

Hood River Glacier.

HOOD RIVER, OR., JUNE 8, 1889.

GOOD MORNING.

In issuing the GLACIER the publishers are not urged thereto by the desire to accumulate great wealth, nor are they instilled with a hankering after glory. If the little GLACIER will slide along slowly and grind out its own expenses we shall be satisfied. There is no long felt want to be filled, and we hope no early grave for the newspaper bantam. The GLACIER will be independent in politics and it will be its earnest endeavor to furnish all the local news, as much general news as its space will permit, and such information on fruit culture and matters of interest to the neighborhood as circumstances may suggest. Hood River is at the beginning of an era of progress and prosperity, and it shall be our pleasure to grow with her growth, and to record from time to time her increasing stature. Asking our citizens for a generous support, and that they criticize not too harshly our modest efforts, we present the first number for your perusal.

SEATTLE DESTROYED.

The Oregonian this morning contains a full page of rather descriptive of the destruction of Seattle by fire Thursday. The fire started at 2:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon at the corner of Madison and Front streets, being caused by the accidental upsetting of a can of turpentine in a shoe shop. The flames spread rapidly and soon got beyond the control of the fire department. Portland Astoria Tacoma and Port Townsend were telegraphed for aid all but Astoria responding by sending engines and hose. Before help arrived however flames had broken out in hundreds of places caused by flying cinders. Sixty-four acres have been burned over, thirty two business blocks being entirely consumed. During the fire two men were caught stealing and ropes were thrown around their necks and they were promptly hanged. The loss of property is immense being estimated at from \$25,000,000 to \$45,000,000. Outside of those lynched whom latest reports say were five in number, it is not known whether any lives were lost. Tacoma bakeries run all night preparing bread for the homeless, and Allen Mason, had a hundred loaves slaughtered Thursday night and sent forward yesterday morning. Coast cities are taking up subscriptions for the relief of those left destitute, and it is probable that the call for relief at Seattle will prevent further aid being sent to Johnstown. The eastern cities can easily take care of all the penniless by the floods, and the money of the charitable in this country should go to the Seattle sufferers.

HOOD RIVER.

The first settlement at this place was made by — McLaughlin in 1852. The following winter being a very severe one and Mr. McLaughlin losing all his cattle, he moved to The Dalles. The next settler was Nathaniel Coe and wife Mary W. and four children, all boys of whom the eldest L. W. was one of the founders of the O. S. N. Co., having built with Mr. Thompson the "Umatilla" which went over the Cascade rapids by accident; Charles who died in 1872; E. F. who is at present living here with his brother the youngest of the family, Captain H. C. Coe. With the Coe family came William Jenkins who was drowned in the Columbia at the mouth of Hood river, together with his son and James Laughlin in 1865, and James Benson (now of The Dalles) and wife, and A. C. Phelps also of The Dalles settled here. During early days when the trail along the river was about the only route from Portland to Walla Walla, it was a welcome stopping place. The Coe donation land claim on which the town is built is one of the oldest this side of the mountains. Just now the town is becoming justly famous as a summer resort. The heat is pleasantly moderated by the cool breezes which sweep up the Columbia from the ocean, and the surrounding mountains with the big peaks of Hood and Adams crowned with everlasting snows. The building of a commodious hotel near the Mt. Hood glaciers which is now progressing rapidly will furnish the only thing needed to make the Hood river country a paradise for tourists and sportsmen—good accommodations. The scenery cannot be

