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ALFONSO.

ELLA WHEELER.

Nay, nay! Alfonso! Three I've said thee nay. Why dost thou linger here and plead, and sigh? What though I gave thee hope on yesterday— That was an age gone by.

Why I men have wandered desolate and poor, Stung with the pain remembered pleasure brings, Feeding on crusts beside some cottage door, Who yesterday were Kings.

Women have walked up scaffolds all alone, Jeered by the crowd, scarce given time to pray, Who sat in purple robes upon a throne, Proud Queens on yesterday.

Men have gone forth to battle with each other, In deadly strife to struggle and to slay, Who at one bow'd, as brother sits by brother, Feasted on yesterday.

So say not I am fickle, or unkind, Or false, Alfonso, that I say thee Nay; Nor call me cruel that I change my mind— It is the whole world's way.

SECRETS OF THE CIRCUS.

The gymnast, although modest, was willing to speak of his achievements. As he blew smoke from a big cigar through his bristly mustache, he did not look as if he had ever been a woman; but he was a woman—to all appearances—for several years.

"Is your name Mr. Lulu?" asked the reporter.

"No; just Lulu."

"Been in the show business all your life?"

"Since I was a boy, but my performance have always been of a special character—that of making flights through the air. For several years after my first appearance I was a girl. Why was I? Because it enhanced the interest of the performance. A crowd at a circus will eye a woman with intense curiosity when they wouldn't think of looking at a man, you know. When the spectators saw me shoot up into the air to a height of forty feet or more, as quick as thought, with out knowing how it was done, they were filled with wonder and admiration. They thought that there must be something supernatural about it."

"Were you not suspected of not being a woman?"

"My sex was always a matter of speculation, but my appearance was in favor of the theory that I was a woman; and no one could assert that I was not. When I was younger my face was of an essentially feminine type. I was my disguise under all circumstances; even my intimate acquaintances were deceived. My hair, which was very light, was allowed to grow long, and was put up in curl papers every night, as regularly as the looks of the most finical maiden. My dresses were marvels of art, and if I say it myself, they were of women. I received all sorts of attentions from men. No favorite equestrienne ever received more notes or flowers. Once I was asked to act as bridesmaid at a wedding, and as I could not refuse, I went through the ceremony, blushing when it was proper and looking demure and sorry just at the right moment. But the greatest trial I ever had was in fighting off a German baron who wanted to marry me. He attended my performances, night after night, sent me flowers and messages and made use of every opportunity he could to express his devotion. He followed me from town to town, and it was with great difficulty that I got rid of his attentions at last."

"How is the spring released in this instrument?"

"By means of a trigger set off by the explosion of powder."

"How is the mystery of the aerial dance explained?"

"This advice is the same in principle as the others, and, of course, a difference in the arrangements of the springs and the addition of wire and pulleys, which enable the body to ascend and descend slowly. If the springs were allowed to be released suddenly, the dancer would be thrown into the air with great force. This is prevented by means of a brake, managed by a man behind the scenes. As the entire machinery is concealed from view, the illusion is almost complete."

"What is the secret of the performance made by the young woman who slides from the top of the canvas to the ground by her back hair?"

"The gymnast smiled."

"There is a trick about that," he said, "which you think the spectators would easily perceive, but they do not. As a matter of fact she sits in an iron frame which emerges from her costume at the back of her neck. A small leather loop is fastened to a ring in the frame, and attached to a wheel which slides down the rope."

"Why is it that other gymnasts do not attempt the catapult feat?"

"They are afraid of it. It requires more nerve than leaping, vaulting, or any of the ordinary acrobatic feats, and I have never been able to find a man willing to try it. Lizzie Devine attempted the feat several times, and met her death at Wilkesbarre, Penn., the year before last, in attempting to make a flight. Her difficulty was in not being able to command herself while in the air. The poor girl came down in bad shape, injuring her spine, and in two days was dead."—[N. Y. Tribune.]

tion. An iron plane about fifteen feet long is suspended on an axle at a slight angle. Rubber springs are made to act so as to throw the plane forward suddenly into a position nearly perpendicular. This movement throws my body, which is lying at full length at the upper end of the plane, so that I describe an arc and alight in a net about sixty feet from the machine. My first performance on the catapult was given three years ago in Blackpool, England."

"Were you successful at first?"

"I was nearly killed two or three times, although I had experimented for months with weights and stuffed figures, I could not tell how far the machine would throw me or in what position I would alight. The first time I was thrown, I lost all sense of what I was doing or where I was going. I was utterly helpless, and came down into the net on my head and face. My head was so cut and bruised that my hair cannot grow in bunches."

