston Herald estimates that there are not more than 6300 German voters in Massachusetts, and 47,000 Irish voters.

Plantation philosophy: "Misery may like company, but I'd rather hab de rheumatis in one leg den ter hab it in bofe.'

"When my cousin was married," said Mrs. Ramsbotham, "I gave her a handsome water giraffe and two goblins."-Punch.

London Saturday Review: After all, most friendships come lightly; so, if they also go lightly, we ought not to be astonished.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett owns the smallest pony in the world. It stands thirteen inches high, and is five years of age. Alligators are now raised in Florida for their hides, which bring high prices. Farms have been started in various parts of the States. A Hoboken miser, Joseph L. Lewis, bequeathed \$950,000 in government bonds toward the extinguishing of the national debt. It is proposed in Chicago to introduce a text book on good behavior into the public schools. The school board has not yet passed on the matter. "Neuralgia" is the name borne by a charming girl of Iowa. Her mother found it on a medicine-bottle, and was captivated with its sweetness. As Indians never mutilate a suicide. and as Custer's body was the only one of his murdered force unmutilated. Buffalo Bill is confident that Gen. Custer shot himself. The pop pistol disturbed the congreration in a church at Gleucester, Mass. Little Johnny Dow had brought his revolver as a plaything with which to while away the long heur of worship. In a particular field are ninety-seven water-melons, and it is softly approached by five colored men in search of a woodchuck. How many times does ninetyseven go into five?" - [Detroit Free Piess. "Thim singers is doing well this season, Mike." "And how is that?" "Faith, and don't yez read the papers? Don't yez know that in Pennsylvania they're going to make Patti's son the governor?" In every tobacco factory at Key West there is a "reader." Cubans can not the house, money flies out of the pocket- | talk without gesticulation, and in order to keep them from talking a person is hired to read aloud to the hands during working hours. Graphic: The latest and most ingenious novelty in headgear for gentlemen of artistic tastes and slender incomes is said to be the tall white "plug" of last summer, with a base burner painted on the front side and a coal hod behind. "Married but six weeks and in tears!" exclaimed a friend to a weeping bride. "Yes the first cruel shadow has fallen athwart our pathway. It is settled at last; either I must give up eating taffy or George must cut off his moustache This is progress; this is civilization. To level to the earth the mighty incubus of mental and moral wrong-not by smiting with the sword or by the hurling of cannot shot, but by the golden shaft of thought, winged from the bow of pure and lofty wisdom. Some Englishmen recently got up lawn tennis at Schwalbach, Germany, and after a day or two the mayor requested that the gentlemen would play with their coats on, as the ladies of the place were shocked at the want of decency shown by the foreigners.

At first Kenneth's mind was filled with desperate schemes for carrying off Katie to some undiscovered island, where, without molestation, they might play at Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Crusoe, and live a pair of happy hermits to the end of the chapter.

But time soon effaces the sorrows of the young. Kenneth was put in a boys' school, where ambition to excel, and to head the rush in every bout at football gave ample occupation to his thoughts, and left little time for brooding over bygone ills. The Crusoe plan was either quite forgotten, or its carrying out deferred till some indefinite period in the future. And Katie, too, before a month had passed, could play, and romp, and laugh and shake her yellow curls as gleefully as in the days when Kenneth, her devoted knight, used to guard her pathway home against the besetments of surly dogs and butting billy-goats.

Years went by, and Kenneth Ward, after a brilliant career at college and a Katie. couple of years of travel, returned to fill his uncle's heart with pride. He must have quite forgotten the little Katie of his boyhood; for not only did he fail to go and seek her that they might set about their search for the enchanted island or some retreat equally romantic. but he had actually courted, and was in due time engaged to Miss Grace Dandridge, a dashing belle, whose father and Kenneth's uncle had long been laying their canny heads together to bring about that precise result.

Miss Grace had been the idol of Seth Ransen, a handsome cousin of hers, to whose suit, it was rather more than whispered, she had lent a not unwilling ear. But whether it was through filial obedience, or because she was prudent enough to discern the superior advantages of a match with a man of Kenneth Warde's dazzling prospects, Miss Grace reluctantly dismissed her cousin and accepted the new suitor with a promptness which poor Seth, like the deposed Wolsey, though "somewhat sudden."

When everything had been arranged between Warde and Grace Dandridge, even to the setting of the wedding day, Kenneth, who was not so foolish in love but he could exist a brief season out of his financee's presence, bethought him of going to spend a few weeks in his native village, which he had not seen since the day he had been carried off in a fit of heroic sulks over his separation from Katie Dene. Of course he laughed at that foolishness.

