THE COLUMBIAN.

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—AT—

ST. HELENS,

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E. G. ADAMS, - - - - - - - Editor
A. B. ADAMS, - - - Associate Editor

THERE are 6,000,000 miles of fences in the United States, costing over $2,000,000,000.

THERE are in the United States over 45,000,000 head of swine, valued at more than $226,000,000.

THE QUEEN favors the bestowal of medals upon the Canadian soldiers who suppressed the Riel rebellion.

TWO TONS OF GOLD, worth $1,400,000, are lost every year from the wear and car of commerce and personal use.

ACCORDING to reliable estimates the visible supply of wheat in this country is over 42,120,000 bushels, and of corn about 7,700,000 bushels.

THE largest artificial tree plantation in the world is located in Scotland. It is known as the Scotland Tree Plantation and comprises 310,000 acres.

THERE are three sugar factories in Kansas and they produced last year 602,000 lbs. of sugar. This product was manufactured from 19,300 tons of sorghum cane.

AT A RECENT MEETING of the general passenger agents of the Transcontinental Association, held at St. Paul, a round-trip rate of $50 was agreed upon from Eastern points to San Francisco for the Grand Army of the Republic meeting next year.

IT IS ESTIMATED that there are 100,000,000 acres of land on this coast that are especially adapted to wheat culture. Of this amount California has 25,000,000, or one-fourth of the whole; Oregon has 18,000,000; Washington Territory has 16,000,000 acres; Colorado and Idaho, 10,000,000 each; Montana, Utah and Wyoming, 7,000,000 each, and the bulk of all this wheat land lies yet untouched.

THE LASSO commonly used by cow boys is made of sixty feet of rope, a third of which forms the loop. When thrown it is swung over the head and left shoulder and then over the right shoulder, with a peculiar turn of the wrist calculated to keep the loop open until it encircles the object at which it is flung. Expert throwers do not pride themselves on catching a steer the horns, but try to so hurl the noose in front of the beast that he will step into it, thus entangling his legs and throwing him. In a Wyoming exhibition a cow boy repeatedly caught a bovine by any leg that the spectators named.

THE STEAMER GREAT EASTERN will soon be offered for sale under a mortgage. She cost $6,000,000, and has already been sold three times to satisfy mortgages, the sales realizing $980,000. The Great Eastern had hard luck from the very start. Her launching cost fifteen men their lives, while over twenty were wounded. She is the largest ship ever built. Length, 629 feet, or nearly 300 feet longer than the largest steamboat ever seen on the Hudson river; depth, 53 feet; breadth, 83 feet; burden, 25,000 tons; will carry 10,000 troops; has four decks, ten boilers, 112 furnaces, five engines (capacity 10,000 horse-power) and ten anchors; draught of water when light, twenty feet; loaded, thirty feet; spreads 6000 yards of canvas; gas in all parts of the vessel, with electric lights at the mast head. To walk around a deck of the Great Eastern exceeds one-fourth of a mile.

ONE OF THE most wonderful pieces of engineering in the world is the railroad stretching from Lima and Callao to the crest of the continent, where the famous mines of the Cerro del Pasco are the source of the ancient riches of the country, from which tons upon tons of silver have been taken, and which still hold, if the testimony of the mineralogists can be relied upon, the richest deposits on the surface of the globe. The railroad was never completed. Mr. Meiggs carried it from Lima to the summit of the Andes at a cost of $27,000,000 and 7000 lives, and gained for himself a reputation for energy and ability surpassing any man that ever came to this continent, but he died with fifty miles of track yet to be laid. No one had been found with the courage to finish the work, until a few weeks ago Michael Grace, of New York, whose brother and partner in that enterprise is the Mayor of that city, made a contract with the Government under the terms that he is to be given the road as it stands, with all its equipments, if he will complete the remaining fifty miles of railroad and pump out of the mines of Cerro del Pasco the water that has been accumulating in them for a half century. In consideration for which the Government gives him all the silver he can get out of the mines during the next ninety-nine years, he paying the nominal rental of $25,000 a year for the use of the property.

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SLUMBERLAND.

My little child, with yellow hair,
And eyes of April violets,
My heart is full of dim regrets
For the long journey you must go,
A little wraith in robe of snow;
To-night, alone, through storm or fair,
A pretty pilgrim, bound for where?

If I should put within your hand
A staff, and sandals on your feet,
You would not understand me, sweet;
Yet as in days of old romance,
Unknowing of their fate or chance,
The pilgrims went by God's command,—
So you will go through Slumberland.

Upon what ocean blue and deep,
Across what mountains fierce and cold,
With snow-wrapped summits, fold on fold,
Or through what valley, safe and low,
Will my wee bed-time traveler go?
While I a tender vigil keep
Over the fortunes of her sleep.

