

Hood River Glacier.

HOOD RIVER, OR., JUNE 22, 1889.

The Enforced Sobriety at Seattle Continues.

SEATTLE, June 16.—One thousand laborers were paid off at the Armory to-day by Captain Carr, as head of the labor bureau, for work done in behalf of the city. The men were given sums from \$6 each down for work done during the past three days. Some had worked since Thursday and others less time down to half a day. Each was paid at the rate of \$2 per day, and the total amount disbursed was over \$4000. From each man's wages was deducted fifteen cents for every meal eaten by him at the Armory or relief tent, but nevertheless the balance was satisfactory to all.

The saloons are closed yet and these men will doubtless be able to place to good advantage the money obtained by toil. There have been many abstainers in Seattle during the past ten days and a consequent absence of drunkenness. Many worshippers at Bacchus' shrine, however, have found a paradise of gin near the race track outside the city limits and weary pilgrimages that are daily made thither, have rendered the road leading over the Grant street bridge a drunk and dusty monument to thirsty devotion. There are three saloons there, and they do a smashing business. One man from each is kept busy continually hauling beer on a wheelbarrow from the adjoining brewery, and still they have a hard time filling the demand. The race track is also the rendezvous of a great many prostitutes, who were rendered homeless by the fire, and the houses are crowded to accommodate them. A community of vice and sin has sprung up and flourishes there, and the inhabitants do not always dwell in harmony. Rows are frequent and one of them once gave occasion to a report that a riot had occurred and several had been killed. Officers were dispatched to the scene, but they found everything reasonably quiet and that the report of a fatal turbulence had been greatly exaggerated.

A petition is now being circulated in Seattle asking the council to keep the saloons shut up for the ensuing three months. Among the reasons recited for this prohibition is one that the earnings of thousands of laborers now employed here will be devoted to a rightful purpose and the community will thereby legitimately benefit by their expenditure.

Saloons are still forced to submit to the proclamation of the mayor suspending their licenses, and they are growing restive under the restraint. One or two have attempted to engage in the traffic secretly, but they have not been fairly started before they are discovered and their liquors confiscated. The summary examples that have been made of these violators of the emergency law, is effective in preventing others from opening up inside the city limits.

The militia is still under strict discipline, and few or no acts of vandalism, occur in the burnt district. I am now felt, however, that a sufficient number of men under police control could maintain public peace as effectively as the militia, and it is altogether likely that the guardsmen will be relieved from duty and allowed to return home. A band from Franklin has been in the city for several days, and daily gives a concert at the armory, which is listened to with pleasure by hundreds of people who are otherwise utterly deprived of all sorts of amusement or entertainment.

Cleared at Last.

JOHNSTOWN, June 15.—The opening of the wedge-like raft above the stone bridge today was an engineering feat. For ten days several hundred men have been at work upon the heterogeneous mass, but only about sixty feet of the channel had been cleared, when on Wednesday William Phillips, of Lewiston, and his force of dynamiters were put at work.

Six acres of solidly packed wreckage, wedged between the river banks by a hydraulic force that cannot be estimated, have in three days melted away. Large frame houses, hundreds of logs and monster trees were tangled up and bound together with the wire and iron bars brought down with the flood.

The scene this afternoon, when the great mass moved down the river, was a

remarkable one. The crowds that lined the shores and the now famous stone bridge raised a shout that was heard the length and breadth of the valley.

The west bank of the Conemaugh is again a mass of fire. Tonight the wreckage torn up by the dynamite today was piled up and the torch applied. The whole valley is illuminated.

Measles are very prevalent among the children. The Bedford street hospital has two cases of pneumonia. Bronchitis and diarrhoea are very general among the workmen. There is no sickness of consequence among the military.

From the most authentic records obtainable the number of bodies recovered so far is 1533. Fourteen bodies were taken out today.

Dr. Fies, of the state board of health, inspected the river towns as far down as Sang Hollow today. The worst discovery made was a large number of dead persons and cows floating in the river. The dynamite explosions have brought the carcasses to the surface. They are in a bad state of decomposition.

Eight carloads of lumber arrived today. Rough sheds are already being erected in the heart of the city, to be used as sheds.

Gouged Out His Eyes.

MILES CITY, June 16.—Private Fitzsimmons, of Company F, Fifth cavalry, stationed at Fort Keogh, went insane three weeks ago. Several days since he was removed to the guard house to prevent him using violence to those about him, and today he gouged out both his eyes with his thumbs. One eye he pulled out and threw on the floor, and the other hung on his cheek and was removed. Dr. Harvey, the post physician, says the disease of his brain is such as renders him insensible to pain, and he appears to suffer none, though he will probably die. He enlisted at Columbus, O. He bore a good record as a soldier.

