

TO CLOUD CAP INN.

The Brooding Solemnity Hovering Over Titanic Scenery.

THE GREAT DIVIDEND OF REST.

A Vestibule to the Universal Palace of Everlasting Beauty.

VACATION SPENT IN REFLECTION.

An Inkling of How Magnificent the World is "Bosomed in Beauty," as Emerson saw it.

In those good old easy days, when men had a whole week in which to earn six dollars, and all men were practically gentlemen of leisure, there was no necessity for vacations. But today, when men are so driven by the inexorable modern demon of Rush that many are obliged to earn six dollars in a half a day or less, vacations have become a necessity. As the tyranny of circumstances is a kind that cannot be easily thrown off, it becomes us all to submit to the inevitable, and take a vacation whose length shall vary in an inverse ratio to the shortness of the time in which we are compelled to earn our money.

When the mountains are looked upon as the vestibules to the universal palace of everlasting beauty, men get a greater dividend from them than they can by working them as granite quarries or even as silver mines. The sunset banners flung about the mountain peaks, the brooding solemnity of night hovering over the titanic scenery, convey impressions to the mind and bear tides of strong emotion in upon our hearts, whose value is not measurable by the dollar unit. Lack of time prevents us from making a detailed statement of the trip to Cloud Cap Inn, hence we gladly embrace the opportunity to lay before the readers of THE CHRONICLE the following interesting account by one of the party:

THE DALLES, July 29.—To Mount Hood and return, in the short space of one day seems a feat scarcely credible. But where it is further stated that not only this grim hoary sentinel of the Cascade mountains was reached in one day, without any special effort on the part of man or beast, and also that the mountain was ascended to within speaking distance of the summit, the credulity of the skeptical must necessarily receive a severe strain, and they are very apt to respond in language reflecting somewhat on the veracity of the author of such a seemingly incredible assertion.

This was the exploit of a party of pleasure seekers from The Dalles who made the round trip from Hood River, spending five hours on the glaciers of Mt. Hood and returning to The Dalles the same day. Our party consisted of Professor Liscombe, D. C. Ireland, N. J. Sinnott and Chief Judd S. Fish.

We remained over night at Hood River with mine host, George Herbert, whose hospitality to the guests at his caravansary is proverbial. Arrangements having been made previously the commodious thoroughbrace stage of Eph Olinger was ready at an early hour. Eph himself held the ribbons, a sufficient guarantee for a pleasant and safe journey.

Then began a drive over one of the most picturesque of mountain roads, whose enchanting scenery seems to entice one to forsake forever the haunts of men and revel in its sylvan beauty. The breaking of a whistle-tree caused a momentary delay, during which Judd opened a box of his Umatilla House favorites.

Soon we were off again, and the marvelous beauty of the valley of the Columbia began to unfold as we drove up the grade from Hood river. The scene when the summit was reached was one never to be forgotten, and if painted on canvass it would never be looked upon as a reality, but only as some fanciful idea of an over imaginative artist. The calm waters of the majestic Columbia rippling gently on the white sands that line its shores, formed a mirrored foreground, reflecting a background which must ever be the delight and despair of both poet and painter. The lower mountains fringing with their forests of pine and fir, green with the foliage of this fertile region, contrasted strangely with the snowy whiteness of Mount Adams tinged here and there with the crimson tints of the precursor of the coming day.

But we must quit this scene, powerless to but inadequately portray its matchless grandeur. Leaving the immediate vicinity of the Columbia, and

ever varying landscape meets the view and impels one to advance, and witness with what a lavish hand Nature has bestowed upon us her charms. The ever changing aspect seems to rival the variety of shapes assumed by the tinted bits of glass in the revolving kaleidoscope. The mountains themselves appear eager to furnish the most weird and fantastic features possible. At every turn of the road a different version of mountain splendor comes into view. The perpetual roar of Hood river is heard in the distance. Now we are descending to the bridge which spans this mountain stream. We marvel at the milky whiteness, a characteristic of numerous streams feeding in the regions of Mt. Hood, said to be caused by a deposit of light ashes when Mt. Hood was an active volcano.