I may not follow or unbar
The unseen gates of Slumberland;
Though fast in mine her wee white hand,
I shall not know what faces bend
Beside her, or what thoughts attend
My darling going fair and far,
To worlds beyond the evening star.
—*Juliet C. Marsh, in Youth's Companion.*

STUPENDOUS SPIDERS.

Some Not Very Pretty Insects Found in the Tropics.

Tarantulas, Scorpions and Centipedes, and How They Conduct Themselves—Sand-Flies and Mosquitos—Life in the Bahamas.

With the budding out of the fresh leaves and blades there come out of their lairs the only wild beasts of the Bahamas. They are tarantulas, centipedes and scorpions. They have lain hidden somewhere or other all winter, rarely showing themselves, but the first rains of spring put new life into them and they come creeping out, and turn up always where least expected. They are to the people of Nassau what tigers and lions are to the East Indians. Just shout "Look out for that scorpion!" or "There's a centipede!" if you want to see everybody jump. They are all small, but all venomous. If one of them bite you, you are sure to have trouble. The poison may not kill you, but it will give you more pain than any body cares about enduring, and it will give you "the fever," as every bodily ill is called here by the natives. If it is a centipede or a scorpion, you may accidentally pick one up in your hand; but you will not hold him long. And anybody who spends a few months in the tropics learns to treat them with the greatest respect. Without much of that fear of spiders and insects in general that some persons have, I think I should rather encounter a panther or a bear than any one of these three insects. With the big brutes, you see them coming, or know about where to expect them, and can be on your guard. But you have not much chance to guard against the tarantula, the centipede or the scorpion.

The tarantula being the largest of the three, the most hideous, and, I think the most dreaded, he is perhaps entitled to be looked at first. He is known by almost every body in Nassau as "the ground spider," but he is the real poisonous tarantula, the same as I have met him in Arkansas, in Texas, in Mexico and in Cuba. There are more of them in Arkansas, I think, than anywhere else in the world. In a morning's walk of six or eight miles there, I have seen several, and considering the spider's deadly character and great size, that was running across them pretty fast. Here they are not so plenty, but still there are enough about in the rainy seasons to make a stranger feel rather uneasy. We have the common "house spider," too, as it is called, sometimes almost as large as the tarantula; but he is entirely harmless, and people hardly ever take the trouble to kill him. House spiders catch and eat flies and ants and other small insects and thus pay their rent. But even the house spider is not a pleasant companion in a room. The tarantula, however, will empty a room of its occupants in about as short order as a tiger would. The first one I ever saw in Nassau was when I had been at Waterloo about a month and was having the bushes cleared away from about the house. Some of the colored boys were at work in the flower garden, and one morning they made a grand dash for the front piazza. They all looked well frightened, and I asked them what was the matter.

"Groun' spider, boss," one of them replied as soon as he could catch breath enough.

We all went out to kill him armed with hoes, rakes, brooms and all the long-handled implements we could find, as well as a wagon load or so of good-sized stones. He sat among the grass and weeds, easily seen and watched on account of his intense blackness, and did not offer to move. None of the boys would go within eight or ten feet of him, because it is commonly believed that tarantulas can and do spring a long distance, being well provided with muscular and hairy legs for that purpose. I think, however, that this is a mistake. I have seen a great many of them and never yet have seen one jump or make any movement beyond a slow, crawling walk. Their legs are kept well under them when they walk, elevating them, I should think, about two inches above the ground. At any rate we all kept at a respectful distance from this fellow and pelted him with rocks. The first shot must have hurt him, for he made no effort to get away, and in a minute or two he was pounded into a jelly—a nasty, hairy, black jelly that no one would care to touch. When he was used up beyond all danger of resuscitation we cut him to pieces with the hoes and threw him over the wall. He was not a very large one for a tarantula—perhaps about four inches long and three inches broad. The hairy black legs make them look more obnoxious and disgusting than they otherwise would. It is hard to tell just how large and powerful the legs are on account of the thick black hair with which they are covered. After this the boys were cautious when they disturbed any big stones in the yard, and looked carefully into any thick cluster of weeds before they disturbed it.

Opinions differ as to whether the bite of a tarantula is ever fatal. Any colored person in Nassau will tell you that his bite is sure death. I have taken some pains to make inquiries for any person who has ever known, of his own knowledge, of a fatal result from the bite of a tarantula. It is impossible to find any well-authenticated case.