Her Rival's Valentine.

It was a wonderful exhibition of speaking under extreme difficulties. So intense was the pain the effort cost her that she could barely keep from crying out.

"Basil is not to blame," said Ruth with a flash from her blue eyes.

"Oh, Ruth," exclaimed Vida, forcing a laugh, "how can you look at me so ferociously? I believe that you are at heart a perfect vixen."

They all laughed at this remark; the idea of Ruth's being a vixen was so very absurd. Mr. Moore put a finishing touch to the merriment.

"Ruth is like you, Vida. Under a placid exterior she conceals a most fiery nature. She is like some of those faraway countries where the land is only a thin crust that covers a volcano. You are terrible creatures."

The dinner was over, and Ruth, with ears upon the stretch, had listened in vain for the sounds of her coming lover.

After a time she began to show signs of irritation when a suggestion was made to account for his absence, and they soon ceased to speak of him.

In the drawing-room Vida played and sang—never more brilliantly, Mr. Moore said—and Ruth joined her in a duet.

But what a bitter mockery it was! A dark cloud lay upon them, and Vida alone knew what lay behind it.

The first shock of the crime had passed away, and she was beginning to look things in the face.

It angered her to see Ruth pale and distraught, simply because Basil was away, while she—Vida—loving him more fiercely, and knowing he was dead, dared not give vent to one word or look that expressed her love.

"It is hard to bear," she thought, "but it is better than to have to look on at their wooing. That must have driven me mad."

And then she sang another song—"The Sands of Dee"—one of Mr. Moore's favorites.

"Sweet music," he said, "but rather melancholy. That poor girl being lost on the sands—"

"Can Basil be lost?" said Ruth suddenly. "Lost, my dear child—nonsense."

"But he is," said Ruth, rising and holding out her trembling hands. "I have feared it, and I know it now. Something has happened to him; he is dead—he—"

And then she fell forward fainting in her father's arms.

Mrs. Moore and Vida came to her assistance, and the bell was rung for Phoebe, her maid.

A little cold water and some kindly care restored Ruth to consciousness.

"How foolish of me!" she said. "But I was always a weak silly child."

"I should recommend a little sleep," said Mr. Moore. "It is ten o'clock, and Basil will not be here till to-morrow."

Ruth assented, and retired to her room, accompanied by Mrs. Moore and Vida.

Then a curious feeling of distaste for her cousin's society came over her. It was most unaccountable, she thought, and pained her, but she could not resist its influence.

stooping down, she kissed Ruth and bade her good-night.

Her salute was not returned. "Can she suspect me?" she thought, and then she bade Mrs. Moore good-night, and went wondering to her room.

Phoebe followed, and asked if she could be of any service. Vida, with some curtness, bade her go, but the girl still remained.

"Are you sure I cannot do anything for you, miss?" she asked.

"Quite sure," replied Vida. "You do look so pale and tired, miss, just as if you had been out for a long walk and hurried home."

Vida turned upon her quickly, almost fiercely. "What did you say?" she demanded.

Phoebe was a simple-looking country lass, and stared at her in innocent surprise.

"Why nothing, miss," she said; "I only said you looked as if you were tired."

"The observation was needless," returned Vida; "I am not very tired, and I do not need any help."

"Very well, miss."

With a courtesy Phoebe retired, and Vida was left alone. She went to the window, pushed aside the curtain, and looked out.

"Moonlight," she murmured, "and the low-lying mists flying before the wind. The fleecy masses look like hurrying spirits of the dead. Perhaps they are so," she added, shuddering; "if so, Basil's spirit may be among them."

She had never been superstitious, and a week before would have laughed at the idea of seeing a ghost, but now it seemed to her as if indeed the spectre of Basil Brandreth was floating about in the mists of the night.

She sat down by the fire, and immediately it seemed as if he had entered the room, and was standing behind her chair, with his sad reproachful eyes bent upon her.

It required an effort for her to look round, and of course she saw nothing.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, "I am a child." Here the voice of a stable-boy outside, calling to another, broke the stillness, and she started as if a voice of thunder had denounced her as a murderess. "I am worse than a child."

She walked to the toilet-table, and opened a box filled with small cut-glass bottles. Selecting one, she put it to her lips, and drank some of its colorless contents.

"It is the fool's refuge," she murmured, "but I must drown cowardice until all danger is past. Now I will go to sleep, and forget that there is a morrow to come, and with it a murderer for a lover."

