

THE COLUMBIAN.

VOL. III.

ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON: MARCH 16, 1883.

NO. 32

COMMUNISM.

By ELIA WHITAKER.

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
When my blood flows deep as a purring river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has

my grief. She laughed, but sympathized.

"Will you take him?" I said hopefully.

"Indeed he is a great beauty, and I am sorry to part with him, but if you would take him—"

"I don't think my brother cares for pig, but some of the rest might like it," answered the benign woman. "So, if you are quite sure you don't want him—"

"If I wanted him ever so, I couldn't keep him. Do take him. And I hope that at least your visitors will enjoy him."

Not until they had departed—little pig and all—did I recollect, and felt how the very end of my fingers, that to the remote ancestors of these, my dear and excellent friends, the ancestors of my little pig must have been the most obnoxious food. But when one has "put his foot into it," the best thing is to let it stay there, without any attempt to draw it out. So I rested content. My pig was safely disposed of.

At his usual hour my husband entered looking pleased and amused.

"So you've got your little pig at last. M—was so much delighted about it, and so kind. It was kept on purpose for you till we came home from the North. He put him in his carriage, drove to town with it himself, and sent it by messenger in full time to be cooked for dinner to-day. And the last word he said to me was, 'Now, be sure there's plenty of apple sauce, and tell me to-morrow morning how you all liked your pig.'"

I listened in blank dismay. Then I told the whole story.

My husband's countenance was a sight to behold. "Given him away? Given away your little pig? What will M—say, after all his kindness and the trouble he took? How shall I ever face him to-morrow morning?"

In truth it was a most perplexing position.

"There is but one thing to be done," said my husband. "You must send and fetch the pig back immediately."

"I don't think I could cook him," remarked the cook, a matronly and tender-hearted person, who had had a good deal to do with babies.

"And I'm sure I couldn't eat him," added, with dignity, the parlor-maid.

"We none of us could eat him," was the generous chorus. And they all looked at me as if I were a sort of female Herod. Evidently they had never read Charles Lamb, and were unappreciative of their blessings.

As for me, I slowly took in the difficulties of the position, and as I gazed down on the martyred innocent lying on the table—to quote a line from an old drama—"I knew how murderers feel."

Yet I was only an accessory after the fact. Thus it happened: A much-valued friend, who is always ready to do a kindness to anybody, one day offered my husband a sucking pig, which was refused and given to somebody else. Immediately afterward I happened to say I was sorry for this, as I liked pig.

"Then," answered my friend, "you shall have one—the very next that arrives. I shall not forget it. It is a promise." Which, during an interval of several months, during which I myself had entirely forgotten it, was thus faithfully kept.

A special messenger brought the present to my door, with the injunction that he was to be cooked that day for dinner (the pig, not the messenger). And—there he lay! with the sympathetic domestic circle at once admiring and lamenting him.

I went out and gathered the collective opinion of the drawing-room. It was much the same as that of the kitchen. Several other members of the family protested that they "didn't care for pig," and one even went so far as to say that if poor piggie-wiggie appeared on the table she should be obliged to dine out.

Was ever a luckless house-mother in such a quandary? What was I to do? Even though—in common with Ella—I must own to the soft impeachment—ever though I like pig—how could I have one cooked one exclusively for my own eating? And, further, how could I eat him all myself? And he required, like all sucking-pigs, to be cooked and eaten immediately.

She rang the bell, and gave her orders to the politely astonished footman, who, after a few minutes, brought back a most Mediaeval message.

"Please, ma'am, cook save there's his head left, and one of his legs, and a small portion of him still remains uncooked, if the lady would like to take that home—"

"No, no, no," said my husband, hastily. "The least bit will do—a mere fragment, just to enable her to say she has eaten it. She likes it; she was once heard to say that a little pig tasted exactly like a baby."

Under the shout of laughter which followed this unlucky communication (which was, alas, quite true) I made my retreat. But just as I was getting into the carriage, one of the family came running hastily out.

"Stop a minute; you have forgotten something. You have left behind your little pig."

What a narrow escape! Not until the basket was safely deposited at my feet did I feel that I had conquered fate, gained my end—and my pig; and, what was the most important element in the matter, had avoided wounding the feelings of my friend.

So we ate him—the pig, I mean—at least one of his members. Very delicious he was, fully justifying Ella's commendation of him or rather of his race. He was also fully appreciated by a mutual friend of the donor and ourselves, who happened to dine with us that day, and upon whom we impressed the necessity of stating publicly that she had eaten this identical pig in our house.

The Poles of Extreme Cold.

There appear to be two districts on the Northern Hemisphere, widely separated from each other, in which the coldest places are to be found. One is in Northeastern Siberia, the other in the American Arctic Archipelago.

