

THE COLUMBIAN.

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E. G. ADAMS, Editor & Proprietor.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C. Nov. 11th, 1882.

The time is fast coming upon us, when the Congressional overcoat will be seen on our streets, and the voice of wisdom ascend upwards towards that funny looking frisking old female called the Goddess of Liberty. Boarding house keepers have gone to cleaning their windows and raising their prices; it might be a little more satisfactory, perhaps, if they would raise their bread a little more instead of prices, but one must not expect much in this world of sorrow. The heart always lightens when Congress draws near.

The President accompanied by his vallet, Aleck, returned to the city from New York this morning where they went to cast their votes for Folger. These two votes are the only ones recorded on that side while 192,000 are claimed for the anti-Arthur candidate. The President looked tired, worried, and disgusted, but not more so than Mr. Folger who appeared at his desk in the Treasury Department all day yesterday simply as a mass of disappointment. He was glad yesterday to speak upon almost any topic except the New York elections, and now that it is over, it is no use asking him whether or not he will resign. The people have spoken Tuesday they gave their opinion about River and Harbor and other jobs, about Hubbell assessments, about oppressive and needless taxation, about federal interference and dictation in politics, and about Stalwartism, which has long rested in power, widening and deepening political debauchery each year, but it has at last not only been halted, but it has been overthrown and doomed to the death that knows no resurrection.

According to the latest returns, the next house of Representatives will have a democratic majority if not less than forty. The next house will be composed of 320 members, and according to this calculation is that the democrats will have 183 members, the republicans 138, and the readjusters 5. This will give the democrats a clear majority of 40 over all. The Senate will undoubtedly be republican by one or two majority even with the loss of Colorado.

The prediction is that the coming season in the Capital will be one of the gayest on record. This is a prediction annually made by writers for the press in Washington. No one has yet given any good reason why it should be so, as far as the public generally is concerned, or as to whether the gayeties will be such as will include ladies. A gay winter in Washington for gentlemen does not necessarily imply an especially gay one for ladies. Last winter, which was said by hotel and restaurant keepers to have been their busiest on record for dinners, lunches, breakfasts and suppers for gentlemen, was not until Lent began at all gay in respect to the number of parties given at which ladies were included. This was true even at houses occupied by gentlemen whose wives were with them. None of the officials who have lately moved or are about to move into new houses, which they have bought or built, have ever given any large entertainments here, nor are they likely to do so. For instance, among the new houses recently described by your correspondent were those of Senator Pendleton and Representative Robeson, and mention was made of that of Senator Don Cameron, but no large parties of any kind will probably occur in their residences.

The plans for the arrangement of exhibits and programme of entertainments for the Garfield Monument fair are assuming pretty definite shape. The grounds of the Capitol, while being necessarily the principal center of attraction, will have many rivals for popular attention and be thus relieved of that crushing and crowding that has been experienced on other occasions, notably the reception by the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, when Gen. Thomas' statue was unveiled. The ninety feet of diametrical dimension is to be used as follows: A platform six feet across will extend the entire circumference, except where intersected by the various

entrances. This will be surmounted by a counter occupying nearly half its width. An aisle, twelve and a half feet wide, intervenes between this and the exhibits of the four great art houses. Messrs. Tiffany & Co., have been allotted the North eastern section, Sarony the northwestern, the Gorham silver manufacturing company the northwestern, and the First Japanese manufacturing company the southeastern.

AUGUST.

GOYHAM GOSSIP.

Langtry's Debut.—Not an artistic success.—An analysis.—Patti's reappearance.—Traces of use manifesting themselves in her voice.—Nicolini.—A dramatic male Mrs. Malaprop.—Election cartoons and toys.—Amusing novelties.—New hats.—Vanderbilt to exhibit his pictures to the public.—Women for the domestic arts.—Gentlemen's fashions.

NEW YORK, November 13th, 1882.