CHAPTER V. THE VALENTINE.

The morning of the 14th of February broke cold and clear, a slight rime frost lay upon the grass, but was turned to moisture by the first rays of the sun. The birds chirped in the wood, the lark sang in the meadows, and the cow-boy whistled cheerily as he plodded across the park.

"A bright, a beautiful morning to make one glad," thought Ruth, as she opened her window and looked forth; "but Basil is away, and there is no sunshine for me."

His absence and his silence were to her incomprehensible. If detained at home there were messengers to send. If detained farther away was there not the wondrous telegraph-wire to bring a few words to her? Why should he be silent? Why should he be away?

She did not doubt him; her thoughts never leaned in that direction. He was her affianced husband, and she believed him to be the soul of honor and truth—only accident or death could have stopped his coming or sending a message.

The delay of the post experienced in towns on St. Valentine's morning was not known at Gordonfells. Mr. Moore had a letter-bag which was always first attended to at the post-office, and one of his grooms fetched it on horseback.

As Ruth was looking out of her window with aching heart and dim eyes this man came riding up.

Ruth heard the thud of the horse's hoofs on the greensward, and hastened down to the hall where Barker was waiting with the key ready to open the bag and sort the domestic letters from those of the family.

In the dark shade of the staircase several of the younger serving-maids were waiting in giggling expectation of valentines from certain rustic lovers.

As Ruth appeared they drew back and were silent.

"Anything for me, Barker?" she said with a sadness in her tone that touched the listeners' hearts.

"One letter, miss," replied Barker deferentially as he solemnly put an envelope on a salver and handed it to her with a profound obeisance.

Ruth glanced at it and saw that it was Basil's handwriting. The woman-forgery, Vida Moore, had done her work too well, and even the eyes of love were deceived.

"All is well," thought Ruth, and over her face there came a light that was like the rays of a July sun breaking from behind a cloud.

Too impatient to go upstairs, she stole into a morning-room and closed the door. First she kissed the envelope and then opened it.

One glance was sufficient to scatter her joy to the far corners of the earth and to blanch the cheeks that for a brief time were like the sweet blush rose. The forged words went home to her heart like a dagger.

But she did not scream or moan or fall—standing erect she read the cruel letter through:

"MY DEAR MISS MOORE.—It is not without much reflection that I have decided not to come to Gordonfells again. I have struggled against a warning love, and the victory has not been with my desire to be faithful. It is better for you and for me that we should not meet again. Forgive and forget me. I shall be away for some months, and when I return I hope to find it possible for us to meet as friends."

Yours ever sincerely,
"BASIL BRANDRETH."

"False to me! Basil false to me!" was all she said, and if ever a heart was really on the point of breaking Ruth's was then. But tears, that flow from the safe valve of

sorrow, saved her, and she sank upon her knees by a chair sobbing like a child.

She had been there for a minute or so when the door opened and Vida came in. No signs of sorrow or repentance there. The morning's light had brought with it a hardness of heart, and her hatred of her cousin was as strong as ever.

Drawing up quietly, she stood by the back of the chair, looking down upon Ruth with anger and bitter contempt in her dark, handsome face. She was jealous even of the sorrow of the poor girl.

"I see I have not done yet," she thought, "I must read his very image from her heart, and leave her soul a desert."

"Ruth!" "Who's there?" cried the startled girl, hurriedly raising her head. "Oh, Vida—Vida, is it you?"

"It is me," replied Vida. "What has set you to weeping? Basil may come to-day."

"No; he is false to me, and cruel," sobbed Ruth. Then in a moment she was defending him: "No, he is not cruel. He has been blinded and lured away from me."

"Do not forget that he is a man," said Vida; "and it is the nature of men to be false."

"Not Basil—he was true."

"May I read that letter?" Ruth gave it to her, and she scanned her own writing with a grim smile. As she handed it back she laughed bitterly.

"Ruth, is that the man to weep for?" she asked.

"I loved him—I love him still," pleaded Ruth.

"Even now that he is false to you?" "Yes; I can never forget or cease to love him."

"What a little fool you are!" said Vida. And for a moment the mask had fallen, and Ruth saw the blacker side of her nature.

She stared at her in dismay. "You must not be angry with him, Vida," she said; "he has not wronged you."

"He has wronged us all," Vida answered. "You must learn to despise him, as I do."

But she lied. She had never loved him more than she did at that moment, and her dread secret made her burden very heavy to bear.

"Ruth," Vida continued, "you must go to your mother at once and tell her of the insult that has been offered you."

"I will not do that," replied Ruth. "Give me the letter, then, and let me do it."