I suppose it was an accident-at any rate it so happened-that Kenneth's first visit in the old place was to the Denes'. He didn't know. Katie at first-could hardly realize, indeed, that the yellow-headed tomboy, whose quarrels he was always taking up, and with whom he used to quarrel now and then himself, could have grown into so bewitchingly beautiful a woman.

Katie seemed a litte hurt that Kenneth should have so totally forgotten her. She would have known him, she said, had they met on a deserted island. He hadn't changed a bit-only Kenneth opened the letter and read: "MR. WARDE :--- I trust you will for-

give whatever pain this will cause you. I esteem you too highly to give you my hand without my heart. The latter has long been bestowed upon my cousin,Seth Ransen; and it was only the importunity of friends that induced me, in a moment of weakness, to accept another's offer. But at the last hour, I found myself un equal to the sacrifice of a true love to a feigned one; and yielding to Seth's persuasion, I consented to his plan of a secret marriage, and am now his wife. I remain, with much respect, your friend, GRACE RANSEN.

"Bravo, Kenneth!" cried his uncle, as the young man broke into a hearty laugh; the window with a bronze green plume "I'm glad to see you treat it so! The loss is her's not yours.'

It was the day after the wedding that was to have been, that Kenneth Warde, dusty and travel-stained, presented himself before Mrs. Dene, and asked for

"She has gone for a walk in the wood." was the answer. "She hasn't been quite well for a day or two past."

Kenneth waited to hear no more. He hurried along the old familiar path; and there, where he had spoken the rash, impassioned words, which Katie had answered so nobly, he found her seated, leaning her head pensively upon her hand, the picture of despondent sorrow. He was quite close before she looked up; and when she did so, he was startled to see how wan and haggard were her feat-

"Wish me joy, Katie!" he cried. "I do wish you joy, Kenneth-Mr. Warde," she answ red listlessly; "but I hardly expected to see you here; and where is your-your wife?"

"Wife?-the best of it is I have no

Katie started to her feet, staggered, and would have fallen, had not Kenneth caught her in his arms.

Then he told her all, and never did mortal man before relate with so much gusto the story of his own jilting, and when he kissed Katie at the end, whyshe let him.

### A Concatenated Narrative.

Cackston, who wanted to sell his farm. was approached by a man who wanted the place.

"How's health down there?" "Health is good," exclaimed Cackston

with enthusi sm. "Any chills?"

"I tell you what's a fact: Sometime ago an old man who had been shaking for years with palsy came to my house, stayed a week, and hain't shook none since.'

"Is your family well?"

"Splendid health, sir." Next day the man again approached

Cackston and said: "You have misrepto whale you right here."

"I made no misrepresentation," he nervously replied.

The Traveled Lady.

rect effects of bad feeding or of ill-man-A jaunt over a railway is often as good as a trip to the minstrels. Last week we took a spin over the Michigan Central, and during our waking moments were highly edefied, amused and instructed by the tone and conversation ing sedatives to infants is particularly of two ladies in the seat fornist our own, reprehensible, and ought to be strongly across the aisle and abaft the binnacle. The variety of their intelligence and a can be used with safety in the case of invast fund of general information fants, except by medical men versed in attracted our attention, and we just sat the action of drugs and familiar with the there and drank it all in like cold truth from a living spring.

"Do you suppose they have air brakes on this train?" inquired the one next simply a reckless play with poisons. in her hat.

trains. "What are they for?"

"Oh, they are to ventilate the car and give 'em more fresh air. I heard they intended to put 'em on cattle cars so the

gen. "Indeed! This is a wonderful age.

"Oh, yes, they are just the nicest kind

of cars. Some of 'em are real easy, too; have rockers on 'em. But I like a sleeper "Yes, they are more homelike and

they unhook the sleeper and leave it at

"Yes, and the sleeper is much more comfortable to ride in because it don't go as fast as the rest of the train." "It don't?"

"O, no. Charles says the Pulman Company won't allow the railroads to haul the sleepers near so fast as the balance of the cars."

"Why how strange!" "Yes, very."

"What do you suppose makes the cars sway so, back and forth?' "O, I heard the company had been ex-

perimenting lately with rockers on the cars. It's something to do with concussion and retraction of the expansive compression, or something of that kind." "What a wonderful age!"