The agony is over. Mrs. Langtry has faced the critics and the public from the stage, and she must now prepare to fight her way against the odds raised by growing familiarity. It was a memorable occasion that first night of hers at Wallack's. The luxurious theatre was packed from orchestra to gallery with as fine a class of people as ever gathered to welcome a rising dramatic star. The crowd was a living monument to curiosity. And the opinion as to her performance? Well, people were carried away with the tide and they applauded the lady to the echo. They hung on her utterances, they smiled with her and they felt sad with her. But after the performance was over and they had been removed from the wilderness of brilliant toilettes, flanked by the elegant black of gentleman's dress-coats, they began to analyze and find that the interest was created, not by Mrs. Langtry's art, but by her sympathetic personality which exerts a wonderfully sunny influence wherever it reaches. Candidly speaking, her art is more ambitious than able. One can see what she attempts, but at the same time one receives almost a painful shock to observe that she is utterly unable to carry out her intentions, and, what is worse, there is not even the suggestion of latent power in her acting. She does not possess that subtle essence so necessary to a dramatic artist—dramatic feeling. Her voice is monotonous and sounds thin, and that charm of manner which is one of her most striking characteristics, looks very much like affectation in the glare of the foot-lights. It lacks spontaneity. Had Mrs. Langtry appeared as an amateur, one would have said, in the conventional manner, that "she did very well." But as she launched out as a professional, one must judge her from that standpoint, and viewed therefrom she is no actress.

This is severe language to use concerning a beautiful woman who is eager to do well, but it is none the less true. Mrs. Labouche, who coached her in the technicalities of the stage, can hardly be said to have done her work thoroughly. Mrs. Langtry's make-up was bad. In the glare of the light a shadow was thrown about the junction of the head and throat which had the effect of making the head appear cemented on the neck, and enabled one to see the line where the union was made. Besides, she looked decidedly thin, not to say scrawny. Now this was a libel on herself, and her make-up is solely to blame for it.

Patti, likewise opened her season this week. Those who had not gone to see Langtry went to see *diva*. There were flowers and applause unlimited, but before an act had been sung, whispers circulated among the audience: "Don't you think her voice is greatly worn?" In some of the upper registers even the novice in musical matters could not help noticing the art and skill which she had to use to cover its defects. If Patti is wise she will pay heed to the warnings in time, and retire while she still wears the halo. As regards Nicolini, his voice—never much—is now next to nothing. If Patti remains on the stage much longer, Nicolini will soon drag her down from her throne.

One of the pleasantest and most amusing fellows about town is John Stetson, the manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, but he has that about him which arouses witty people to poke fun at him. The theatrical profession is quick to make use of such a quality, and thus they have got Stetson down for a full fledged Mrs. Malaprop of the day. The latest good thing passed around as having been uttered by him is this: Stetson was talking about the

fortunes of a theatre, once very popular, but from which the public, from some unaccountable reason, are staying away. "The truth is," said he in a very dogmatic way, "That when once the public gets disinfected with a theatre, you can't get them back." This unfortunate substitution of disinfection for disaffection was received with significant silence. In two hours everybody on Union Square had heard of Stetson's latest, and for twenty-four hours he was asked by everyone of his acquaintances he met whether he was "disinfected" with anything he looked so gloomy.

For two weeks the streets have been alive with hawkers of photographs and lithographs of Mrs. Langtry. The overwhelming democratic victory has made the pictures of the Jersey Lilly a drug in the market. Wherever one goes photographs of Cleveland stare them in the face. Cartoons, some of them very witty, abound. Thus one of them represents Folger running post-haste to catch a ferry-boat which has just left the slip. The designation of this very telling production is "Left." Another represents Butler with the inevitable spoon shoving down an evidently unwelcome dose down the throat of the patched up old Republican warhorse of Massachusetts. Appropriate toys too have made their appearance. Thus two little wooden figures are gotten up as prize fighters, on a little platform. When you pull a string one figure invariably strikes the other one which always falls on its knees and raises its arms appealingly. The hitter has Cleveland's face, and the victim looks painfully like Folger. Republican match-boxes are also out. They are made in the shape of a coffin bearing the inscription "C. J. Folger, died Nov. 7th, 1882. Peace to his ashes."

There is a bewildering number of new hats visible wherever one goes, and although they have the aristocratic rolling brim, they are all Democratic. The hatters did an unusually good business this year. There was comparatively little money bet, and thus speculation ran exclusively in hats. An acquaintance of mine owns no less than four new ones, one of which I myself contributed. He says that next year he will go into the hat business around election time, as there is money in it.