"No, I will not part with it; it is the last thing I have from him. It is like a gift from the dying; and yet he can never be dead to me."

"How can you be so weak?" said Vida harshly. "I say that you must forget or learn to despise him."

"And I tell you," replied Ruth with unexpected spirit, "that I can do neither. It is no affair of yours, Vida. Let me alone."

"No affair of mine!" thought Vida, and she stifled a groan that rose to her lips. "But, Ruth," she said aloud, "my uncle must know the truth; it cannot be kept from him."

"Let him guess it," returned Ruth. "I have nothing to say. It was wrong of me ever to show you the letter Basil has written. I have been unjust."

Vida was furious, but she dared say no more. Even the gentle Ruth had a spirit that roused, was apt to be dangerous.

The only thing that wisdom would allow her to do was to keep silent and let events take their course.

"Well, Birdie," she said, assuming her old manner, "I see you are willful and will say nothing."

"You have no right to say anything," was the cold reply, and the breakfast-gong at that moment sounding, she walked out of the room with marvellous composure.

"And I looked upon her love as weak," thought Vida as she followed; "it is the better and stronger love of the two, and it gives me further right to hate her. Though she die of grief, what matters—she knows no shame, while I—"

It would not bear thinking of, and she hastened to the breakfast-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Moore were waiting.

Ruth was not absolutely merry, but she was amiable and talked a great deal. The cloud of the previous night seemed to have entirely disappeared.

But Vida's spirit was wrapped in gloom, and no effort that she made raised her from the slough of despond into which she had fallen.

After breakfast, Mr. Moore went out to have his morning cigar in the park, and ere he had enjoyed a dozen whiffs, he saw a horseman approaching.

As he drew nearer he saw that it was Mr. Hugh Brandreth, Basil's father.

He galloped up, reined his horse in with a practised hand, and disregarding fifty-five years and fourteen-stone weight, dropped lightly from the saddle.

"Good-morning, Mr. Moore," he said. "I told Basil I would ride over if I could. I hope you have not allowed him to bore you. Traveling has set his tongue going, and the yarns he spins are of abominable length."

"Do I understand," said Mr. Moore coldly, "that you suppose Basil to be here?"

"Why, where the deuce should he be?" said Mr. Brandreth, raising his eyebrows; "he rode over last night—"

"We have not seen him," said Mr. Moore. "Not seen him!"

"No, Brandreth. Poor Ruth was watching for him all last evening, and not a glimpse of Basil did we get."

"Come," said Hugh Brandreth, paling a little, "don't jest with me. You know how dear to me Basil is—"

"Brandreth, on my word of honor he has not been near Gordonfells," said Mr. Moore earnestly.

"He left Briarwood about five o'clock, and ought to have been here by six," said Mr. Brandreth; "on my word I don't understand it."

"No more do I. But we won't alarm ourselves just yet, Brandreth. Come into the library, and we will see what we can make of it."

They could make nothing of it, and in a few minutes, Mr. Brandreth with a colorless face was riding for the police to come and see what they could do.

Ere he came back all at Gordonfells knew

that Basil was missing; but Ruth still held her letter close, and Vida dared not speak of it.

"Better that they should think that he is dead," thought Ruth, "than know that he is false. Oh, Basil—Basil! cruel as you have been, your honor is safe with me."

All day long the police, accompanied by Mr. Moore and Mr. Brandreth, went about making inquiries, and obtained no clue. Some of the villagers had heard a horse go through the village about half-past five o'clock, but none had looked out to see who the rider was. He was as clean gone as if he had been spirited away.

"What is your opinion?" asked Mr. Moore of the inspector who had charge of the inquiries.

"I think the young gentleman is alive somewhere," was the reply.

"Yes, and you think something more." "I do not believe that he came near Gordonfells."

"Just my opinion," said Mr. Moore. "I think, Brandreth, that Basil is playing some youthful prank."

"No, no," replied the sorrowing father; "Basil was not such a fool. Foul play has taken my noble boy from me."

The inspector shrugged his shoulders. "I don't wish to disagree with you, Mr. Brandreth," he said, "but men in our line come across many mysterious disappearances that are not at all mysterious."

"What do you mean?" "Young gentlemen get into debt—"

"My son does not owe a shilling." "Or they fall in love with parties that their friends object to, and steal off with them—"

"Enough!" said Mr. Brandreth. "I'll hear no more. You take a professional view of my son's disappearance; but I have a father's instinct to guide me, which is something better and surer than your experience. My son has met with foul play, I tell you, and I will fathom it. Woe to them who have injured him; and should he be dead, by

(Continued next week.)

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