

Hood River Glacier.

HOOD RIVER, OR., JUNE 29, 1889.

THE WATER QUESTION.

There is an absolute necessity of our beautifying the town, and to this end an abundance of water for irrigation is necessary. There is no place in the county where such an abundance of water can be brought in at so little cost and no place where it would be of as much benefit. What the town needs more than any other place, because of the nature of its business, is to be made attractive. It should be a garden, with well kept lawns and beautiful flowers; a delight to the eyes of the thousands whom the railroad carries by it. People will come here for pleasure, rest, recreation, and it is our duty to do the little nature has not done for us. The GLACIER will cheerfully contribute to a fund for making a survey, and will back its opinion concerning the benefits to be desired, by putting up liberally for the construction of a flume. Every property owner is interested in the matter and we hope ere another week rolls round to be able to chronicle the fact that a moye has been made in the matter. Indian creek is the most available, but if this cannot be managed, Hood river will give us an inexhaustible supply. There is much difference of opinion as to the fall in the river, but a small outlay for surveying will settle that matter, and we ought to have this information anyway. There is five dollars in this shop to help pay for the survey, and more if necessary. We ought to know how much fall there is in the river, and now is the accepted time to investigate it.

WE ARE PROSPEROUS.

From all over the state east of us come reports of short crops, caused by the extraordinarily hot weather and lack of rain. Here the crops of all kind are excellent. The berries were of fine quality, and abundant. The grain now being harvested will run from thirty to fifty bushels to the acre; the apple and pear trees are loaded with fruit, and the peach crop will be the largest we have had for years. Our excellent crops taken in connection with the fact that much work for teams and men has been furnished by the Mt. Hood Stage company, have made money matters more than usually easy with all. We have fared better than any of our neighbors, and feeling that the Hood river valley has entered an area of progress and prosperity, everybody is satisfied. New comers are taking up all available lands, or purchasing small farms from the old settlers and soon the whole valley will be what nature intended it to be, a grand fruit farm.

TRUE OF THIS SECTION.

Arcadian simplicity combined with idyllic charms are presented in the following description of what constitutes happiness and prosperity in the blissful state of California, the golden: "The happiest and most prosperous man of family of California, today," says the Biggs Argus, "is he who has in a fifteen or twenty acre tract his all of land, on which he raises his own garden, his few hogs, his two or three cows, his chickens, his variety of fruit and berry, nuts, and in fact everything he wants. We know of but few so situated as yet, but the tide is drifting that way, and the sooner our people give up the idea that a man must own nearly a township to make a living cultivating the mother earth, the sooner our people will become versed in the true philosophy of what constitutes the simon pure life of comfort and happiness."

POLISH INFIDELITY.

It is stated that many of the survivors of the Johnstown disaster became infidels through it. They say they cannot worship a God who would permit such a wholesale destruction of their relatives and friends. They seem to forget that God does not change natural laws either to punish or protect the human family. The rains that caused the Johnstown flood were natural, and nature had provided for the escape of the waters without carrying with them such terrible destruction. Men made the dam, and their ignorance, combined with criminal carelessness, was the cause of the disaster. God was no more responsible for the result than he would be for the

death of a man who, placing his head on the railroad track, held it there until it was crushed by a locomotive.

The misfortunes of Johnstown certainly have not come single. The terrible flood and appalling loss of life, was followed by fiendish mutilation of the dead, by sickness and suffering, and more recently by the burning of twenty-five houses which the flood had left. Last Wednesday thirty-five or forty laborers (stealing a ride home from the ill-fated city met their death in a collision between freight trains perishing many of them by drowning and burning as the people of Johnstown had done. It is to be hoped that the last of her misfortunes have happened.

The approach to the depot is an eyesore and the company should fix it up. A short piece of stone wall, with a broad flight of steps would add materially to the looks of the place and it would not cost much either. As this is to be the point of departure for the Mt. Hood glaciers it is meet that the railroad company should make their grounds as neat as possible, and the putting in shape of the sand bank at the depot is about all that is required.

We respectfully call the attention of the county commissioners, or the road supervisor, if it is his business, to the eastern approach to the bridge across the river here. The road is very narrow, the bluff high, and unless a good strong railing is placed along the edge of the bluff, somebody is going to get hurt, and the county will have the damages to pay. The place is dangerous in the extreme, and it is gross carelessness to allow it to remain as it is.

One of the most extensive prune grower in Pomona, California, is George Rhorer who will dry his own fruit this year and ship it to St. Louis in white cloth bags, where the [prunes will be put in boxes and sold. Mr. Rhorer has given this matter much attention, and informs us that he believes the best financial results can be had from thus marketing the fruit this season.—Washington Farmer.

There is no doubt but that a big mill will be in operation here by this time next year. The inexhaustible supply of timber, and unsurpassed water power in combination is bound to cause it. When a train load of lumber leaves here every day, which it will in the near future, the town will improve so rapidly that we will hardly know it. He who is wise will secure a building lot while the prices are yet low.

We desire to caution campers and others to be careful about their fires. Everything is dry as tinder, and a neglected camp-fire is liable to start a conflagration, and cause untold damage. In leaving your camps be sure and put out the fires, thus protecting yourselves and preventing unnecessary damage to owners of the land.

Good Words From Abroad.

PENDELTON, OR., June 27, 1889.