Our temperaments were not sufficiently poetic to render us spell-bound, magnificent as the scenery was. The jokes of Judd furnished us with a diversion, and a song from the professor added to the pleasure of the drive. This was the professors first trip to the wilds of the west, and to his anxious inquiry, Judd suddenly discovers a striking similarity between the noise made by the rubbing of two trees and the yell of the mountain lion. "Eph, true to the traits of the typical stage driver, also fancied that the caw of a crow was the fierce yell of some denizen of the woods. While enjoying the professors discomfiture we drove in sight of the "half way house," where a stop is made to change horses. Here we met an old friend Mr. L. D. Brown of Portland, and Mrs. Middleton and daughters of Vancouver, who had wisely, chosen the fresh health restoring mountain air in preference to the doubtful weather at the beach.

Our hardest climb is now before us as the grade to the mountain is exceedingly steep. Here some of the more portly occupants of the stage, realizing that they must sustain their reputations as members of the Humane society, suggested that we descend to terra firma and walk up the sharp ascent. With the assistance of a fence rail placed where the surface area was especially expansive, Judd aided one of the party to maintain his allegiance and standing as a humanitarian.

As we ascended to higher altitudes, strange to say, the flora became more numerous. We noticed great numbers of the lily family, and other beautiful flowers. Mr. Johnson, the Astoria botanist, gathered here some 2,000 different plants during the present month of July. Before arriving in sight of the Inn, we drove past a large bank of snow lying by the road. Suddenly emerging from the dense woods through which we were driving we came in view of Cloud Cap Inn, a very appropriate name indeed, since large fleecy clouds often entirely engulf the Inn. The building is made of hewn white pine logs, and there is an air of comfort and stability about the structure. Mr. Bone, who had taken the reins from Eph when we changed horses, informed us that an ancient lady who had long since decided that "marriage was a failure," had been rusticated at the Inn to avoid the gaze of the sterner sex. The vision of loveliness saw us as we drove before the door, and realizing that her fancied retirement was at an end, said peremptorily, "Mr. Driver, I want to leave tomorrow afternoon." Her tone was such as to leave no doubt about her pleasure at our arrival.

We entered the Inn and found it not at all in harmony with the rather rough exterior. We were surprised to see many of the comforts of the most fashionable seaside resorts. Hot and cold baths were prepared for us, and many other modern conveniences were at hand. After partaking an excellent dinner, we were shown to the observatory to feast our eyes on a panorama whose attempted description would only expose the poverty of our diction. No pen in the hand of man could ever picture the solemn majesty of this wondrous work of the Almighty. One hour in meditating on the probable cause of such a sublime scene would render the skeptic and infidel a firm believer in the divine origin of things.

The surrounding mountains form a vast amphitheatre through which flow the mighty waters of the Columbia in its tortuous channel. The various snow peaks rise colosseum-like, suggesting gigantic marble pyramids, commemorative of nature's early triumphs. Here and there through the green foliage of the woods, as if in an emerald setting, sparkle, diamond-like, the pure waters of the mountain lakes. Above us are snow drifts and the blue ice of Mt. Hood's glaciers, whose coolness make us pity the sweltering "many footed multitude" toiling in the hot cities of the east.

The guide announces that all is ready for the ascent to the glaciers. We all choose good stocks and begin the ascent. Suddenly we were startled by a blinding flash of light which makes us fancy that the old mountain has arisen from its long dormant state. But the guide informed us that two tourists were climbing to the summit, and had with them a mirror to signal their success to the Inn.

After a great amount of hard climbing through soft sand, and over old lava beds, we reached the glacier. We were then obliged to proceed very cautiously, the guide testing the surface continually

lest some hidden crevice be in our path. Nick and the professor strikingly discovered that shoe leather had very little hold on the affections of the ice of the glacier.

