

Hood River Glacier.

HOOD RIVER, OR., JULY 6, 1889.

SELF-PROTECTION.

The dispatches yesterday announced the burning of fourteen business blocks in Ellensburg, and placed the losses at \$1,000,000. The fire started in J. S. Anthony's grocery store on main street, and was soon beyond control. The water supply proved to be inadequate, and the fire burned itself out. The burning of whole towns seems to be the latest turn that affairs have taken, and during the past week unfortunate Johnston had a fire which destroyed what little property the flood left. Hailey, Idaho was destroyed and Durango, Colorado nearly so. The destruction going on around us should warn us to protect ourselves as much as possible from fire. At present the buildings here are pretty well scattered, and the danger of an extended conflagration is not imminent, but every building that is put up enhances the danger to all because it provides the means for carrying the flames to its adjoining buildings. To protect ourselves we must have a good supply of water, and as this can be procured at very little expense we should proceed at once to perfect a water system. No one likes to put up a building where there is no good protection against fire, and the building of water works here would not only protect the present buildings, but will go a long way in deciding others to build. The saving in insurance alone is quite an item, and the feeling of security, the knowledge that we are protected from fire gives, is worth a whole lot more. Besides all this the water supply would make every door yard a patch of blossom and verdure, and would add ten times the cost of the waterworks to the value of town property. We can have a magnificent supply of water for a very small outlay and we hope to chronicle in our next issue that a company of some kind has been formed to bring it in.

SEND YOUR PAPERS AWAY.

Our subscription list climbs right along and we hope ere the end of this month to see it reach 500. There is an evidence of energy and prosperity in this community in the hearty support given the GLACIER and it will endeavor to set the merits and advantages of this section before the public as to repay many times the money it costs. Even in The Dalles we have old residents ask us, "How big is Hood river valley?" and express astonishment when we told them. To induce immigration the resources of the country must be made known, and this is best done, as we are trying to do it, not by booming assertions of what can be done, but by recording what has been done. The yield per acre is proof of what the land can do, and the big berries sent to the markets are more convincing than any mere assertions. When you get through with your paper wrap it up and send it to your friends and let them know something of your surroundings.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The constitutional convention met at Olympia, W. T. on the 4th and perfected a temporary organization. The Republicans met in caucus and decided upon Judge Hoyt as permanent chairman. There are in the convention twenty-four lawyers, fourteen farmers, six engaged in merchandising, five doctors, five bankers, four stockmen, two real estate dealers, two mill men, two editors, two teachers, two hop growers, two miners, a preacher, mining engineer, logger, auditor, fisherman and lumberman.

Our article last week on beautifying the town seems to have struck a sympathetic chord, as our citizens are unanimously in favor of it. The proper thing now is for some understanding about the matter, as to whether those having the water rights will allow it to be used by the town until such time as the owners want it. The right of the owners would be acknowledged by the payment of a small rent and we can see no reasonable objection that could be made. The use of the water will add to the value of all the property of Hood River and for that matter to all the property in the valley, because it would aid in procuring the rapid settlement of the valley. Let some of our leading men take hold of the matter and in a month the work will be completed.

Meteorological.

The following meteorological record, for the month of June, 1889, was taken by V. Hodge at Dr. Barrett's residence in this city:

June came in warm and dry.
Mean temperature, 67.13, which is some seven degrees above the average for the five years previous, and about five inches less of rainfall.
Highest temperature, 93.
Lowest temperature, 46.
Rainfall on three days, .25 inch.
Warmest day, mean, 77.
Coldest day, mean, 57.
Clear days, 17.

A Fatal Mistake.