"How many turns do you make in describing the arc?"

"Formerly I made three, but a triple somersault is dangerous. You lose command of yourself after completing the second turn."

"Is your course through the air the same every time?"

"No; a different calculation has to be made for each flight. I am not able to tell how far I am going until half the force of the impulse is spent. Then the turns are made so that I may come down on my shoulders into the net."

"Have you ever used any other mechanical device?"

"In London I made the experiment of using a machine much the same as the catapult, but suspended in mid-air. The springs were so adjusted that the iron beam on which I lay, when released, described almost a semi-circle, so that when my body left it, I was underneath instead of on top of it."

"What sort of a line did your body describe in passing through the air?"

"This machine threw me a distance of 200 feet in almost a straight line. My movement was so straight and so swift that it was almost impossible for me to turn my body, even once. In fact, I did not recover consciousness until my face was nearly spent. Besides the impulse of the machine gave me such a severe shock that the feat was attended with very great danger. On this account I was forced to abandon this performance after several trials."

"What is the principle of the cannon from which gymnasts are sometimes hurled?"

"The same principle is involved in this machine as that used in making the perpendicular flight, the only difference being that the body is sent in an oblique line upward, instead of perpendicularly into the air. As the performer can get his position with perfect safety, this feat is attended with much less danger."

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A Young Woman Scared to Death.

A story of a very peculiar death comes to-day from Hendricks near Shelbyville, Ind. Last October Mr. Hugh Brannan gave a social dance at his house, which was attended by all the young people of the neighborhood. Among the guests were Miss Lottie Stroup, daughter of Mr. Peter Stroup, a well known citizen, and her cousin, John Brant. During the evening young Brant and a fellow named Thurston got into a fight which resulted in Brant getting a terrible whipping. Some one informed Miss Stroup that her cousin was killed, and instinctively she ran to where he was lying in the yard where the fight took place. Brant was not dead, as Miss Stroup knelt at his side, he turned over, showing his face covered with blood and bruises. The sight so horrified the lady that she fainted and then had a spasm, from which she never returned to consciousness. Yesterday, after being in a semi-unconscious condition, she died, just forty days after she received her fright.

Mark Twain on Women.

At the New England dinner in New York one night not long since, Mark Twain responded to the toast "Woman; God bless her!" He spoke in his most deliberate manner, smoking all the time, and interrupted at almost every sentence with roars of laughter. This was what he said:

"The toast includes the sex universally. It is to women, comprehensively, wherever she may be found. Let us consider her ways. First comes the matter of dress. This is a most important consideration, in a subject of this nature, and must be disposed of before we can intelligently proceed to examine the profounder depths of the theme. For text, let us take the dress of two antipodal types—the savage and the cultivated daughter of our high modern civilization."

"Among the Fans, a great negro tribe, a woman, when dressed for home, or to go to market, or to go out sailing, does not wear anything at all but just her complexion. That is all. That is her entire outfit. It is the legitimate costume of the world, but it is made of the darkest material. It has often been mistaken for mourning. It is the trimmest and neatest and gracefullest costume that was ever in fashion; it wears well; it doesn't show dirt. You don't have to send it down town to wash, and have some of it come back scorched with the flatiron, and some of it with the buttons ironed off, and some of it petrifried with starch, and some of it chewed by the calf, and some of it rotted with acids, and some exchanged for other costumes or things that haven't any virtue but holiness, and ten-twentieths of the pieces overcharged for, and the rest of the dozen mislaid. And it always fits; it is the perfection of a fit. And it is the handiest dress in the whole realm of fashion. It is always done up. When you call on a fan lady, and send up your card, the hired girl never says, 'Please take a seat; madam is dressing; she will be down in three-quarters of an hour.' No! madam is always dressed, always ready to receive, and before you can get the door mat before your eyes she is in your midst. Then, again, the fan ladies don't go to church to see what the others have on; and they don't go back home and describe and slander it."

"Such is the child of savagery as to every day toilet; and thus, curiously enough, she finds a point of contact with the fair daughter of civilization. In high fashion, who often has 'nothing to wear,' and thus these widely separated types of the sex meet upon common ground. Yes, such is the fan woman as she appears in her simple, unostentatious every day toilet. But on state occasions she is more dressy. At a banquet she wears a bracelet; at a lecture she wears earrings and a belt; at a ball she wears stockings, and with true feminine fondness for display, she wears them on her arms. At a funeral she wears a jacket of tar and ashes; at a wedding, the bride who can afford it puts on pantaloons. There the dark child of savagery and the fair daughter of civilization meet once more upon common ground; and the two touches of nature make the whole world kin."