The scorpion is the next gentleman to demand attention. He is very much smaller than the tarantula, much livelier, and not much handsomer. There are a thousand scorpions, I suppose, to one tarantula, and their bite is fully as bad. I must confess to having had a very vague idea about the scorpion before becoming acquainted with the tropics. I think if I had been driven to it, I should have described him as a creature with wings, black, and somewhere about the size of a humming-bird. This would have been about as inaccurate a description as can be imagined. He has no wings, he is not black, and he is nowhere near the size of even a half-grown humming-bird. There is an imaginary picture of him in all the almanacs, but it doesn't look very much like him—that sign of the zodiac. Referring to Mr. Webster to see how my experience compares with an authoritative description of him, I find that he is "a pedipalpous, pulmonary arachnidan, of the genus scorpio," and I am glad to learn, of course, that he is a pedipalpous. Anybody would be a pedipalpous who would take hold of one of them, if he could help it. But nobody ever does. We hear of snake-charmers, and lion-tamers, and tamers of wild beasts in general; but did anybody ever hear of a man fooling unnecessarily with a scorpions. A full-grown scorpion is from two to two and-a-half inches long, and his color is a sort of ashy gray. He has eight legs, upon all of which minute hairs grow, and his tail is much longer than there is any necessity for, considering the size of his body. The tail is, in fact, only a continuation of his body, and I have included that in measuring his length. It is at the end of his tail that he carries his venomous sting, and when he curls up his body into a semi-circle, and brings that lively end of his tail to bear upon an enemy, the enemy can not drop him too soon. His body is no where as thick as a lead-pencil, but at the head it branches out into claws, or horns, or additional legs, whichever you like to call them; so that in shape he is somewhat like a tack hammer. He is shaped very much like a hammer-headed shark, only hammer-headed sharks are not familiar enough in Northern waters to serve for an illustration. He is a creature of mold and slime, like the snail. Let an old box lie on the ground, particularly in a moist place, till the bottom boards begin to decay, and your scorpion trap is ready. When you want your game lift up the box and there is your scorpion. But be careful to take hold of the box near the top, and not get your fingers in the way, for the scorpion is very rapid in his motions and he will give you a sting before you know it. When he strikes you with the end of his tail, like a wasp, he exudes a venomous liquid, and a man might better hold a red-hot iron in his hand than get the tenth part of a drop of this liquid into his blood. It is not necessarily fatal, particularly in the Bahamas; but it condenses the heat of forty furnaces. In some parts of South America scorpion bites are frequently fatal, but I have not heard of any one having being killed by them in Nassau. This is easily accounted for. The scorpion likes to feed upon decaying wood.

The centipede is much larger than the scorpion, and I think even more to be dreaded. He grows sometimes to be six or eight inches long, but is slim and rather flat. He, too, travels rather fast (he ought to, he has legs enough), and he scratches rather than bites, leaving an ugly mark wherever he sets in one of his numberless claws. Like the scorpion he lives under boards or stones or at the bottom of old walls. He is made up all in joints, like the tapeworm, and each joint has either two or four legs. I never examined one closely enough to see exactly which, for even after they are all cut into bits the pieces have an unpleasant habit of wiggling themselves about. They say about them here that a centipede will not die before dark, no matter how much you cut him up; but I think that story will do to go with the yarn about snakes having the same bad habit. I have cut up a few dozens of them with hoes, here in Nassau, that I am sure died before I was through with them. When I say in Nassau I mean here at Waterloo, which is a mile and a half out of town. These insects are rarely seen in the city, and American visitors often complain that they have to go home without a sight of any of them. The centipede's poison lies in his claws. There is a bent and very sharp claw at the end of each leg which sticks into the flesh, and if he gets one of these claws into you he quickly pulls himself up upon your hand, or whatever part of you he has hold of, and sets in the rest. I have talked with people who have been poisoned by centipedes, and they describe the sensation as anything but pleasant. He has not, of course, a hundred legs, but he has a great many, and makes them all count. One gentleman in Nassau described to me a thrilling encounter he had with a centipede. On going to bed one night he put on that long white linen garment which is so comforting to the senses in a hot climate, and it did not take him long to discover that there was something in it. A moment later a centipede was fastened to his back, and the gentleman was trying to tear the linen off with as little delay as possible. The centipede by this time had given up all claim to the linen, but held on to the back for dear life. They stick very tightly, having to be almost torn off, and the gentleman had to call for help to have him pulled off. By the time assistance arrived the insect had crawled a foot or two up his victim's back, leaving a fiery red mark wherever a claw had touched. And all this time the gentleman was enjoying the sensation of having a hundred hot needles run into him. From this and some similar experiences it is quite fashionable in the tropics to shake your clothes well before putting them on. I remember a lady—a new arrival at the hotel—asking me one day whether I hung up my shoes at night to keep the insects out of them? I try to imagine a man taking the trouble to hang up his shoes before going to bed, but can't quite do it. Centipedes are more plentiful than scorpions, but not quite so likely to sting. I have seen a barefoot man step on one without being hurt, probably because the insect had no chance to turn and use its claws. They are just about on a par with scorpions as regards the effect of their poison. In some places the effect of a centipede's sting has been fatal, but it is not so here.