Of course the ubiquitous camera was often brought into action, and many snap shots were taken. The glaciers of Mt. Hood have too often been described to afford us any new matter to write about. We examined the crevasses and threw rocks into their apparently bottomless depths, the sound of the dropping stone, at first loud, gradually becoming fainter and ceasing entirely to the dreadful fate awaiting a false step on the slippery ice.

Finding a steep ascent free of crevasses we were soon coasting down a slide that would have made the youthful possessor of the idle sled in the wood shed green with envy. Judd began the sport and broke all previous records for the distance. Nick followed; a vision of circumgyrating arms and legs enabled us to mark his course. The professor, regardless of all consequences to his Prince Albert could not resist the novelty of a toboggan ride in July. Soon all joined in the exhilarating sport, unmindful of any damage to wearing apparel.

The dark shadows cast by the mountain reminded us that the sun was sinking fast, and not relishing the prospect of a night's experience in snow and ice, we left the scene of our late toboggan slide. The sight of a large gray wolf disappearing behind a bank of snow recalled to mind the stories of George Kennan's Siberian adventures. But before we had gone far, we heard the sounds of a human voice, as if it came from the very clouds above us. Looking up we saw on the extreme summit the minute forms of the two climbers who had left Cloud Cap Inn early that morning. We shouted to them and received answers from their lofty position some 2,000 feet above us.

On returning to the Inn supper was already prepared for us, and we soon succeeded in overcoming the almost ravenous appetite caused by our climb. The stage stood before the door, and bidding good bye to all, much to the evident pleasure of our ancient maiden friend, who, learning of our departure cancelled her orders for the driver to call the next day, we left the snow banks of Mt. Hood, feeling well repaid for our trip. The drive homeward was uneventful. We met Malcolm Moody's coaching party from The Dalles. Mr. Moody, among his other accomplishments being very adept with the ribbons, had driven from The Dalles in remarkably fast time.

As the grade was now down hill we very soon reached Hood River, arriving in time to get aboard the 10:30 p. m. train thus making the round trip the same day.

Cloud Cap Inn is bound to grow in favor as a summer resort, and it will not be long before it will acquire a national reputation. Within a few hours ride from the railroad it is by no means inaccessible. The scenery there is pronounced by all artists and connoisseurs, far superior to any afforded by the mountains of Europe. Lovers of the beautiful in nature need no longer seek the Alps to gratify their desires for mountain grandeur. A trip to Cloud Cap Inn will not disappoint the most expectant.

Advertised Letters.

Following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at The Dalles unclaimed for, Saturday, July 30th, 1892. Persons calling for same will give date on which they were advertised. Alkin, J Mrs Martie, Mattie Mrs Acton, Mamie Miss Montgomery H Brown, Annie Miss Ransen, Wm Brown, Henry Ramey, C E Cochran, Dan Mrs Starke Wyatt Gruber, John Staack, O M 2 Hendrickson, J T Sawrtson, J H McKenzie, C E Sim, G A McKnight Jo Starman C McDonald, Nora Smith, Jacob Magen, Frank Weaver, Frank M. T. NOLAN, P. M.

The Royal and the Soldiers.

During the last year, including the March contracts recently awarded, the Royal Baking Powder company has supplied over 212,000 pounds, or 106 tons of baking powder for the United States government and its army and navy officers.

For many years the government has given its orders for Royal Baking Powder in preference to all others, it being found superior to all others in strength and purity by the official examination, and the only baking powder that will keep and retain its strength in the various climates to which it is sent by the department.

Fire From Friction.

Athens Press. Wednesday afternoon a threshing machine belonging to C. H. Dodd & Co., caught fire from a hot box, it is supposed, while threshing barley in Coppel's field, about one mile east of town, and in the conflagration about 130 bushels of barley was consumed. It was fortunate that there was but very little wind and as it was, it took hard work to prevent the fire from getting into the grain. The threshing machine was owned by Kirk, Price & Co., and the total loss was about \$500, besides causing a delay. The fire was plainly seen from Athens, and several went out but their assistance was not needed, as it was under control.