"Now we will consider the dress of our type. A large part of the daughter of civilization is her dress, as it should be. Some civilized women would lose half their charm without dress, and some would lose all of it. The daughter of modern civilization, dressed to the utmost best, is a marvel of exquisite and beautiful art and expense. All the lands, all the climes, and all the arts are laid under tribute to furnish her forth. Her linen is from Belfast; her robe is from Paris; her lace is from Venice, or Spain, or France; her feathers are from the remote regions of Southern Africa; her furs are from the remotest home of the iceberg; and the armor of her fan from Japan; her diamonds from Brazil; her bracelets from California; her pearls from Ceylon; her cameos from Rome; she has gems and trinkets from buried Pompeii, and others that grace comely Egyptian civilization; dresses of modern times now for forty centuries, her watch is from Geneva, the card case is from China, her hair from, from, from—I don't know where her hair is from—I never could find out. That is her other hair—her public hair—her Sunday hair. I don't mean the hair she goes to bed with. Why you ought to know the hair I mean; it's that thing which she calls a switch, and which resembles a switch as much as it resembles a brickbat or a shotgun, or any other thing which you correct people with. It's that thing which she twists and then coils round and round her head beehive fashion, and then tucks the end in under the hive and harpoons it with a hairpin. And that reminds me of a trifle. Any time you want to, you can glance around the carpet of a Pullman car and go out and pick up a hairpin; but, not to save your life, can you get any woman in that car to acknowledge that hairpin. Now, isn't that strange? But it's true. The woman who has never swerved from ostentatious vanity and fidelity in her whole life will, when confronted with this crucial test, deny her hairpin. She will deny that hairpin before a hundred witnesses. I have stupidly got into more trouble and more hot water trying to hunt up the owner of a hairpin in a Pullman car than by any other indiscretion of my life."

"Well, you see what the daughter of civilization is when she is dressed, and you have seen what the daughter of savagery is when she isn't. Such is woman—as to costume. I come, now, to consider her in her higher and nobler respects—as mother, wife, widow, grass widow, mother-in-law, hired girl, telegraph operator, telephone heliograph, wet nurse, stepmother, boss, professional fat woman, professional double-

headed woman, professional beauty, and so forth and so on. We will simply discuss these few—let the rest of the sex tarry in Jerico till we come again."

First on the list, and first in our gratitude, comes a woman who—who—[looking at his watch] Dear me, I am opposed to this ten minute rule, which supposes all men have equal powers and infirmities. It takes me as long to get out fifty words as it does some of these glib fellows to say 500; and when I've done I haven't said anything, and they haven't either. But, you see, I have had time to introduce my subject. I took a large contract, and if I had had until next Forefathers' Day, I am satisfied that I could discuss it as adequately and as appreciatively as so gracious and noble a theme deserves. But, as the matter stands now, let us finish as we began, and say without jesting, but with all sincerity, "Woman: God bless her!" [Applause.]

Their First Appearance.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

Anesthesia was discovered in 1844.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first air pump was made in 1654.

The first lucifer match was made in 1798.

Mohammed was born at Mecca about 570.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

The first steel plate was discovered in 1830.

The first horse railroad was built in 1825-27.

The Franciscans arrived in England in 1224.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

Ships were first "copper bottomed" in 1783.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

The first telescope was used in England in 1608.

Christianity was introduced into Japan in 1549.

The first watches were made at Nuremberg in 1477.

The first saw maker's anvil brought to America in 1819.

First almanac printed by Geo. Von Furbach in 1460.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

Percussion arms were used in the U. S. Army in 1830.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

Omnibuses were first introduced in New York in 1830.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.

The first glass factory in the United States was built in 1780.

The first printing press in the United States was worked in 1620.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1733.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

The first Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge was organized in 1698.

The first attempt to manufacture pins in this country was made soon after the war of 1812.

The first prayer book of Edward VI. came into use by authority of Parliament on Whit Sunday, 1549.

The first temperance society in this country was organized in Saratoga county, N. Y., in March, 1808.

What an Old Man Noticed.

I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature, it is necessary at times to be downright mad.

I have noticed that some men are so honest necessity compels them to be dishonest in the end.