The particular points within these regions that have the property of being colder than all surrounding points may be called the poles of extreme cold. Their geographical situation is not precisely ascertained, because a sufficient number of observations have not been made but enough is known to make it safe to conclude that the Asiatic pole is south of Yakutsk, and the American pole is northwest of the Parry Island, toward Eastern Siberia. The Asiatic pole is upon the mainland, the American pole is a sea-studded island; and from this the two regions derive distinct climatic characters.

Near the Siberian pole, which lies in the comparatively low altitude of from sixty to seventy degrees, the continental climate is exhibited in an extremely cold winter and warm summer, while the maritime climate of the American pole, which lies between 65 degrees and 68 degrees of latitude, is expressed in a relatively milder winter and cooler summer. Yakutsk has hitherto been considered the coldest place on the earth, it having a mean temperature in January of 45 degrees. Colder places have been found that have a mean temperature for January as low as 55 degrees. They are situated in about latitude 67 degrees north near Werkojansk, in Siberia. The cold pole is located here from November till March. It then moves in April and May toward the northwest into the Arctic Ocean, between the mouth of the Obi and Nova Zembla, and afterward returns to Werkojansk. Werkojansk is the only place that lies within the isothermal of 40 degrees during November, December, January and February, or for four months; Yakutsk suffers this mean temperature during December, January and February; Ustjansk, at the mouth of the Yana, only during January; while Toistoï Noos, at the mouth of the Yenisei, lies entirely outside the isothermal of 40 degrees. The mean annual temperature of the Siberian cold pole may be estimated at two degrees. A still colder place appears to have been found by M. Knishchak, of Lieutenant Schwatka's expedition, at the Adelaide Peninsula, in Cook's Bay, latitude 66 degrees to 68 degrees, where the temperature in January, 1880, reached 72 degrees; in December, 1879, and February, 1880, 68 degrees; and in September, October and November, 1879, 58 and 49 degrees respectively. The mean temperature from December to February—48 degrees—varies but little from that of Werkojansk; and is from 18 to 21 degrees lower than had been previously noted in the American cold region.—Die Natur.

HEALTHY JEWS.—Bodily cleanliness is certainly not the strong point of the lower class of Jews, yet in Petticoat Lane, and other equally unsavory localities, they are far more plump and well-looking than their so-called Christian neighbors. Some of the Jewish emigrants from Russia have lately been described as indescribably filthy, yet of exceptionally vigorous vitality. Of course, if this vitality is due simply to the fact of their being of Jewish race, other races can learn nothing useful from the fact. But it is not so likely that this power of living and looking blooming and healthy in unwholesome localities is due to the Jewish domestic life? They are very careful in the selection and preparation of their food, and, as a rule, they live more regular, orderly family lives, than most of their neighbors.—London Graphic.

A seven-year old, with the punster's mark on his brow, at dinner asked his mother what was in a jar on the table.

"Pickles, my son," was the reply. "Then, mamma, please pickle little one out for me," came with stunning force from the child, and the mother fell over a chair and fainted.—The Drummer.

A Country Quitting.

Not more than ten ladies could quilt at once, so the others gathered with their sewing on an interested circle about Miss Angela Button, who at that moment held forth on the marriage question. She and her sister Josina were well-known spinsters, who lived alone, and were regarded with proper respect and no small degree of neighborly affection.

"I sometimes wonder," said Miss Angela, "that there ain't more old maids than there is. Of course, Josina and me have a home each, as everybody can't have, but look at the poor women who marry into the unhappy ones. Don't think as I'm reflectin' on old folks, but she waivered her hand majestically, "but you do know there is many a woman as is sorry she married, an' whenever me an' Josina think it's hard to live the way we do, we can always content ourselves with sayin' it might have been worse."

"Yes, an' we couldn't live for nobody now, ourselves," added meek little Josina, as though comforting herself with an oft-repeated expression.

"Well, there's drawbacks to every side of a question," put in Mrs. Jones, briskly, as she snipped off a thread, "and there's them that's happy and them that ain't; an' in my opinion it's the natural way for people to be happier married."

"Yes, but just see how divorces are increasing, which goes to show how much unhappiness there is in married life," said Mrs. Deacon Shell, with a convincing air.

"I can tell the reason there's more divorces. The girls nowadays pick up the first handsome chap they see and get married before they know what it means—a good many of 'em do. By the time they're acquainted with their husbands they're ready for a divorce, an' if it don't come, the unhappiness does anyway," and Mrs. Jones emphasized her remarks by another spiteful snip.

"Oh, but there are some incompatible tempers, you know, Mrs. Jones," replied Mrs. Shell, calmly.

"There's a deal of things to learn, but the hardest is the 'two bears.'"

"When I was married, mother says to me, 'Lucy, don't forget to bear and forbear,' and I often remembered her words," and placid Mrs. Peabody smiled a quiet little smile at her thoughts.