I wanted to end this chapter on tropical nuisances by saying something about my ancient enemy, the sand fly, but words fail me. It is very seldom, and then only on remarkably still days, that there are any about in the winter. But during the rainy season they are exceedingly thick. No mosquito netting will keep them out, they are so small. They give no warning, like a mosquito, but proceed at once to business. You feel a sting on some part of your skin, and perhaps see there a black speck about the size of a pin's point. But he must be full of poison, for the bite swells up and itches, and you get twenty more of them, and you scratch till they're all sore and get little scabs on them, make and you look as if you had small-pox. When I get back to New York no mosquito shall ever tempt me into impatience. I'll just think of the sand-flies and be content.—*Nassau (Bahama) Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE EARTH.

How This Terrestial Habitation of Ours is Growing.

Careful mathematical calculations have been made recently to ascertain the residuum left on the earth by the deposit of meteoric matter. It is known that the region along the earth's orbit abounds in meteors, and that at two points the orbit passes through streams of meteors where these little planetoids are unusually thick. These two points are encountered in August and November, when the precipitation of the little bodies marks the firmament with lines of fire. But meteors are falling to the earth all the time—in other months of the year as well as August and November—in the day time as well as at night. Very brilliant ones have been seen shooting across the sky in broad daylight, and one who observes the sky patiently and attentively any dark night may count them. A careful estimate makes the average number to be seen by a single observer in a limited quarter of the sky about twelve per hour; and another estimate makes the precipitation of meteoric matter to the earth from the whole heavens two and a half tons per hour. In rare instances the meteorite, or part of it which is a solid body, reaches the earth in an unconsumed state, but far the greater number are entirely consumed in the conflagration set up by their passage through the earth's atmosphere, and only the ashes or meteoric dust reaches the soil. But even when the meteorite is thus burned to ashes, no part of it is lost. All its original elements survive in the residuum of ashes and vapor, which, thenceforth, belong to our earth. These meteorites or planetoids are iron rocks, and if one of them as large as the St. Louis court house, in passing through our atmosphere, were entirely burned up, it would still bring as much increment to the earth as if it fell to the surface in a solid mass. The estimate of this steady and perpetual increment to our earth's weight is two and a half tons per hour, or sixty tons a day, or 21,900 tons a year, or over 2,000,000 tons every century. It would take 100 ordinary railroad freight trains, therefore, to haul the meteoric deposit which the earth gathers from the sky every year, and if this matter could be gathered into one mass and made to revolve round our planet it would make a respectable little satellite added to the earth every year. The earth is demonstrably growing in size and weight all the time. Relatively, however, the increment is small, though it appears large when considered by itself. The earth has been weighed. If anyone wants the figures, here they are: 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

It will take ages of steady precipitation of meteorites to appreciably increase this enormous mass of matter, and the estimate of it recently made has no other interest, therefore, than as an astronomical curiosity.—*St. Louis Republican.*

TOUGH TO THE LAST.

An Authentic Account of the Last Hours of Yankee Sullivan.

I was very much pleased to meet last week with Judge McGowan, one of the Argonauts who, in 1849, discovered the golden fleece, which has—to coin a term—royalized California. In the course of our conversation the Judge told me the concrete history of the tragic end of the famous prize-fighter, Yankee Sullivan.

Sullivan, whose real name was Ambrose Murray, was arrested and imprisoned. He feared that the Vigilantes would put him to death, though, as Judge McGowan tells me, his apprehensions were unfounded. The purpose of that body was to ship him back to Australia on the first clipper ship that sailed to Melbourne, it having been definitely understood that Sullivan, or Murray, was an escaped convict. The poor devil, however, was so affrighted that he took no stock in the hope of escape from the harsh business of Judge Lynch. He called eagerly from his prison windows for a priest, feeling that death was settling close around him, but was answered by jeers from the mob without. Finally, in sheer desperation, he opened the veins of his left arm with a case-knife and bled himself to death.

Yankee Sullivan was one of the finest prize-fighters in the records.—*Washington Hatchet.*

—The Suez Canal is very largely used by English merchantmen. It is said that ninety per cent. of the enormous trade between England and British India passes through the canal. Two-thirds of the business done through the canal is of Anglo-India origin.

—Stage robberies have become somewhat numerous on the Pacific coast, one stage alone having been pillaged no less than four times within six months.—*Chicago Times.*

—During the last nine years France has spent nearly $5,000,000 per annum on increasing and reorganizing her university institutions.