I have noticed that silks, broadcloths and jewels are often bought with other people's money.

I have noticed that whatever is, is right, with a few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg and the left side of a plum pudding.

I have noticed that the prayer of a selfish man is, "forgive us our debts," while he makes everybody that owes him pay the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbor, to surrender the razor to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead, but when the virtues are marked with the epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the bad are buried?

A New Word.—"Detrain" is a new word in use in England. When a body of soldiers alight from railway cars they "detrain." Pretty soon the papers will teem with "dehonorar," "decarriage," "decomibus," "delack," "decanalboat," and so forth.

And when we are in prosperity we are ready to think our mountain will never be brought low; so when we are in adversity, we are ready to think our valley will never be filled up.

Napoleon's Weird Sister.

One day while Prince Louis Napoleon was President of the French Republic an elderly sewing woman—one Angelique Beltoise—homely, unlettered, silent and solitary in her habits, and with apparently no thought beyond her daily drudgery, presented herself before her employers, her face glowing as if it had been transfigured. During the night she said she had been visited by a being radiant with light and beauty, which had imperiously bid her rise and write certain verses from dictation. "I obeyed, and here they are," she said, showing four pages of paper, on which, in a hand infinitely superior to her own scrawl, yet resembling it, were written verses—not up to Hugo's standard, perhaps, but far beyond her capacity or education. Her friends endeavored to ridicule or soothe her out of her belief, but in vain, and she insisted in selling what few possessions she had in order to have her verses copied and richly bound. After having gone to the Elysee several times, being refused admission, she sent the volume to the prince president through the mail. "When Louis has read it," she said confidently, "he will send for me." Sure enough, after some time a messenger came desiring her attendance at the Elysee. Thither she went and was received by M. Mequard, who questioned her, and taking her for a crazy woman, declined to let her see the prince, but offered her money. This she declined, only professing her anxiety to be informed that the verses had really reached Louis Napoleon. This assurance being given, she said with satisfaction: "Very well. Then he knows his future—I can die." Nor did she long survive the event. The verses contained a prediction that Napoleon would become emperor and marry a foreigner, by whom he would have a son, said added that immense power to which he was to attain would tumble into a catastrophe as great, which he and his son were not long to survive.

Death of Josephine C. Meeker.

Miss Josephine C. Meeker, daughter of the late N. C. Meeker, who was tortured and killed by the Ute Indians in the massacre of 1873, died in Washington, recently, of pneumonia. She was a clerk in the office of the Secretary of the Interior, and was held in high esteem for her personal qualities. Miss Meeker and her mother were prisoners in the hands of the Ute Indians for some time, and were finally rescued by General A. J. Smith.

When the Colorado Utes became disaffected on account of the encroachments of miners and prospectors who would not keep away from their reservation. Late in September they began open hostilities, killed a few whites, and attacked the United States troops who were hastening to the relief of the Milk Agency, where N. C. Meeker, the Indian agent, lived with his wife and daughter Josephine. Some weeks before the soldiers succeeded in forcing a way through to the agency, Mr. Meeker was shot, and Mrs. Meeker, Josephine, and another woman were carried off by the hostile Indians. They were prisoners for about a month, and were finally rescued, mainly through the efforts of the Ute chief Ouray. While in the hostile camp Miss Meeker distinguished herself by her coolness and presence of mind. When the Ute chief Douglas placed a gun at her head she did not flinch, but told him she was afraid neither of Indians nor of death, and he skulked away. The women believed they owed their lives to Ouray, the sister of Ouray, who protected them as far as she could and pleaded in the council for their release.

Atlanta, Ga., the city which delights to speak of itself as the most enterprising and metropolitan of southern cities, and not without some reason for its pretty conceit, cannot remember the day when a good beef steak was for sale within its corporate limits. But Chicago is coming to Atlanta's relief. The fat and wholesome beaves raised by the Tennessee and Kentucky farmers will still go to the markets of Cincinnati and Chicago, but Atlanta will have beef that is equally good. Arrangements have been made for the daily shipment, in refrigerated cars, of choice Chicago dressed beef, and it is expected that the experiment will prove a great success. It is not too much to hope that this business will be profitably extended until it will be possible to get a good, juicy beef-steak in any of the large towns of the south. Perhaps, in time, some other article than a half starved steer will be cut up for consumption even at the average southern railway restaurant. No doubt some very palatable edibles can now be procured at such places, which cannot be duplicated at the north; but it will add much to the pleasure of southern railway travel when the restaurant keeper can furnish a glass of good water grails and a nice steak or plate of roast beef for a reasonable sum.