Erotic Literature. Oregonian. Parents cannot exercise too rigid a censorship over the literature their children devour. There is a startling similarity between the themes of some of the cheap novels of the present day and the case of Alice Mitchell, the young girl now on trial for the murder of her friend and bosom companion Freda Ward. Miss Mitchell was a girl of abundant leisure, and, as the testimony adduced at the trial has shown, in addition to a disordered intellect inherited from her mother, was allowed to pack her head full of erotic literature without stint.

Bad Blood.

Impure or vitiated blood is nine times out of ten caused by some form of constipation or indigestion that clogs up the system, when the blood naturally becomes impregnated with the elements of disease. The old Sarsaparilla attempt to reach this condition by attacking the blood with the drastic mineral "poison." The potent theory is old and obsolete. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is modern. It goes to the seat of the trouble. It arouses the liver, kidneys and bowels to healthful action, and invigorates the circulation, and the impurities are quickly carried off through the natural channels. Try it and note its delightful action. Chas. Lee, at Beaman's Third and Market Streets, S. P., writes: "I took it for vitiated blood and while on the first bottle became convinced of its merits, for I could feel it was working a change. It cleansed, purified and brooded me up generally, and everything is now working full and regular."

Vegetable Joy's Sarsaparilla

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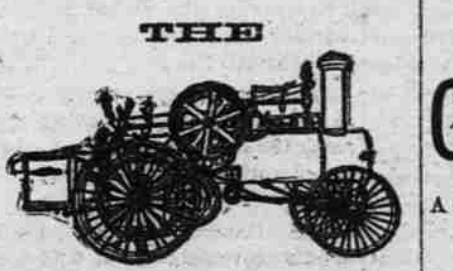
A food which not only gives immense strength of nerve, and power and force to muscle and mind, and a more delicious tonic is hard to find. It kills Catarrh, Coughs, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism and La Grippe. It aids greatly to use the OXIEN Plaster for pains. A. F. EVICK, Agent, The Dalles, Wasco County, Or. Inquire at the Grange store.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

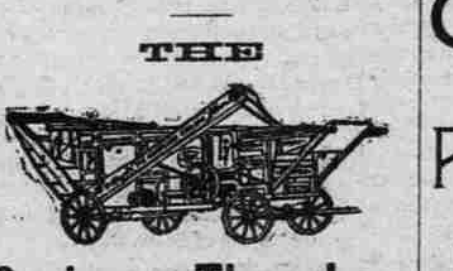
U. S. LAND OFFICE, The Dalles, Or., June 21, 1892. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver of the U. S. Land office at The Dalles, Or., on August 12, 1892, viz: London W. Helgate, Hd. No. 4784, for the NE 1/4 Sec. 25, Tp. 1 N, R. 14 E, W. M. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Fred Fisher, Andy Allen, Robert Lowe and Lee Bolton, all of The Dalles, Or. 621-4729 JOHN W. LEWIS, Register.

SUMMONS.—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Wasco. Mattie M. Pickford, Plaintiff, vs. John H. Pickford, Defendant.

To John H. Pickford, the above named defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause and Court on or before the first day of the next term of the above entitled Court, to-wit: On or before November 14, 1892, being the second Monday of said month, and if you fail so to answer, or to appear in said cause, the plaintiff will apply to the above entitled Court for the relief prayed for in her complaint, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and for plaintiff's costs and disbursements of suit, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem equitable and just. This summons is hereby served upon you by publication, by order of Hon. W. L. Bradshaw, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order was duly made May 29th, 1892. DUFUR, WATKINS & MENEFEE, 624-7 Attorneys for Plaintiff.



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Cyclone Thresher.

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