equaled in the northwest, and in accessibility the Hood river glaciers discount all others. Three hours ride by rail from Portland to Hood River, and from four to five hours staging over a magnificent mountain road bring the traveler from the heat of the city to the region of perpetual snow. The trip is a delightful one, the ride up the Columbia being through its magnificent canyon whose basaltic cliffs tower thousands of feet above the river, with beetling crag, and terraced bluffs; with gloomy gorge and laughing water fall; with the graceful spire of Rooster rock and the magnificent dome of Castle rock, the tiny drippings of thread like streams down the dizzy heights, and the magnificent rush of the grand Columbia at the Cascades—with these and hundreds of other of the master pieces of nature's handiwork swiftly gliding by the car windows a living panorama, the trip is one never to be forgotten. The time occupied is less than it takes to get to the seaside, and surely the mountains are incomparably preferable to the monotonous beach. Messrs. Ladd & Wood are performing a labor of love in making known the beauties of Mt. Hood, and will receive the gratitude of those who come, and see, and realize the lavish magnificence of nature in this favored region.

It is only a question of time, and a short time at that, until the waters of Hood river are brought in a ditch down through the valley for irrigating purposes. While most fruit does well enough, there is no doubt that irrigating would add largely to the yields. It would be of immense benefit in bringing the whole valley into cultivation, as with plenty of water big crops of alfalfa could be grown, the soil being particularly adapted for its growth. Three crops would be grown, and the yearly yield per acre would be from six to ten tons. When the valley is all under cultivation, which it will be in a few years it will be one of the most beautiful places in the world. The fruit farms will be of from ten to 100 acres in extent and with alfalfa growing where now the pines and oaks have possession, it will be the finest dairy country on the coast. There is no reason why the Hood river valley should not produce, besides vast quantities of fruit, enough butter to supply the state, or at least to stop the importation of the article from Iowa and California.

YESTERDAY'S DISPATCHES.

See Hoo shot Ah Kow at Walla Walla Monday killing him instantly.

The Salmon pack is 25,000 cases short of the pack at this time last year.

The aggregate amount of money sent to the Pennsylvania flood sufferers Monday was \$205,000.

The latest church fad in London is to put telephones in the churches and take the sermons at home.

The Connecticut legislature has appropriated \$25,000 for the flood sufferers and Massachusetts, \$30,000.

The estimates of the number of lives lost at the Johnstown flood are now placed at between 12,000 and 15,000.

Five railroad officials were indicted at Chicago last Saturday, the offense charged being illegal discrimination in freight rates.

Two hundred million feet of logs and forty millions of feet of sawed lumber were carried away from Williamsport, Pa., by the recent floods.

The Chesapeake and Ohio canal is reported so badly wrecked as to be beyond the possibility of repair. It cost \$11,000,000 and has had more than forty millions expended on it.

Thirteen persons were drowned at Corning, New York, six at Williamsport, Pa., twelve at Nippenose, six at Baker's camp, and many other places report losses of from one to six lives.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., May 29.—Great damage was done by last night's frost in this vicinity. Nearly all the young plants in the gardens are wilted to the ground. Grape vines are badly frosted as high as six inches above the roots.

A distinguished lawyer of Brooklyn said: "Not long ago I was talking with Mr. Blaine about Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, whom we both very greatly admire for his wonderful talents. I made the remark that it was my belief that Colonel Ingersoll would ultimately renounce his agnosticism. Mr. Blaine said: 'I think so, too, and I shouldn't be surprised to see him some day in the pulpit.'"

TESCOLA, Ill., May 29.—A party of male and female Mormon missionaries is creating great excitement in this vicinity. They have broken up families, separated husbands and wives, and induced several young ladies to travel with them. Last night one of the preachers was knocked down with a stone by Samuel Davis for having his two daughters locked up in church late at night, and this morning Davis soundly thrashed another preacher on the street.

INCIDENTS OF THE DISASTER.

By an Associated Press Reporter.

These are some little odds and ends of the happenings that they told me of: A beautiful girl came down on the roof of a building, which swung in near the tower. She screamed to the operators to save her, and one brave fellow walked as far out into the river as he could, and shouted to her to guide herself in to the shore with the butt of a plank. She was a plucky girl, and stood upon her frail support in evident obedience to the command of the operator. She made two or three bold strokes, and actually stopped the course of the raft for an instant, and then it swerved and went out from under her. She tried to swim ashore, but in a few seconds she was lost in the swirling water. Something must hit her, for she lay quietly on her back with her face pallid and expressionless.