A correspondent asks how a cardinal satin cushion can be trimmed. A pale blue satin plush band laid on diagonally and caught with fancy silks in some pretty embroidery stitch makes a hand some trimming, or a square of satin with daisies embroidered on it is pretty, if put on in the centre and fastened at the corners only. This square may be of velvet, with a spray of flowers in ribbon or chenille embroidery. Another way is to embroider a spray of bachelor buttons and a branch of golden rod in one corner of the cushion coverings; fish the edge with a cord of blue and yellow silk, and at each corner put a soft silk tassels; tie this to a gilt ornament with a small cord, and sew that to the corner of the cushion.

ALL SORTS.

A leading animal—The blind man's dog.

A deadlock—The fastening of a cemetery gate.

Hops are plentiful when the dancing season sets in.

An unfavorable outlook—From behind the prison bars.

A lynching affair out West is called a "swinging soiree."

An experienced barber never talks hair dye to a bald headed man.

Though costing less than a dime a vile cigar is known by its scent.

Fishing is called angling because so many crooked stories are told about it.

It takes a pretty smart man to guess correctly what a boy's pockets contain.

Ladies stockings are still worn very long—sometimes as long as two weeks.

Santa Claus can fill more Sunday school seats than any other man on the job.

The earth worm is said to be deaf, dumb and blind, yet it is a great bore.

When a tailor is making a suit he finds that it pays to mind his own business.

If you want to marry a servant girl all you have to do is to ring the area bell.

A love-sick maiden may be little and yet make herself conspicuous by her sighs.

Herr Most has arrived in Chicago and his friends want to be with Herr Most of the time.

A correspondent reminds us that the ungrammatical waiter invariably asserts "one stew."

Over 100,000 white Virginians having paid no poll taxes, could not vote in the late election.

The national debt has been diminished to the amount of \$66,000,000 since July—five months.

When chickens roost high in the South colored folks manage to fill up on bottom and beans.

A pointer: If you can't spell, write such a bad hand that nobody can tell what the letters are.

Buckwheat flour is so much adulterated now that by any other means it would smell as wheat.

Say, for instance, a dog loses his paw, and a rooster loses his maw, does it make orphans of them?

The boy who ten years ago used to box the girls' ears in school, now smacks their mouths in the parlor.

The latest remedy for a toothache is twisting a mule tail. If the cure doesn't work the animal will.

When a youth wears a collar for a week and can't see any dirt on it, he must be entirely collar blind.

The youth who gets shaved for the first time by a barber doesn't know whether to feel tickled or ashamed.

The fat patient who was advised by his physician to try a light diet ate enough pop-corn to float a balloon.

Love's sacrifice—Buying your wife a sealskin sacque and wearing your ten-year-old overcoat another winter.

House football is indulged in by young ladies, but there isn't much fun in it, as they can't kick each other's shins.

It is all very well to tell us that "sweet are the uses of adversity," but we would rather be spoiled the other way.

"What would you do, Mr. M., if your wife died?" asked Mr. D. Mr. M. (who is very methodical) "I would bury her."

When Hamlet said, "I have that within which passeth show," he doubtless referred to a complimentary ticket to the circus.

"Why do you hide, Johnny?" said one boy to another. "I hide to save my hide," replied the other, as he hid away to a secure spot.

An enterprising editor writes on "How to Treat Women." The only safe way when a girl's pocketbook is never to show them a bill of fare.

American women are said to be the most graceful in the world; but what an awful mess they make of it when they try to throw a stone.

When it gets so cold that a man's breath is congealed while talking then this country can consistently claim to be "the land of freeze speech."

A jurymen was asked if the judge had charged him. "Faith," said he, "the man lectured us a good deal, but I don't believe he meant to charge for it."

A friend of ours recently endeavored to excuse himself from serving on the grand jury on the ground that he was color blind, and, therefore, couldn't try a negro.

"This is an ice day," said the little brooklet, as it looked through a hole in its hat. "That's what I thawed," remarked the sun, as he began to get in his fine work.

"Have you ever seen a mermaid, captain?" asked a lady on a Staten Island boat. "I've seen a good many fish-women, madame, if that's what you meant" was the reply.

After the clergyman had united a happy pair not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impudent youth exclaiming, "Don't be so unseparably happy."

A Chicago paper is responsible for the statement that a St. Louis young man has composed a poem commencing, "I am sitting in the shadow of my loved one's shoe."