

GOOD PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER

While the Democracy are looking for presidential timber it will not be wise if it overlooks Robert E. Pattison, ex-governor of Pennsylvania, a Democrat with strength enough to have carried that banner Republican state.

His minority report as a member of the U. S. Pacific Railway Commission of 1888, stamps him as a man of the people, not hampered by corporate influences, and capable of standing by the right regardless of the influence of the great money power.

After a careful examination into the methods of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific roads, both of which were built with the government's money, Mr. Pattison says that four railroad magnates committed perjury, and he has given the names of the persons. He says that Oliver Ames on Sept. 27, 1870, swore that stock had been subscribed and paid for in the Union Pacific amounting to \$36,762,300 when but \$400,000 had been so subscribed and paid.

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APPLES AND BABIES.

Hood River Made a Grand Exhibit of Her Two Leading Products.

Saturday was a red-letter day for Hood River. Her grapes and apples were on exhibit and her people were proud of what they had to show.

The large Armory building was literally groed with the choicest products of Hood River and White Salmon valleys, and the people were proud of the admiring gaze of the world which was so kindly to the attraction of a beautiful flower garden to a swarm of bees.

On entering the spacious Armory the first thing to attract one's attention was the motto "Welcome to Hood River." Looking about the hall an over-motto that greeted the eye was "By Our Fruits We Are Known," covering the entire north end of the pavilion, while at the opposite end were two very appropriate pictures on which were inscribed "Apple is King" and "Strawberry is Queen." But one's attention could not long be attracted by mottoes; there were too many red apples to look at. There were apples and apples no matter where you looked.

The plates displayed consisted of the products of 120 different farms and comprised 120 distinct varieties, and such apples as they were. Great, big, healthy ones, free from insects, and just as if they had been grafted—just such apples as make the average man buy his apples because he has not the capacity of a warehouse in which to store them away. And even the adult was led to feel unkindly toward himself for not having a greater capacity for eating apples when he gazed upon the grand aggregation of beauties. Hood River's fair demonstrated beyond all question not only that that section is capable of producing apples to perfection, but that it would be a successful competitor for white ribbons against the whole world when real merit is the factor and handsome appearance is taken into consideration.

Next to her apples, Hood River claims prominence as a producer of prize babies, and in this article too, she is a prize winner. When Superintendent Smith called the exhibits of this product fifteen proud mothers stepped upon the stage, each holding aloft her household pet, and these future presidents and presidents' sweethearts were just as fresh and bright as the apples—perfect pictures of health and vitality, and some of them displayed a long perfect neck never could have been acquired in anything but a healthful climate. The first prize in this exhibit was awarded to the first born of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Arnold, and Mr. and Mrs. Yates were awarded second prize for their youthful progeny.

While apples and babies are the bright products of Hood River, there were other exhibits from the field and garden that were attractive. There were 150 different varieties of potatoes, corn 10 bushels, and a like of which old Ireland never could have produced, and cabbage the likes of which the most loyal subject of Wilhelm never saw in his "faderland."

And the ladies too had an exhibit of preserved fruits, jellies and jams that could only be prepared in a fruit-producing country of the first rank. They were elegant to look upon, but as they all had the inscription "taste not, try not" their quality of toothsome remains a mystery.

Best of all fruit and vegetable exhibits was a fine collection of relics from former times, prominent among which was an old sword bearing the inscription "Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775," and supposed to be the identical sword which the patriot General Warren carried on the field of the battle of Bunker Hill, and which was a dueling case, the property of W. J. Baker, containing two murderous-looking weapons and other accoutrements common to the days when a good sword was religiously obeyed, and an old flint lock rifle, carried on the mountain that unfortunate day when he imbibed in the sleeping draughts of the gods. There was also a Bible 100 years old, a Zulu gourd, a gourd, bedecked with the gayest tapers, a valentine which R. Pealer sent to his sweet-heart Feb. 15, 1862, when a soldier boy way down at Little Rock, and a copy of the New York Herald of April 15, 1868, announcing the assassination of President Lincoln.

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CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

Notes Taken by the Wayside For the Times-Mountaineer.

Big Timber, Mont., Sept. 23. Editor Times-Mountaineer: If started from Puyallup Saturday afternoon at 4:20 and arrived at this place this morning at 8 o'clock, Rocky Mountain time, being 7 o'clock according to the Dalles meridian. The ride Saturday night was uninteresting, because we were not in a conscious state of existence, having glided into the arms of Morpheus after having seen the snowbanks at Stampede about 10 o'clock.

Yesterday, in the morning we followed up the coulee in which is located the thriving towns of Riverview and Sprague. The latter place is springing from the ashes in commendable style. Nearly entire business position was destroyed in the conflagration, but many bricks and several frame buildings are in course of construction, and the site is dotted all over with canvas shacks in which different businesses are carried on. If the Spokane is rebuilt Sprague will soon regain her former prosperous condition; but if these are constructed elsewhere her growth will be retarded. Sage brush plains continue until the fringe of timber which skirt Cheney and Spokane is reached. The land here is more broken, and it has not the forbidding appearance of sage brush, alkali lakes and treeless wastes.

A few years ago Cheney was a formidable rival of Spokane, but she has fallen far behind in the race, with no prospect of recovering lost ground. What is true of Seattle is also of Spokane. There is a unanimity of sentiment in favor of developing every possible natural resource, and the beneficial results are being shown. With the falls in the river, timber, and Spokane has grown from a town of a few hundred to a city of 35,000. There are several brick blocks, some buildings six and seven stories high, miles of street railway and steel bridges spanning the river. The city is said to be dull in Spokane, but it is so everywhere. There are vacant buildings, but these are principally frame, while new ones of brick and stone are being erected. It may be that Spokane grows too rapidly for a while, but she will fill in all vacant places, and in the future will be solid and substantial.

Passing rapidly over the level Spokane prairie, past the beautiful Coccolalla lake, the Pend Oreille is crossed at Sand Point, and the iron horse plunges rapidly down the shore of the placid sheets of water until Clark's Fork is crossed a few miles below Old Cabinet Landing. Some of the log buildings erected during construction days still remain, but the site of Hall's city of tents on the opposite side of the river has been discovered.

Following down Clark's Fork the next city of importance reached is Missoula, located in the fertile Bitter Root valley. It is the center of trade of a large farming, grazing and mining region, and is a thriving city of 10,000 inhabitants. Here we met Johnnie Moab, who is in the employ of the Northern Pacific. He has managed to develop a moustache, is quite manly in appearance, and is altogether different from the little boy pictured on the Bitter Root sign. He is on the streets of the Dalles. From him we learned that Dr. W. F. Robinson is located at Missoula, and does a thriving dental business. He is the leading dentist in the city, and is reported to have accumulated considerable wealth. He has a fine home, and is a member of the local Y. M. C. A.

Helena, Drummond and other important points are passed in the night, and at daylight this morning the train passed down the Gallatin valley with the ground level system, which continued until Livingston was reached. The valley is several thousand feet above the ocean, and to an Oregonian is bleak, cold and forbidding. Snow in September is contrary to the normal things of things to one who has lived several years in Eastern Oregon.

These scribbles, penned while the train ran at the rate of 25 or 30 miles an hour, are enough for the present, and may be continued at a future time. J. M.

PRESERVED AND CANNED FRUITS.