

STORY OF DABNEY'S TRIP TO KLONDIKE

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)
It is now 9 a. m. and our ship has plowed and forced its way, dodging icebergs, until it has reached the middle of the bay, directly in front and to within a few hundred yards of that great and mysterious ice field. The sky is clear and the bright sun is just rounding the mountain of purple granite to the right and throwing its bright rays down on the great ice pinnacles and domes as they tower high up in the air and cast their shadows over icy caverns and crevices below, producing the most beautiful opalescent colors, intermingled with the white crystals.



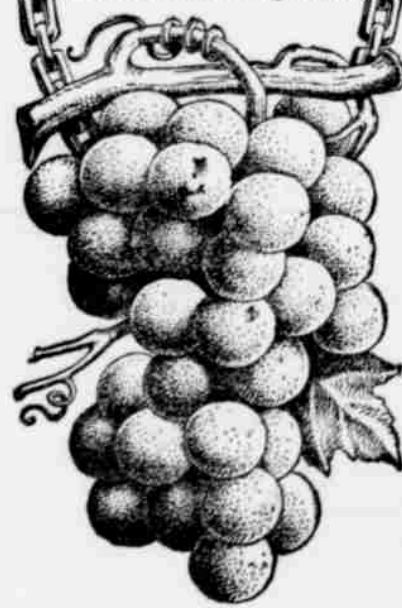
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\$7500—Ten acres, one mile of town, 8 acres in trees, 2, 3 and 4 years old and some full bearing. Two acres of good pasture with running water. Barn and all tools, five inches water. One acre of berries between trees. Terms, one-half down.

\$9500—Seventeen acres in one and two year old trees, house and barn, also three acres of berries. Best part of WILLOW Flat. Two miles from railroad. Terms, one-half down.

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A great roar breaks in on the intense stillness resting over the bay, and we look and behold one of the high pinnacle bodies drop off into the deep waters below, throwing up a great spray into the sunlight, showing all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. The icebergs continued to fall, one after another, while we watched them with intense interest.

Taku Glacier is about one mile wide at the water's edge, and broadens out for many miles farther back in the mountains. To the left of our ship about a mile is the once famous Norris Glacier, which is about three miles wide and nearly fifteen hundred feet high, but is now a moraine and gradually melting away, but many generations will pass until it is entirely obliterated. A few lonely fishermen were seen slowly wending their way around the different icebergs. They were after the halibut which inhabit those icy waters in great numbers. A few seals were quietly sleeping on some of the benches and tops of the icebergs, and to us their beds were not at all inviting. At last our ship steamed away, leaving the mysterious grandeur fading away in the distance, but in our memory it will ever be close and beautiful.

The next place of interest was at the Treadwell mines on Douglas Island. On landing, we were met by a guide with a long tin horn, who conducted us through the stamp mills and the hoisting works, where the cars of ore, weighing about a ton, were continually coming up and dropping ore into receiving troughs which carried it along and distributed it at the different stamps, where it was crushed and pounded into fine dust and washed down into the receiving vats, where the gold was separated from the pulverized rock. There are 880 stamps running and they run through 5,000 tons of ore per day, working continually night and day the year around, with the exception of two holidays. To carry on this immense enterprise it requires 1500 men working under the ground and about 500 on the surface. The ore is low grade, yielding about \$280 per ton. We were taken to the large and very well equipped mess house, the club rooms, the swimming baths, etc., and all indicated that the men were well provided for. Douglas is the residential city for many of the miners and has a population of nearly 2,000. Juneau, the capital of that vast empire, is across Gastlian Bay, about a mile distant, and has a population of almost 2,000. It is situated at the base of snow-capped mountains and is quite a picturesque place. This city is headquarters for many miners and fishermen, is quite metropolitan and has all the modern improvements. It is 900 miles north of Seattle.

On leaving Juneau we are soon steaming up Linn canal, and an all night's ride lands us at Ft. William H. Seward and Haynes Mission. The latter place is beautifully situated near the mouth of the Chilkot river. It is headquarters for the miners on Porcupine creek and other mining districts of the northwest, and has a population of 500. The United States government has about 400 soldiers stationed at the fort. The Chilkoot and Stik Indians inhabit this section of the country, and are queer looking people. An hour and a half's run lands us at Skagway, at the head of Lynn canal and 1,000 miles north of Seattle.

Skagway is situated in a little valley one-half mile wide, with the Skagway river, with its white, foamy and icy waters from the glaciers, running through it and down into the canal. Mt. Dewey, 6,900 feet high, covered with the snow and ice of many centuries, looks down upon the city. About 1500 feet above the town, on the side of the mountain, is Lake Dewey, a beautiful body of clear, blue water, and on its borders, and overlooking the town, one may get a glimpse of a real Swiss chalet. It makes one feel as if they were far away in the Alps mountains in Switzerland, and one almost looks around for some of the big dogs that go out to find the people who get lost in the snowy mountains. And as we stand on the border of the rocky cliffs and gaze at the snowy mountains and the glaciers which cover many thousands of acres, we cannot help but wonder at the great and mysterious panorama around us. But let us go back down that winding trail, slowly, or we might lose our footing and tumble and roll down 1500 feet to the base of the mountain. On reaching the town we find the train on the White Pass and Yukon Railroad is ready to start, and as we take our seats in the small, narrow-gauge cars the two engines begin to puff and snort as they slowly wind their way over the most scenic railroad route in the world, following up some of the foaming mountain streams and across the dark, deep gorges and caverns, while the solid granite mountains, covered with snow, reach out over us and wonder at the great ingenuity of mankind.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Deserted House

By EDITH V. ROSS

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There was smuggling on the coast, but we revenue officers were not able to locate the point where the goods were being run in. We were told that it was a beach midway between the two principal ports of the region. We watched the coast night and day for weeks, but not a sign of illicit work did we see. Driving to the city, I reached a point on a rocky coast. Night was coming on, and no hotel or other shelter was at hand. I espied a house a short distance ahead of me, set on rocks against which the waves were beating. It was of brick and colonial in style, with long pillars extending from the porch to the roof, which was built out to cover it. The place had a forlorn look, and on coming up to it I found it unoccupied.