LATE NEWS SUMMARY.

Pacific Coast, Eastern and Foreign.

Switzerland has organized a society to protect her Alpine plants.

Two fast cruisers for the Russian navy are building at Copenhagen.

A swarm of wasps stung a Mr. Thompson to death at Alleghany, Pa.

There is no perceptible abatement of the ravages of smallpox at Montreal.

The sloop yacht Puritan was sold at auction in New York for $13,500.

Abe Frank was shot and killed by a man named Randall at Atlanta, Idaho.

Matt. Walker, of Chester, Pa., broke his neck, and has entirely recovered from the injury.

Gas was struck at a depth of seventy feet on a farm three miles from Mendota, Illinois.

A levy of all able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 40 years has been ordered in Bulgaria.

Troops will be retained at Rock Springs, Wyo., until the discharged miners have left the camp.

There are now over 1000 men tunneling and excavating on the California and Oregon Railroad.

The number of Poles expelled from Posen, Prussia, up to the present time is estimated at 30,000.

The Princess of Wales has founded a new English church at Copenhagen, dedicated to St Albans.

White bears about the size of a shepherd dog, and very ferocious, have been found on Mount Shasta, Cal.

Christopher Opperman, a shoemaker at St. Louis, stuck his head in a washtub and drowned himself.

J. M. Hill of Chicago has sold to Frank Siddall of Philadelphia, for $50,000, his team Westment and Lorenen.

Sedgwick, the banner corn county of Kansas, is expected to produce 9,600,000 bushels of that cereal this year.

The New York Democratic State Convention nominated ex- Lieutenant-Governor David B. Hill for Governor.

The family of William Tallmedge, of Des Moines, Iowa, have fallen heir to an estate of $15,000,000 in England.

The Cleveland Rolling Mill Company have restored prices in all departments, and the strikers have returned to work.

The corn crop of Missouri will be somewhat below the average for the past five years, which has been 151,000,000 bushels.

As a result of a quarrel in a Cincinnati family, Frank Berte killed William Hazard, breaking his neck with a blow of his fist.

A panic prevailed in the London silver market recently, and prices dropped to the lowest point touched in the present century.

Two men recently captured ten man-eating sharks in San Diego Bay. There is no record of a man-eater having before been seen in that section.

While boring a well near Los Angeles, Cal., a strong flow of natural gas was struck, and after going a little deeper the well began flowing oil.

The baby elephant—which was injured in the accident at St. Thomas, Canada, by which Jumbo lost his life—has been sent to London for treatment.

The New York Republican State Convention nominated Ira Davenport for Governor; A. S. Wood, Secretary of State, and J. W. Wadsworth, Comptroller.

At Toronto, a bricklayer's wife, who was addicted to drink, cut the throats of her three little children and their recovery is doubtful. The inhuman mother is in custody.

A female horse-thief, giving the name of Mary L. Sheppard, aged fourteen years, of Webster City, Iowa, was captured at Dodgeville, Wis., while attempting to sell a stolen team.

A man named Edward Jones, who recently arrived at San Francisco from Victoria, B. C., died from an overdose of opium, supposed to have been taken with suicidal intent.

W. A. Dilks of Nelson Point, Plumas county, Cal., committed suicide by jumping into the crater of an extinct volcano, which is so deep that his remains will never be recovered.

Marsh Clements, living near Saguache, Colorado, confesses that he murdered his brother Thomas and his wife for money they possessed, and buried the bodies on a distant part of their ranch.

Commodore Le Duc hailed a canal boat on the Erie Canal to stop and give him a light for his cigar. He drove too near the edge, went into the water with his horse and buggy and was drowned.

A Nevada man who has a herd of Angora goats running on the hills near Verdi, says this year's crop of mohair, which he sold to a plush factory at Seymour, Ct., brought from 50 to 60 cents per pound, aggregating over $4,000.

Three cowboys met the Tacasa stage near Dodge City, Kansas, and began firing at the passengers. Grant Wells, one of the occupants of the stage, returned the fire and instantly killed one of the cowboys. The two others rode away.

A passenger train on the Kentucky Central Railroad plunged down a thirty-foot embankment near Lexington, Ky., carrying with it the baggage and smoking cars and killing Engineer Frank Watts and Fireman H. C. Burger. The injured number eight.

At Stockholm, Sweeden, seventeen persons were crushed to death and twenty-nine seriously injured during a jam of people in front of Mme. Nillson's hotel. Mme. Nillson was so prostated by the shock, that she was obliged to postpone her engagement.

A yacht, carrying six young men, was upset in the river near Neenah, Wis., and Frank Kauchere and Charles Shiplow were drowned. Five of the men, including Shiplow, got ashore, but the latter, seeing Kauchere helpless, swam back to rescue him, became exhausted, and both went down.