"It is really. And these accident in urance companies are a great improvement over the old style of traveling. Charles says that all first class roads carry them nowadays, and it makes one so much more secure to know that they are on the same train with one of them. They are worked by electricity, and must cost awful high, don't you think

A Sagacions Son-In.Law.

agin dat wuffless nigger, Pete?" One of the old veterans of Wall street was giving some fatherly advice to one procrastimatin'." closing his sermon, he said:

against that." will be a banquet, of course. When

"No law agin procrastimation? Den "I asked you how health was down your wife turns over her plate she will what's de law fur? Ain t procrastimation there -" de thief ob time?"

"Procrastinating?

"What's he been doing?"

# Maxims for the Thoughtful.

A burnt moustache dreads the short cigar.

tryman was sighted on the rear end of There's many a slip between the pulpit the back car, prominently perched on and the church door.

A sliver in your hand is worse than two thousand in the hand of your friend. Never build castles in the air. They are ever liable to be overthrown. Put a rich man on mule-back, and the

minute and gratifying survey of the mule will throw him just as quickly as press, he lost all consciousness of his he would a beggar. humble station and gave way to the he-Least said the sooner the deadlock is

roic promptings of a patriotic spirit. He ended.

Piety is often but knee deep. You can't make a portemonnaie out of a two legged calf.

Like the dog in the manger, the nose is above kissing and is always ready to interfere with the kissing of others.

When the spring bonnet comes into book.

Oh, that mine enemy had been at home during spring cleaning.

A cigarette in the mouth shows which "I'd heard he 'was a progedy; but if way the money goes. Lonesome is whom handsome does.

The man who pleads his own cause is unloved of lawyers. The man who saves five cents by walk-

"We don't estimate a statesman by his ing gives ten to the shoemaker. physical developments, it's the brain; It is a short layin' that has no turn the governor has the greatest brain in in it.

The boot-tree is known by his boot. "J don't care nothin' about brain; but The scissors has two blades, crying the idea of a man bein' governor that's steal, steal.

Horest tea furnishes its own grounds. got to be carried aroun' like a bundle o' Of two women, choose the one that

will have you. A Man Ought to be Arrested for Pro-The beauty is not so bright as she is painted.

Speech is cheap, but votes are what

A woman after his own heart is what pleaseth the man. Money is the principal thing; there-

fore get money, and with all the gettings get it well invested.

The coal-hole goeth before destruction and a banana skin before a fall.

The race is not always to the swift, but to the pool-seller.

A short note soon goes to protest-- Boston Transcript.

THE DANGERS OF BUGGY RIDING .- An

Fortune in Men Hath Some Small Difference Made.

so?" "Yes, they must that."

resented your place to me and I'm going of his clerks about to be married, and in

"Directly after the ceremony, there

"Oh, yes, they run 'em now on all The Atlanta Post-Appeal prints the following: Soon after the entrance of the train containing the great commoner a counpoor animals could get plenty of oxytop of the bumber, gazing with a look of mingled admiration and awe into the

Did you ever ride in a chair car?"

the best.

comfortable. If any accident happens

the last station.' "Why, my! How nice!"

to grow ever so much handsomer, she was on the point of adding, but checked herself with a blush.

The time passed swiftly, and Kenneth's visit was prolonged till prudence whispered it was time to think of returning if he would not be a laggard at his own wedding. If the truth must be told, it would hardly have broken his heart if something had happened to keep him away altogether; for he and Kate were spending the days very happily, barring now and then a regretful sigh as they thought secretly of what might have been. But Kenneth was a man of honor, and struggled manfully to maintain his "for I know you have lied somewhere. found one under her plate. I've got it loyalty. He had promised to marry Grace Dandridge, and must keep his by that time I have found the township, to mortify his feelings, and I know he word; and Kate Dene respected him too highly to wish him to play a traitor's look out."—Free Press. part.

It was the day before Kenneth's desay.

Katie looked up and saw that his face | tin had triplets six times.

there "And I said that health was good. Now, sir, health is good. Everybody wants health, and its good wherever you find it."

"You said that on old man who had palsy-"

"I said that an old man who had palsy money on it?" came to my house and hadn't shook none since. He died.

"You said that your family was well. I found that your family are all sick." "My f mily is well. Them peo- to the bank." ple living in that house is not my family; my folks live in town."

A PROLIFIC MOTHER.-Mrs. Mary parture, and he and Katie were taking Austin, who lately died at Washington. their last walk in a neighboring wood, had forty-four male children, eleven of aside in your savings bank," said a fond the scene of many a former ramble. whom survive. She was a doctor of father to his son, who was beginning to Both were unusually silent. It was medicine and surgery, and served earn money by doing errands and odd likely to be their final meeting, and it through the war with the rank of major. jobs. "Not any, pa. Ever since I saw was strange they could find so little to Dr. Mary Walker is small potatoes in- you shaking out a dime from it I have re-

"Do you really think so?"