I went around it, thinking that if I could effect an entrance I would at least find shelter there for the night, but there was not a window or a door that was not perfectly secured. I was about to drive on, when I espied a limb of a tree brushing against an upper window, one shutter of which had rotted away. I climbed the tree, went out on the limb, broke the glass and entered the house.

Had it not been for curiosity I would have gone out as quick as I came in. While it was furnished throughout, there was not an article in it that was not rotting away. There was bed clothing, but it was moth eaten; there were curtains, but they were dropping from their supports; there were carpets, but they came apart as I walked over them. The only live things in the house were millions of bugs.

I would have retired from this dismal abode and slept in the open air, but the night was cool and I espied a fireplace in one of the rooms. So with the fragments of once handsome chairs and other articles I built a fire. Then, having gone out for my blankets and stabled my horse, I rolled myself in the former, lay down before the fire and slept.

Something awakened me, I knew not what. The fire was out, but there was a strip of light on the ceiling above my head. While I was viewing it with perplexity it moved. In a moment, remembering that I was on the ground floor and the flooring had shrunken so as to leave cracks, it occurred to me that there was some one in the cellar. Noticing a round spot of light on the ceiling, I knew it came through a knot-hole, and, crawling to the hole, I could look into the cellar.

Several men were storing bales and boxes.

"Oho!" I exclaimed to myself. "Here is the leak! While we have been watching the smugglers above they have been running goods in down here. I warrant the man who put us on to the false location was one of them."

I made up my mind very quickly as to my course of action—that is, in case they didn't go to the stable and find my horse, which would betray me. I would remain where I was till morning, then pursue my journey, return with others, lie in wait for the smugglers and capture the gang. They were not in the cellar ten minutes after I awakened. Then the light ceased to shine, and there was no further evidence of their presence. I listened to hear them go out, to make sound of locking a door or give other evidence of their departure, but not a whisper did I hear. They seemed to have gone into the ground or flown up a chimney.

In the morning I went into the cellar, examined the goods, consisting of silks, laces and other articles to which a high duty is attached. I then went above and looked carefully to the openings. They were all barred and bolted on the inside. Returning to the cellar, I looked about for some means of egress there. I found none. There seemed to be no way the men could get out except as I had come in, through a window.

But how did they bring in the cases of goods?

Not willing to leave the place without further investigation, I walked all over the premises and down to the rocks on which the waves were breaking. Unfortunately the tide was high. It was unfortunate because I could have made a more satisfactory examination of the rocks if it had been at the ebb. I resolved to drive to the nearest farmhouse, get a breakfast and return in six hours when the tide would be at the lowest point. When I went back I found that a rock had been left exposed which I couldn't see from the shore. There was no boat at hand, but the water was sufficiently shallow for me to get on to a small rock farther out. After reaching it I turned and saw an opening in the rock into which a boat could be pulled at half tide. I was bound not to go away without knowing all about it, so I made a raft, pulled myself to the opening and walked through a passage leading in the direction of the house, till I was barred by an iron door.

That satisfied me for the time. I went home, brought assistance, entered the house when no one else was about, waited for the next appearance of the smugglers and took them all in.

Subsequent investigation showed that they had concealed a trapdoor in a subcellar with earth, the trap opening into the passage leading to the water. At high tide the mouth of the passage was concealed and at low tide resembled a mere cleft in the rocks.

VOTE FOR SOCIALISM

WHY?

Because the fundamental principles of Socialism lies in this sentence from Karl Marx: "All wealth is produced by labor; the laborer should receive the full product of his toil."

Abraham Lincoln emphasized this in the following words: "The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside the family relation, should be one uniting all working people of all nations, tongues and kindreds." "Inasmuch as all good things are produced by labor, it follows all such things of right belong to those whose labor has produced them."

This is the goal for which all Socialists are striving: "To so adjust industrial conditions that it will be possible for every laborer to receive the full product of his toil."

Hood River County Socialist Nominees

Joint Representative, E. G. Sanders.
County Judge, S. W. Heppner.
Commissioners, N. T. Chapman and J. D. McLucas.

Sheriff, Bert Kent.
Clerk, Floyd L. Lewis.
Assessor, Harry Dano.
Treasurer, L. F. Morris.
Coroner, John Sosey.

Those desiring information about Socialism may obtain same by addressing the following individuals and firms: National Secretary Socialist Party, J. Mahlone Barnes, 180 Wash. St., Chicago, Ill.; Oregon State Secretary, S. P., C. W. Barzee, No. 68, E. 30th St., Portland, Ore.

Send for catalogue of books on Socialism to: Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 118 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.; "Appeal to Reason", Girard, Kansas, a weekly Socialist newspaper, 50 cents per year. The "Progressive Woman", Girard, Kan., a woman's Socialist magazine, 50 cents per year. Chicago Daily Socialist, Chicago, Ill., and New York Call, New York City, daily Socialist newspapers.

Anybody desiring a copy of the Socialist party platform may secure same by addressing, L. F. Morris, 8th St., Hood River, Oregon. (gratis)

Signed, Floyd L. Lewis,
County Chairman, S. P.

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