At Ferndale, near the British Columbia line, two merchants—W. S. Mayfield and W. S. Mayfield, Jr., his son—were called from their store and shot. The father was shot through the heart and instantly killed. Young Mayfield is still alive, but his wound is fatal. The perpetrator of the deed is unknown.

D. M. McCrimmon, S. J. Woods and Charles Dickson, all prominent residents of Chicago, were in a yacht which capsized. They succeeded in reaching and clinging to the bottom of the boat, but Dickson and Woods finally died from exposure, The boat drifted ashore and McCrimmon was rescued.

Jack Ballard was sentenced at Owingville, Ky., to twenty years in prison for murder. As he was being taken from the court-house to jail Mose and James Ballard, brothers of the prisoners, opened fire upon the guard, who returned the fire, killing both men. Jack Ballard escaped during the fight, but was recaptured.

At Topeka, Kansas, Boliver, the big elephant of Forepaugh's show, became enraged at some boys who were tormenting him, and turning on them caught a nine-year-old boy named Bernhard Dreyer in his trunk and dashed him to the earth at his feet, and then deliberately tramped on him, breaking one of the boy's legs and dislocating one of his shoulders. The boy was rescued by the keeper and will recover. The boy's father brought suit for $20,000, and the Sheriff attached the show.

MARKET REPORTS

Portland.

FLOUR—Per bbl, standard brands, $4.; others, $2.25@3.25.

WHEAT—Per ctl, valley, $1.20@1.22½; Walla Walla, $1.12½@1.15.

BARLEY—Whole, ₩ cental, $1.11½; ground, ₩ ton, $24@25.

OATS—Choice milling, 35@38c; choice feed 33@35c.

RYE—Per ctl, $1.50@2.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—Per ctl, $4.00.

CORN MEAL—Per ctl, $2.50@3.

CRACKED WHEAT—Per ctl, $3.

HOMINY—Per ctl, $4.50.

OATMEAL—Per ctl, $3.25@3.50.

PEARL BARLEY—Per ctl, $4.50@5.50.

SPLIT PEAS—Per lb, 5½.

TAPIOCA—Per lb, 6½c.

SAGO—Per lb, 6c.

VERMICELLI—Per lb, No. 1, $1.15; No. 2, $1.

BRAN—Per ton, $11@12.

SHORTS—Per ton, $13@14.

MIDDLINGS—Per ton, $18@20.

CHOP—Per ton, 16@20.

HAY—Per ton, baled, $7@9.

CHOP—Per ton, $16@20.

HOPS—Per lb, Oregon, 5½@6c; Wash. Ter., 6@6½.

BEANS—Per ctl, pea, $2.00@$2.25; small whites, $2.00@2.25; bayos, $3.50@3.75; lima, $3.25; pink, $2.00@2.25.

BUTTER—Per lb, fancy roll, 25c; inferior grade, 12; pickled, 15@20c.

CHEESE—Per lb, Oregon, 12@13c; California, 12@13c.

EGGS—Per doz, 25c.

DRIED FRUITS—Per lb, apples, quarters, sacks and boxes, 2½@3c; do sliced, in sacks and boxes, 4½@5½; apricots, 15c; blackberries, 14@15c; nectarines, 15c; peaches, halves unpeeled, 10@11c; pears, quartered, 7½@9; pitted cherries, 20@25c; pitted plums, California, 8@10c; do Oregon, 7@10c; currants, 6½@7½; dates, 9@10c; figs, Smyrna, 18@20; California, 6@7; prunes, California, 7½@10; French, 10@22½; Turkish, 6½@7½; raisins, California London layers, $2.50@2.75 ₩ box; loose Muscatels, $1.60; Seedless, ₩ lb, 8@10c; Sultana, 12½c.

RICE—China, No. 1, $5½; do No. 2, $5½; Sandwich Islands, No. 1, ₩ lb, 6½c; Japan, 6c ₩ lb.

VEGETABLES—Beets, $1; cabbage, $1@1.50; cauliflower, ₩ doz, 60c@$1.00; squash, ₩ box, $1.25; cucumbers, ₩ box, 75c; green corn, ₩ doz, 10c; sweet potatoes, ₩ lb, 1½@2c; onions, new, 1½c; turnips, ₩ lb, 1c; tomatoes, ₩ box, 50c@$1.75.

POTATOES—Per, ₩ lb, 1c.

POULTRY—Chickens, ₩ doz, spring, $1.75@2.75; old $2.75@3.50; ducks, $4.00; geese, $6@7.50; turkeys, ₩ lb, 10@12½c.

HAMS—Per lb, Eastern, 13@14½c; Oregon, 9½@10.