Editor HOOD RIVER GLACIER: Dear Sir:—The initiatory number of the GLACIER has just reached me and I hail with delight the advent of a paper which shall be devoted to the interests of Hood River valley and her people. You modestly disclaim the intention of trying to fill a long felt want, but allow me to assert that your paper is the much needed factor in the development of a section of country hitherto neglected and unnoticed, but which is destined to come proudly to the front and rank as one of the most fertile, healthful and pleasant little valleys in the great state of Oregon.

While the booms have been booming on every side and the various papers have been crying the resources of their respective localities, we have heard nothing of Hood River because she had no representation or voice in this struggle for supremacy. During these rushing times of immigration it is very essential and a duty we owe the people, that we call their attention to such beautiful tracts of country as this valley in question, else they are apt to be misled by the truthless and extravagant assertions of these booming journals, and disgusted with the worthlessness of the locality, and the recklessness of the writers, they leave the country without ever stopping to investigate further. Only today we picked up a paper which, with gleaming headlines, lauded to the skies the possibilities of a certain little town situated in a sage brush desert, and surrounded by a country only capable so far of producing horned toads and bob tailed squirrels, but such seems to be the extent to which one's interests will bias the mind. Why there is hardly a town in Washington territory that does not expect the capital, or a village in it that is not "destined to be," etc.

We do not expect any unreasonable

things at Hood River, or wish to hear any extravagant assertions, nor is it necessary, only that the truth may be stated, which is enough, and that people may not come and go without knowing Oregon has a Hood River valley. The Hood River people may not have much but what they have is their own, and they do not pride themselves in owning several hundred acres of land covered by first, second and third mortgages, as is the case in many other localities. In fact, it is doubtful if you can find another agricultural people encumbered with so little debt, and surrounded with so many natural conveniences in the state, as those of Hood River valley.

If any one should become dissatisfied with Hood River and her surroundings let them take a trip at this season of the year, over the dry, treeless region of Eastern Oregon and Washington territory, and they will certainly return, repenting of having complained. From The Dalles to Spokane Falls it is one continuous stretch of rolling hills and hollows. This of course is the great wheat producing belt, and under favorable circumstances its productiveness is comparatively astonishing, but the great misfortune of this business is, the producer too often receives the least of the profits thereof. The country, however, is gradually merging from the most stressing circumstances, and each year finds the people in a little easier condition, and there is apparent a general contentedness and satisfaction, except with a few, whose ambition is never satisfied because they can't raise enough to get money enough to buy land enough to raise wheat enough on.

And it is this class of farmers who slight their work, try to put the whole country in wheat who suffer most during such times as we are having now. There never was a better prospect for an abundant harvest in the history of the country than there has been this spring, but the recent hot winds have proven very disastrous. There is abundant moisture in the ground but it does not come to the surface as it usually does, and these winds and hot nights have literally cooked and wilted the wheat to the ground in many localities. Under the most favorable circumstances the country cannot now expect more than half a crop and many farmers will have to buy their bread and seed. From Pendleton to Dayton the fall wheat that was properly put in is doing quite well, but from Dayton to Spokane there is nothing but a little strip very near the mountains, from Lewiston to Rockford, and this cannot hold out long against this hot weather without rain. We have just returned from a trip through the great Palouse country and know the above statement to be a fact, but it is the first failure ever known in this celebrated wheat producing section.

The towns along the line are all in a very prosperous condition, and many substantial improvements are being made. Pendleton is becoming quite a city and much money is being expended in fine brick blocks and permanent improvements, and the volume of business will still be increased by the opening of the state road to Canyon City. Athena, in the pride of her new name, is rushing along assuming a dignity becoming a city of much greater proportions. The towns of the Palouse country are all building rapidly, but the shortage of crops will set them back considerable and force some of the light merchants to the wall.

Walla Walla's attention seems to be almost wholly absorbed in the "great Hunt system," as some of her enthusiastic citizens are wont to call it. They gave Mr. Hunt \$100,000 to come in, and now they want to give him \$200,000 to go on, and in his great "generosity" he has accepted the proposition. How absurd, how reckless! And yet, to speak against it is to call forth a storm of harrange from its supporters about "mossbacks," "deadheads," etc. The Walla Walla Journal dubs Mr. Hunt as "our redeemer," "the saviour of the country," etc. As brother Besserer is too smart a man to be the thus "soft-soaped," we will be pardoned in thinking he is just hired to put taffy on Mr. Hunt's stick. Everybody knows that if the Northern Pacific does not own these roads it soon will, and that the same rates will be maintained as are given over the O. R. & N. The time has come when the N. P. is determined to enter the O. R. & N. territory, and the probability is, Mr. Hunt is the contractor in disguise for this company, and the bonuses he gets is clear gain. He built the Pendleton branch last fall to the brow of the hill four miles from the city, and then stacked arms and waited for the \$100,000 bonus. The amount was finally reduced to \$80,000, and the good people made it up and the grading is now completed, and the trains will soon be running in. Here is another absurdity: to stop four miles out of a place transacting the business Pendleton does, and stay out for a year, waiting for a bonus which one month's business would nearly pay. But various are the schemes individuals as well as corporations have for feathering their nests. NEMO.

Walla Walla reports much damage to grain crops from dry weather and the loss of several fields by catching fire from sparks from the locomotives.

The Kootenai Indians on the Flathead reservation are giving trouble; cause, attempt by the sheriff to arrest two of them charged with murder.

Sheriff Heyfrom has started from Missoula with ten companies of soldiers to arrest the Indian murderers on the Flathead reservation.

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