Men and women in dozens, in pairs, and singly, children, boys big and little, and wee babies were there in the awful current, gasping, struggling and fighting desperately for life.

Two men on a tiny raft shot into the swiftest part of the current. They were crouched stolidly, looking at the shores, while between them, dressed in white and kneeling with her face heavenward, was a girl 6 or 7 years old. When she came opposite the tower, she turned her face to the operators. She was so close that they could see the big tears on her cheeks and her death-like pallor. The helpless men on shore shouted to her to keep up her courage, and she resumed her devout attitude, and disappeared under the trees of a projecting point a short distance below. "We could not see her again," said the operator, "and that was all of it."

"Do you see that fringe of trees?" said the operator, pointing to the place where the little girl had gone out of sight. "We saw scores of children swept in there. I believe that when the time comes they will find a hundred bodies of children in there among those bushes."

James M. Walters, an attorney, spent the night in Alma hall, and relates a thrilling story. One of the most curious occurrences of the whole disaster was how Walters got to the hall. He has his office on the second floor. His home is at 135 Walnut street. He says he was in the house with his family when the waters struck it. All was carried away. Walters' family drifted on the roof in another direction. He drifted down several streets and alleys until he came to the hall. His raft struck that building and he was thrown into his own office.

About 200 persons had taken refuge in the hall, and were in the second, third and fourth stories. The men held a meeting and decided upon some rules which all were bound to respect. Walters was chosen president and Rev. Mr. Beale put in charge of the first floor, A. M. Hart of the second floor, and Dr. Matthews of the third floor. No lights were allowed and the whole night was spent in darkness. The scenes were most agonizing. Heartrending shrieks, sobs and moans pierced the gloomy darkness. The cries of children were mingled with the half-suppressed sobs of women. No one slept during all of the dark night. Many knelt for hours in prayer. Their supplications were mingled with the roar of waters and the shrieks of the dying. In all this misery two women gave premature birth to children.

An utterly wretched woman named Mrs. Fenn, stood by a muddy pool of water trying to find some trace of a once happy home. She was half-erased with grief and her eyes were red and swollen. As the writer stepped to her side she raised her pale and haggard face and remarked, "They are all gone. Oh God be merciful to them. My husband and my seven dear little children have been swept down with the flood, and I am left alone. We were driven by the raging flood into the garret, but the water followed us there. Inch by inch it kept rising until our heads were crushed against the roof. It was death to remain, so I raised the window and placed my darlings on some driftwood, trusting to the great Creator. As I liberated my last one, my sweet little boy, he looked at me and said: 'Mamma, you always told me that the Lord would care for me; will he look after me now?' I saw him drift away, with his loving face turned toward me, and with a prayer on my lips for his deliverance, he passed from my sight forever. The next moment the roof crashed in and I floated outside, to be rescued fifteen hours later near the roof of a house in Mornville. If I could only find one of my darlings I could bow to the will of God, but they are all gone. I have lost everything on earth now but my life."

A handsome woman walked through the depot where a dozen or more bodies were awaiting burial. Passing from one to another, she finally lifted a paper covering from the face of a woman, young and with traces of beauty showing through the stains of muddy water. With a cry of anguish she reeled backward, to be caught by a man who happened to be passing. In a moment or so she had calmed herself sufficiently to take one more look at the features of her dead. She stood gazing at the unfortunate as if struck dumb. The dead woman was a sister of the mourner. The body was placed in a coffin a few minutes later and sent away to its narrow house.

New York, May 30.—The Herald's Montreal dispatch says: A well-authenticated report comes here that the steamship Lake Ontario foundered in the gulf and sank with all hands. She sailed on Wednesday for Liverpool, with a full list of cabin passengers.

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HOOD RIVER, OREGON.