BACON—Per lb, Oregon sides, 9½c; do shoulders, 8.

LARD—Per lb, Oregon, 8@9. Eastern, 8@11½.

PICKLES—Per 5-gal keg, $1.10; bbls, ₩ gal., 32½@35.

SUGARS—Quote bbls: Cube, 9½; dry granulated, 9c; fine crushed, 9½c; golden C, 8c.

HONEY—Extracted, 7½c; comb, 14c.

COFFEE—Per lb, Guatemala, 12½; Costa Rica, 12c; Old Government Java, 18c; Rio, 12½@13c; Salvado, 10½c; Mocha, 22½@25; Kona, 18c.

TEAS—Young Hyson, 25@65c; Japan, 12@55c; Oolong, 15@65c; Gunpowder and Imperial, 25@65c.

SYRUP—California refinery is quoted at 37½c in bbls, 52½c in kegs and 1-gal. tins.

CANNED GOODS—Salmon, 1 lb tins, ₩ doz, $1.25; oysters, 2-lb tins, ₩ doz, $2.10@2.75; 1-lb tins, $1.20@1.75 ₩ doz; lobsters, 1-lb tins, ₩ doz, $1.75; clams, 2-lb tins, ₩ doz, $2@2.65; mackerel, 5-lb tins, ₩ doz, $6.25@8.75; fruits, ₩ doz tins, $2.20@2.75; jams and jellies, ₩ doz, $1.90; vegetables, ₩ doz, $1@1.50.

FRESH FRUIT—Apples, Oregon, new, ₩ box, 50c@75; bananas, ₩ bunch, $3@4; cranberries, Western, $15.00@16.00 ₩ bbl; grapes, ₩ box, 75c@$1; Lemons, Sicily, ₩ box, $10.00; Limes, ₩ 100, $3.00; pineapples, ₩ doz, $8; peaches, ₩ box, 75c@$1; plums, ₩ box, 50@75c; pears, ₩ box, 40@75c; watermelons, ₩ doz, $1.50@2.

SEEDS—Per lb, timothy, 5@6c; red clover, 14@15c; orchard grass, 16c; rye grass, 14@15c.

WOOL—Eastern Oregon, spring clip, 12@15c ₩ lb; fall clip, 10@12½. Valley Oregon, spring clip, 13@15c; lambs' and fall, 12@13c.

SALT—Carmen Island, ₩ ton, $15@17; Liverpool, ₩ ton, $16@20; 5-lb bags for table, 4½@5c.

NUTS—California almonds, ₩ 100 lb sks, 18c; Brazil, 15c; chestnuts, 18@20c; cocoanuts, $6@8; filberts, 14c; hickory, 10c; peanuts, 9@12½c; pecan, 14c; California walnuts, 11c.

HIDES—Dry, 16@17c; salted, 6@6½.

TALLOW—Clear, color and hard, 4@4½c ₩ lb; prime, 4½c.

San Francisco.

FLOUR—Extra, $4.00@4.75 ₩ bbl; superfine, $2.50@3.50.

WHEAT—No. 1 shipping, $1.42½@1.45 ₩ ctl; No. 2, $1.32@1.37; Milling, $1.42@1.47.

BARLEY—No. 1 feed, $1.32½; brewing, $1.37@1.42½.

OATS—Feed, $1.15@1.20 ₩ ctl; Surprise and choice milling, $1.25@1.35; Black, $1.05@1.12½.

CORN—Yellow, $1.22½ ₩ ctl; white, $1.15@1.20.

RYE—$1.30@1.35 ₩ ctl.

HOPS—6½@7c ₩ lb.

HAY—Barley, $9@11 ₩ ton; alfalfa, $7@11.50; wheat, $9@14.50.

STRAW—55c@65c ₩ bale.

ONIONS—Per ctl, 60@70c.

POTATOES—Early rose, 33@40c; river reds, 40c@45c; sweets, 85c@$1.

BEANS—Small white, $1.45@1.65 ₩ ctl; pea, $1.40@1.65; pink, $1.25@1.30; red, $1.35; bayos, $1.50@2.12½; butter, $1@1.25; limas, $1.50@1.75.

HONEY—Comb, 6@12½c ₩ lb for best grades; strained, 5@5½c.

CHEESE—California, 7@9½ ₩ lb.

BUTTER—Fresh roll, fancy dairy, 32½c ₩ lb; good to choice, 22½@28c; pickled roll, 21@23c; other grades, 11@22c.

EGGS—25@35c ₩ dozen for California; Eastern, 16@19c.

HOME AND FARM.