"It don't matter, so long as mothers neglect to educate their girls to take the right view of matrimony the trouble will remain," remarked one philosopher with no daughter of her own.

"Girls are giddy creatures, and need careful training in all things," remarked Mrs. Wilson, across the quilt.

"Especially when they get to the romantic age," laughed her neighbor, as she threaded her needle.

The ladies' quilt were now reeling by the other party, and the conversation changed to different topics. The hostess and her daughter soon betook themselves to the kitchen, from whence certain savory odors announced the preparation of supper. A party of ladies strolled out in the garden, among them Angela and Josina Button.

"I declare," said Mrs. Jones, as she pricked her finger through the quilt, "I always feel sorry for Josina when any thing is said about marriage. The poor thing feels it quite a cross to be an old maid."

"Angela don't seem to mind it at all," said Mrs. Shell.

"Perhaps she wasn't disappointed as Josina was," returned the other.

"Why, did Josina have a real disappointment? Do tell it," asked young Mrs. Crimp, with romantic interest.

"Ten years ago," began Mrs. Jones, "Josina was a right pretty girl, and Will Ringford, a well-to-do young man, her lover. He took it into his head to go to California before they were married, and for nine years she hasn't heard a word from him."

"Poor thing! No wonder she looks so sad!" was Mrs. Crimp's pitying exclamation.

"She never forgets herself, and I don't think—"

"Sh-h, somebody is coming," warned Mrs. Jones, holding up her finger.

But it was only the hostess, who announced the arrival of the "men folks," and invited the ladies out to supper.

Strangers in Paris who have happened to be in the garden of Palais Royal at noon on a fair day, will have noticed groups of persons watching intently at a not very conspicuous object in the garden, but all eyes seemed turned toward it. The object which attracts their attention is a small canon of antique pattern, which is automatically fired at mid-day by the arrangement of a sun glass so adjusted as to concentrate the sun's rays upon the priming powder, and produce an explosion at exact noon.

Referring to this little canon, L'Astronomie says it dates from a greater antiquity than is generally known.

It thundered during the commune, under the empire, during the days of '48, under Louis Philippe, under the Restoration, during the wars of the grande armee, during the guillotines of the reign of terror, on the day when Camille Desmoulins harangued the people, under Louis XV. In the charming journey from Paris to St. Cloud, by land and by sea," published in 1701, Neel makes his young tourist regulate his watch by it. The pillar on which it is fixed stands at the point where, in 1861, a year before his death, Cardinal Richelieu established a bound between mantras of St. Honoré and of the archbishop.

A FAT MAN NOT IN A CIRCUS.—Sam Scott, one of the most noted characters of Morgan county, Tenn., and well known throughout East Tennessee, died last Thursday night at his home near Wauhatchie. Scott was the heaviest man in East Tennessee, his light weight being 320 pounds, and his heavy weight 340 pounds, and it is thought his death was due to his extreme obesity. He was about five feet eight inches tall, but his body was puffed out to an abnormal size and he could scarcely walk. His physicians would not allow him to lie in bed, but all eyes seemed turned toward him, and he slept in a very peculiar position, usually kneeling, with his head resting on a chair.—[Chattanooga Times.]

Two little girls, one eight years old, the other six, sleep in the same chamber. In the morning, the eldest one says: "Oh, I have and such a nice dream!" "What was it?" "I was in a large pastry cook shop, and I ate as many run-cakes, strawberry tarts and bon-bons as I wanted." "Was I with you?" asked the little one. "No." And the little one began to sob.—French Wit.

According to the most trustworthy estimates \$75,000,000 worth of eggs are eaten in this country every year, of which \$18,000,000 worth is consumed in New York city alone. As the "hen fruit" is most abundant in warm weather, while the appetite for it continues the year round, various processes have been devised to maintain its freshness. Of these the most recently invented is the process of crystallization or desiccation. By this agency the natural egg is changed into an amber-hued vitreous substance which, while reduced in bulk, has the property of retaining edible for years and resisting the deteriorating effects of climate. Moreover, the egg, when wanted for use, can be restored to its original condition by adding the water which has been artificially removed from the shell. It is said that neither salt nor any other extraneous matter is employed in producing desiccation, the egg being merely reduced to a consolidated mass of yolk and albumen by the removal of the water. An excellent feature of this process is that an egg that is at all tainted, be it ever so slightly, cannot be crystallized at all. The preparation of eggs in this way is still very limited; the chief companies engaged in the business are in the city of St. Louis.

A Mertian Canon.

Strangers in Paris who have happened to be in the garden of Palais Royal at noon on a fair day, will have noticed groups of persons watching intently at a not very conspicuous object in the garden, but all eyes seemed turned toward it. The object which attracts their attention is a small canon of antique pattern, which is automatically fired at mid-day by the arrangement of a sun glass so adjusted as to concentrate the sun's rays upon the priming powder, and produce an explosion at exact noon.