William H. Vanderbilt will shortly throw open his art gallery to the public. By the public is of course not meant that indiscriminate mass whom Vanderbilt generally alluded to in that famous phrase of his—the public be d—, but such as he chooses to invite. There is a rare treat in store for those whom good fortune enables to secure the bit of paste-board which is to serve as the "open sesame" to the wonders treasured up in his mansion.

There is an unusual demand for woman's work in nearly all departments of household art. They are looked upon as careful, intelligent and tasteful workers, and earn good wages. Hundreds of girls possessed of skill and taste can in these fields make more money than as shop girls, milliners or dress makers. A little teaching will make them familiar with the technique, and ardent devotion to study will do the rest. The instructor in wood engraving, at the art school at the Cooper Institute, thinks that women ought to try their hands more at wood engraving, a branch of art at present almost monopolized by men. A woman's sense of touch and her powers of adapting means to ends, are fully equal to that of a man, and her taste and delicacy of execution ought to stand her in great stead in landscape and still life work.

The election excitement has somewhat interfered with the business of drygoods people and milliners, but now that it is over, business will run in undisturbed channels. In gentlemen's fashions there is but little new to record. The tailors made great efforts to foist the long English surtout on to the public, and make them discard the time honored sack overcoat, or the fondly admired ulster, but it was unavailing. With the exception of a few inceptive Beau Brummels on the Avenue, no one has the necessary courage to wear them. Collars are worn tight around the neck and extremely high, so that it is requisite to turn the entire body when it is necessary to look round. Dress shirts are ornamented with a great deal of embroidery; but one stud is worn in front. Dress coats are faced with satin almost exclusively. Some new ones have the entire collar and lapels covered with satin. In gloves, embroidered backs are *de rigueur*. In underwear, terra cotta effects with stripes are the prevailing fancies.

PARIS FASHIONS.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

PARIS, Nov. 3rd., 1882.

Simplicity is certainly not a fault of fashion this season. All the pretended skin-deep simplicity of the summer is forgotten. It was pleasant for a time to play at economy, to wear gowns of cottonade, to tuck up tunics in dairymaid or shepherdess fashion. But the amusement palled and became pointless when it ceased to be a game restricted to a few players seeking therein a new sensation. Husbands and fathers and others who hold the pursestrings saw in the movement a promise doomed to be unfulfilled. All of us cannot afford to be so generous as a certain grand duke, who, about to visit Paris, asked his wife what he should bring her, and to whom she, thinking, perhaps, of the reply made to the same question by the favorite daughter to her sire in the nursery parable of "Beauty and the Beast," answered—a bunch of violets! The spirit of her wish was carried out in this wise: a toilet of creamy—white crape for the foundation, wreathed with purple violets and silver acorns, the train lilac tinted, brocaded exquisite posies of the wishel-for blossom. And so the bunch of autumn flowers became a robe of regal splendor, modesty proving the best policy in this instance, as in that of Beauty's rose, which, if it led to trouble at first, was the source of much joy in the sequel. Perhaps it is as well that our womankind are not all so modest in their wishes and requirements, or we should feel bound to reward them in some such sort, instead of having to grumble over those big totals that make such havoc with our incomes, and cause bachelors to look askance at matrimony unless combined with a respectable marriage portion. Even a *dot*, which requires six figures for its record, does not always get us out of the difficulty, for women who bring their husband a fortune are wont to insist, like Madame Fourchambault, on a style of housekeeping to correspond, while they expect to spend half their own money on their own persons.