—Par's green and plaster may be mixed in the proportion of one pound of Paris green to half a barrel of the plaster. Be sure and mix thoroughly. —*Toledo Blade.*

—Turpentine, coal oil and vinegar, equal parts, well shaken together, and rubbed on the eggs of the botfly on horses' legs, it is claimed, will kill them after about three applications.

—A Massachusetts man thinks that as a rule farmers use too little seed in sowing down to grass. His formula is half a bushel of timothy, a bushel of redtop and twelve to fifteen pounds of clover to the acre.—*Boston Globe.*

—When rye is sown for its grain about one bushel of seed per acre is required. If sown as a green crop, for soiling or feeding out green to cattle, two bushels or more per acre may be used with good effect.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Pulled Fish: After any solid fish is boiled, pick it clean from the bones in small pieces, and to a pound of fish add half a pint of cream, one tablespoonful of mustard, one ounce of anchovy sauce and one and a half spoonfuls of ketchup, a little pepper, flour and butter mixed, and make it quite hot in a saucepan and serve.

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A. B. ADAMS, - - - Associate Editor

How to Behave on a Railroad Train.

[Bill Nye.]

Many people have traveled all their lives, and yet do not know how to behave themselves when on the road. For the benefit and guidance of such these few, crisp, plain, horse sense rules of etiquette have been framed:

In traveling by rail, on foot, turn to the right on discovering an approaching train. If you wish the train to turn out give two loud toots and get in between the rails, so that you will not muss up the right of way. Many a nice, new right of way has been ruined by getting a pedestrian tourist spattered all over its first mortgage.

If you never rode in a varnished car before, and never expect to again, you will probably roam up and down the car, meandering over the feet of the porter while he is making up the berths. This is a good way to let people see just how little you had left after your brain began to soften.

In traveling do not take along a lot of old clothes that you know you never will wear.

Never walk through a car staring everybody out of countenance, like a Jim Crow detective hunting for the James boys.

YOU WILL PROBABLY ROAM UP AND DOWN THE CAR.

If you have been reared in extreme poverty and your mother supported you until you grew up and married, so that your wife could support you, you will probably sit in four seats at the same time, with your feet extended into the aisles so that you can wipe them off on other people, while you snore with your mouth open clear to your shoulder blades.

If you are prone to drop to sleep and breathe with a low, death rattle, like the exhaust of a bath tub, it would be a good plan to tie up your head in a feather bed and then insert the whole thing in the linen closet.

In the dining car, while eating, do not comb your moustache with your fork. By all means do not comb your moustache with the fork of another. It is better to refrain altogether from combing the moustache with a fork while traveling, for the motion of the train might jab the fork into your eye and irritate it.

If your dessert is very hot and you do not discover it until you have burned the rafters out of the roof of your mouth, do not utter a wild yell of agony and spill your coffee all over a total stranger, but control yourself, hoping to know more next time.

In the morning is a good time to find out how many people have succeeded in getting on the passenger train who ought to be in the stock car.

Generally, you will find one male and one female. The male goes into the wash room, bathes his worthless carcass from daylight until breakfast time, walking on the feet of any man who tries to wash his face during that time. He wipes himself on nine different towels, because when he gets home he knows he will have to wipe his face on an old door mat. People who have been reared on hay all their lives generally want to fill themselves full of pie and colic when they travel.

The female of this same mammal goes into the ladies' department and remains there until starvation drives her out. Then the real ladies have about 13 seconds in which to dress.

Bulldozing.

[Life.]

"Say, mister, give us 50 cents to go to the roller rink or I'll set the dog on yer!"

The Pleasures of Imagination.

[The Journalist.]

Poor old Horace Greeley came down to The Tribune office one cold morning, and, approaching the radiator, took off his hat, sat down and began to examine a pile of exchanges. He looked comfortable and happy. The office boy observed him, and, approaching the venerable editor, remarked:

"Please, sir, there ain't any steam on in that heater."

Mr. Greeley cast a withering glance at the youth and squeaked:

"D—— you, why didn't you let me alone? I was getting warm."

Did She Mean Anything Personal?

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

She was playfully feeling in his vest pocket, and he asked: "What are you seeking, darling?" "Oh, a nickel, or a quarter, or a dollar—anything," she replied. "Why," said he, "you do not expect to find feathers on a hog?" And she answered, with the most innocent smile and naive expression: "No, dear Walter, I was not looking for feathers." And he refuses to go back until he knows whether she meant anything personal or not.

Two Simple Fish Tails.

[Norristown Herald.]

It is related of a famous cook that he prepared fish so exquisitely that they returned him admiring and grateful looks from the frying-pan. We can readily believe this story. It is no more remarkable than the conduct of a trout, which, upon hearing an angler lying about its weight, looked up with a painful expression and softly murmured: "Oh, come down a couple of pounds."