Referring to this little canon, L'Astronomie says it dates from a greater antiquity than is generally known.

It thundered during the commune, under the empire, during the days of '48, under Louis Philippe, under the Restoration, during the wars of the grande armee, during the guillotines of the reign of terror, on the day when Camille Desmoulins harangued the people, under Louis XV. In the charming journey from Paris to St. Cloud, by land and by sea," published in 1701, Neel makes his young tourist regulate his watch by it. The pillar on which it is fixed stands at the point where, in 1861, a year before his death, Cardinal Richelieu established a bound between mantras of St. Honoré and of the archbishop.

A FAT MAN NOT IN A CIRCUS.—Sam Scott, one of the most noted characters of Morgan county, Tenn., and well known throughout East Tennessee, died last Thursday night at his home near Wauhatchie. Scott was the heaviest man in East Tennessee, his light weight being 320 pounds, and his heavy weight 340 pounds, and it is thought his death was due to his extreme obesity. He was about five feet eight inches tall, but his body was puffed out to an abnormal size and he could scarcely walk. His physicians would not allow him to lie in bed, but all eyes seemed turned toward him, and he slept in a very peculiar position, usually kneeling, with his head resting on a chair.—[Chattanooga Times.]

Two little girls, one eight years old, the other six, sleep in the same chamber. In the morning, the eldest one says: "Oh, I have and such a nice dream!" "What was it?" "I was in a large pastry cook shop, and I ate as many run-cakes, strawberry tarts and bon-bons as I wanted." "Was I with you?" asked the little one. "No." And the little one began to sob.—French Wit.

The Tramp and the Dog.

A big, lonesome-looking dog sat at a gate of a house on Cass avenue yesterday, eyes full of tears and his whole body shaking with cold. A tramp, who had neither overcoat nor mittens, and whose

NEWS NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Orange trees are being planted all along the Mississippi coast.

General Gordon of Georgia has just bought 195,580 acres of Mississippi delta land.

The individual who was injured by the accidental discharge of his duty is still very low.

The Huron Land Office has allotted 1,400,000 acres of land during the past four months.

Farm help in Vermont are demanding from \$16 to \$25 per month for the coming season.

Dairy cows are scarce everywhere. Some people will find it profitable to raise more calves some of these days.

The shares of the Chemical Bank, New York, par \$100, sell for \$210.5. Capital, \$300,000; surplus, \$4,000,000.

C. F. Cobb, of Leeds, Me., raised the past season, from about one acre, 623 pounds of hops, which sold for \$410.

North Carolina has 40,000 square miles of almost unbroken forest, comprising pine, chestnut, oak, maple, beech and hickory.

A half-dozen large industrial establishments at Reading, Pa., have either closed their doors or made a marked reduction in wages.

The oldest member of the British Cabinet is Mr. Gladstone, who is seventy-three, and the youngest Sir Chas. Dilke, who is thirty-nine.

Professor Hosford declares that bread has laid more of the human race under the sod than either of both of those twin undertakers, rum and tobacco.

A paper watch has been exhibited by a Dresden watchmaker. The paper is prepared in such a manner that the watch is said to be as serviceable as those in ordinary use.

The British Museum catalogue, now in course of printing, will consist of five hundred volumes, and at the present rate of production will not be complete for forty years.

A little girl who was on a visit to the country sternly refused to drink milk because, as she innocently declared, she had seen the farmer deliberately squeeze it out of a cow.

Girl graduates in England wear gowns precisely like those worn by university men, and made by the same tailor. The only way to tell which from 'other is to wait for a mouse.

It is now authoritatively stated that Casabianca did not stand on the burning deck, but skipped over the side of the vessel and out of the way of danger. Gone to meet the tale of William Tell.

William Beach Laurence bought a farm at Ochu Point, Newport, forty years ago for \$12,000, which, having been cut up into building lots and sold, has netted the Laurence family \$800,000.

No one ever supposed the prairie dog towns to be of any value in the West until a Yankee besieged one and began to capture the animals for their skins, which, it is said, can be made into gloves that rival the finest kid.

Miss Susan B. Anthony will celebrate her 63d birthday on Thursday of this week, and a reception will be tendered to her by her Philadelphia friends on that day. Her friends in Washington have already presented her with a birthday gift of point-lace.

A soap mine has been discovered in California. The substance is a deposit of white earth, free from grit, and impregnated with a small percentage of potash. It is easily sliced into bars, and, for cleaning purposes, is a fair substitute for manufactured soap.

A new blotting paper that will not only dry the blot, but bleach the remainder of it, can, it is said, be made by passing ordinary blotting paper through a concentrated solution of oxalic acid. Care must be taken that no crystals appear, as they injure the porosity of the paper.