Dressmakers prices have increased in such a formidable manner of late that it is difficult to imagine how the next generation of *elegantes* will contrive to dress at all. Such men as Worth, Felix, and Pingat charge 1,500 francs for a handsome visiting costume in velvet, satin, and brocade, whereas even *merchants de nouveautés*, who reproduce the same model in an infinite number of specimens, run the prices high up into the hundreds. Yet materials are not by any means so dear as they used to be under the Empire. Woollens are much more more reasonable, while the quality is quite as good, if not superior. And as for silks, the difference is startling. But what does this avail if our desires have gone ahead of their own reckless way, and if the fabrics that made up the prettiest dresses are now only considered applicable to frillings and linings. Satin, once the *no plus ultra* of elegance, is good at most to kilt and pleat, brocade and embroider. Trimmings have pursued the same progressive motion. What fashion used to be contented with pleases it no longer. Decorative *passementerie* to excite remark must have an individual existence, and have been designed purposely for the post it occupies, so that a *couturier* keeps a special staff of men and women occupied in producing gimps, fringes, and buttons, and executing embroidery, either with their own deft fingers, or the hardly less intelligent automaton, the embroidery machine, of which the general public gets no copy. This swells the bill of course.

Richly furnished show rooms, elegantly attired young ladies with irreproachable figures, also, must be accounted for in the cost of a gown.

A \$20.00 Bible Reward.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer twelve valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for December, among which is the following: We will give \$20.00 in gold to the person telling us how many verses there are in the New Testament Scriptures, (not the New Revision) by December 10th, 1882. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner December 15th, 1882. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the Christmas *Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published. This may be worth \$20.00 to you; cut it out. Address RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penna.

NEWS DROPS.

Just received a large stock of Men's ready-made clothing consisting of fine Diagonal, Beaver, Cassimere and Tweed suits

also

a large stock of Men's and boys' boots, made in San Francisco, expressly for this trade. Call and examine quality and prices of these goods at
McBRIDE'S STORE.

Dr. Jessup still continues to buy the right of way for the N. P. R. R. S. A. Miles takes him out with his team. S. G. Caudle goes also to do the swearing: The Doctor has bought out Mr. William Hoyt for \$75, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harris for \$500, Joseph Copeland for \$175 and R. S. Fullerton for \$300.

J. P. Walker is assisting Moses McNamee in logging on the North Fork of the Scappoose. McNamee, backed by Ankeny is doing a rushing business. He has bought the Haven place, and will pay for it in logs.

Judge Moore and Mr. Dillard have been to Court the past week at Kalama. They were engaged in several important cases. The Judge says there was a large criminal docket.

A certain man in town, who walks like a sack of bran on end, throws his head back and promenades the street as if he was a Bushaw when he is only a Pshaw.

J. S. Davenport will soon have sausages cooked for lunch, and other varieties, so transient people can always get a bite no matter what time they happen in town.

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.

We are in receipt of *The Advance*, an Educational and Temperance Paper, published at 508 Clay Street, San Francisco. Terms, \$1.50.

Master T. Lee Stewart will come home from Willamette University to spend Christmas, and Isaac Copeland from Monmouth College.

Mrs. Winslow has got her divorce and has assumed her maiden name of McMurtry. Miss McMurtry is teaching at Bradbury.

From the amount of "fixins" Judge Moore furnishes his family, in Down East parlance, we should call him a "good provider."

Mr. J. W. Campbell, Surveyor has come out in a nobby suit and by his personal appearance shows that his business is thriving.

Mrs. Mary Browne's baby improves in appearance. It has a very suave appearance, and looks as if there was stock in it.

Mr. William Harris, a veteran of the War of 1812 has been quite sick. We trust he will have a speedy recovery to health.

Josie R., youngest daughter of Hon. Joseph Copeland has had the scarlet fever in Portland, but has fully recovered.

Mr. Alfred Hofman has returned from Victoria; while there he saw the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise.

Mrs. N. L. Grey is still very sick, but little Carrie is better. Mr. Grey is nearly worn out with watching.

Lin. Shintaffer is sick at his brother-in-law's, Judge Moore. Mrs. Moore will give him every attention.

Tom Welles and others are pegging away at Blakesley's hotel. They are nailing on the rustic.

Capt. Alex. Henderson and a Mr. Parker have bought the Kerns place, 181 acres for \$700.

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

Money to loan on real estate security by F. A. Moore Esq., St. Helen Oregon.

Mr. Amos Slavens has moved his family up to his ranch by Mr. Caleb Neer's.

Mrs. Richardson is on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Dorinda Muckle.