"Oh, I know it. That's the prevailing style now a-days. The check will be passed around and finally given to you to pocket."

"And the next day I will draw the

"Oh, no, you won't."

"Why not?"

"Because there won't be any to draw. Don't make a dolt of yourself by rushing

"No matter what you thought. Save the check to frame and hang up. When dis time such yer a foot high." "I ought to whale you," said the man, I was married, thirty years ago, my wife bridal tour, telegraph me."

> "I trust you are putting a few pennies for that day .-- | Boston Globe.

you cannot convict a man for stealing time." "No, but when we hab got de proof on

stated:"

him for stealing time, we hab got de time am money? Got yer dar, jedge." And the old man went out chuckling

face of Henry Grady, who was making

his exit through the doorway. After a

noble physique of the Apollo of the local

"Governor, can I have the henor of

shaking hands with you, seein' as I've

come a good ways to do it, and might

never have the chance of approachin'

"Certainly, sir; but I am not the gov-

that's the biggest man they could trump

up for governor of Georgy, I think we'd

better leave the State, for the country's

crastinating.

The Texas Siftings prints the following:

There is an old negro in Austin who

claims to have studied "flosify outen a

book." He went to the justice court and

said: "Jedge, kin I git a 'dictment writ

"He's a procrastimator. He's bin a

There's no law

"That is Governor Stephens."

ventured:

you agin?"

ernor-here he comes.

"Well, I'll be durned!"

"What did you remark?"

"Is that him?"

degeneratin'."

Georgia.'

clothes."

to himself: "Got him dar. Got de jedge

"Well, den, ain't Pete a thief?"

The ruling passion strong in death: "John," feebly moaned a society lady, who was about shuffling off this mortal coil, "John, if the newspapers say anything about my debut into another world, just send me a dozen marked copies."- New York Commercial Ad-

vertiser. When a handsome young wife went to a [Cheek. hardware store to get one of these wooden contrivances to mash potatoes, and ay. At last Kenneth stopped suddenly. deed as compared with this lady, never garded it a blind pool. I have no faith said, "I want a masher," every man in the stopped suddenly. having even had twins, while Mrs. Aus-in it." That ended the boy's catechism the shop, from the boss to the office-boy, started to wait on her.

"Certainly, I believe it has been so editor who probably knows what he is talking about says that buggy riding is conducive to the tender feelings. We "Yes, you might so construe it, but don't, for our part, see how it could very well help being so. When a young man in a soap-dish hat and polka-dotted socks drives up in his side-bar buggy in circumstantial ebidence agin him fur front of the house where she lives, and stealin money, fur don't flossify say dat she comes to the door all rigged out in things which we haven't time to enumerate, and trips down the front step, and the young man just tosses her into the narrow seat and gets in beside her and then taps the horse with the whip, while the buggy quivers like a thing of life and a joy forever, and the young man beside her doesn't know but every minute will be the next one, why, we don't see why buggy riding should not be the most conducive to the tenderest feelings of anything extant. Horseback riding is cold and distant, buggy riding is the thing, and the longer the ride and This slang does raise the very mischief. the more lonely the road, the better .--

> A history which takes no account of what was said by the Press in memorable emergencies, befits an earlier age than ours .- [Horace Greeley.

"Who is this well-dressed man with the seal-skin overcoat, hat and gloves? He carries a gold-headed cane and is followed by a bulldog in a scarlet blanket. Do you know him?"

"Oh yes; that is Slugger, the pugilist. Fine man. Hard hitter. Very popular. Always surrounded by a crowd of admiring friends, as you see him now. He is very well off, was given a benefit the other night that netted him \$500."

"Indeed; he is very fortunate."

"Oh, yes, a very fortunate fellow; ranks high in his profession, you see." "Who is that white headed, weary-

looking old man close behind the pugilist and his friends? Poor man, he seems thinly clad for this wintry weather. Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes; that is old Faithful, a country clergyman. Very learned man, they say. Been a preacher of the gospel all his life, but poor as a rat. He had a benefit too, the other night."

"Oh, indeed! Did it net him much?" "I don't think it did. You see, it was a sort of a surprise party. His parishioners called upon him in a body, ate up everything there was in the house and left him presents to the amount of sixty cents."-[Holidaysburg Standard,