Rev. Mr. Sharple preached here Thanksgiving Day and Evening.

Judge Moore has purchased a new parlor set for his residence.

Mr. Divine has left Scappoose without a Dr. of Divinity.

S. A. Miles is killing whoppers in the way of beef cattle.

Miss Louise Conyers is still recovering.

Judge Pope has entirely lost his hearing.

F. H. Hughes keeps prime beef.

Last Monday Hon. Nelson Cole committed suicide at his home in this County. He had been suffering from cancer. His jaws were all eaten away. He could take no nourishment except with a spoon. He was the victim of the most excruciating pains, and longed to get out of his agony. His son Rodney was attending him. He left the room for a moment, when he returned he found his father lying dead on the floor with a bullet through his brain. Mr. Cole was Representative of this County, and was noted for his wit and love of fun. He was the life of those with whom he associated, and was well posted on many political topics. He was a native of Illinois, and left a number of children. After Life's fitful fever may he sleep well!

LOCAL NEWS.

Meeting About Christmas.

Meeting called to order and Mr. E. E. Quick elected Chairman, Mr. Glendye appointed Secretary. The following committee were appointed

TO SECURE THE TREE.

James Muckle, Francis Miles, Chas. Konkle, Chas. Blakesley and Mr. McNally.

ON DECORATION.

Mesdames Giltner, Adams, Muckle and Moore, and Misses Butler, Merrill and Perry.

ON MUSIC.

Mrs. Muckle, Mrs. Giltner, Mrs. Moore, Miss Butler, Messrs. McBride, Hancock and Cox.

TO TAKE PRESENTS OFF TREE.

Messrs. Tedford and Glendye.

TO TAKE CHARGE OF PRESENTS.

Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Muckle, Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Ellen Perry.

TO READ NAMES ON PRESENTS.

Mrs. Morse and Major Adams.

TO DISTRIBUTE PRESENTS.

Miss Butler and Miss Miles

TO SOLICIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Miss Minnie Perry and Miss Mattie Rathbun.

Received a call on Tuesday from Prof. E. B. McElroy, State Superintendent of Instruction and from Prof. Quick, County School Superintendent. Mr. McElroy appears like a wide-awake man. The first Teachers' Institute for this Judicial District will commence at Oregon City, Dec. 25th, and continue the 26th 27th and perhaps 28th. The fare on the O. R. and N. boats will be reduced 40 per cent. Prof. Quick, Mrs. N. Morse and Major Adams and wife will probably be present from Columbia Co. From the style and appearance of the man we believe Prof. McElroy will make his mark on the history of our rising State.

On Sunday we took a ride over to Mr. Godkin's Furniture Manufactory with our family. The roads were horrid. We had a pleasant call, and got our sink for washing type and our kitchen safe carried over for repairs. Everything was fixed up in shape. Mr. Godkin is a splendid workman. He showed us a case of Drawers for McBride's store which will be a model of beauty as well as convenience. Two parties who were seeking furniture we showed the way.

The other day Dr. J. P. Walker D.D. and Joseph Harris invited us with a big crowd to take dinner at Davenport's. We noticed the Beavers liked better to gnaw grub than gnaw logs. The bolognas had to take it, and in about half an hour Davenport was eaten down to the bed-rock, and had to lay in new supplies. He jumped around like a doughnut in a kettle of hot fat. Such is life in St. Helen.

We have received a letter from Mrs. Dann, Los Angeles, Cal. dated November 21. We make the following extract, "The weather is fine, the farmers are doing lots of plowing. The apples, pears, grapes, lemons, figs, pomegranates and oranges are very nice and in great abundance here. I saw H. J. Stevenson's folks. They are all well. I will send you a good long letter soon."

ELLEN DANN.

Marion E. Butler, wife and child arrived at the home of Mrs. Butler's father, Hon. S. A. Miles. Jennie Miles returned with them. They were greeted with joy by every one. Mrs. Butler makes a handsomer woman than girl, and unites in a rare manner dignity and ease in her appearance. They will stay till after Christmas.

Eddie Giltner and Willis Morse having entered the Portland High School after a successful examination returned to St. Helen on Thanksgiving day to enjoy the pleasures of home.