Last evening the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Morrow was ailing, and the mother gave it what she thought was some simple powder but which proved to be a dose of morphine intended for a grown person. The condition of the little one became alarming at once, and Dr. Swinburne was called who did all in his power to relieve it, but to no purpose. This morning it passed away to the Being who gave it life.—*Heppner Gazette.*

The Republican press was enraged because Mr. Cleveland during the first three months of office made about 3000 removals from office, but though Mr. Harrison from the 4th of March to June 15th has turned out over 11,000 fourth-class postmasters the Republican press has nothing to say. In one department of the civil service alone Mr. Harrison has in less than three months turned out more than three times as many officials as the whole number removed in three months by Mr. Cleveland. This contempt for his solemn pledges to the people to carry out civil service reform, is emphasized by the following quotation from a speech delivered in the U. S. senate on March 26, 1886, by Benjamin Harrison, senator from Indiana: "I do lift up a hearty prayer that we may never have a president who will not either pursue, and compel his cabinet advisers to pursue, the civil service policy pure and simple and upon a just basis, allowing men accused to be heard, and deciding against them only upon competent proof and fairly—either have that kind of a civil service, or, for God's sake, let us have that other frank and bold, if brutal, method of turning men and women out simply for political opinion. Let us have one or the other."
—*Oregon Courier.*

We have just completed arrangements with the publishers of the new series of school books, to have the exclusive sale of them here. As soon as they arrive we will be prepared to exchange new books for the old ones, thus saving people the extra expense of buying new when their children are already supplied.
BLOWERS & SON.

THE BOWSERS.

Mr. Bowser Comes Home and Finds That the Cook Has Left. He Enjoys to Fill the Vacant Place.

Mr. Bowser came home the other afternoon just in time to meet the cook going away with her bundle and he rushed into the house to inquire:

"I suppose you've gone and done it again?"

"What?"

"Abused and maltreated the girl until her sense of justice has compelled her to leave?"

"I hadn't anything to do with her leaving."

"Then who had? She looked heart-broken as I passed her just now."

"Did she? Poor thing? She got a letter this morning from her aunt in Canada, telling her that she had been left \$5,000 in cash, and advising her to come home and marry a man who owns three farms. She must feel very sorrowful!"

"Humph! And you didn't put too much work on her?"

"No."

"Nor make her feel her position?"

"No. Her position was in the parlor about half the time."

"Well, it seems very queer to me that so many of our girls leave. Everything will be upset now for a week, I suppose."

"Oh, no. You can cook, you know, and you are such a sympathetic soul that you ought to be willing to go into the kitchen for a day or two. I shall depend on you, Mr. Bowser."

"Oh, you will? Not satisfied with driving a dozen poor souls to destruction, you want a rub at me. I wouldn't have your spirit for all the money in the world!"

He went away with that, but he was home an hour earlier than usual, and when I inquired the cause he said:

"What for? Why, the child and I have got to have something to eat haven't we, and who's to cook it if I don't take hold?"

"I can cook."

"Mrs. Bowser, I've long felt it my duty to give you a few lessons in the culinary art. I have held off, hoping your pride would force you to take hold, but the limit has been reached. The time has come when I must sacrifice my business to enter my kitchen and prevent my child from feeling the pangs of hunger."

"Please don't."

"But I will! I'm driven to it. I've got a wife who can't cook the north-west end of a last year's turnip, and who can't keep a cook over a week at

a time. I've put up with it too long—much too long," Mrs. Bowser. I must sacrifice my dignity to preserve the life of my child.

"Shan't I help you get supper?"
"Not a help. You'd only be in the way. Just sit down in the rocker, Mrs. Bowser, put your feet on the lounge, get a cud of gum in your mouth, and sit and chew and chew, and think what mean things you are going to say to the next girl to drive her away. When supper is ready I will call your royal highness."

He disappeared with that.

When he reached the kitchen he took off his cuffs and coat, pushed up his sleeves, and kindled a fire. His confidence began to desert him at this point, and he seemed to be studying deeply as he filled the teakettle even full and set it to boil. I had some fresh beefsteak in the ice-box, and he got it out, scratched his head in a thoughtful way and laid it on the kitchen table. Then he went down cellar after the hatchet, wiped the head of it on his right leg, and pounded away until a good share of the steak had gone into the board.

Mr. Bowser's next move was to hunt behind the pantry door for a spider which we had never used. He carried it to the kitchen towel, gave it a wipe, and then placed it on the stove. He had heard that grease was necessary, and he put in some butter, dropped in his steak, and soon had it sizzling. Then he started in for the biscuit. He got down the dish-pan, filled it almost full, and then reflected for a moment. I took advantage of the occasion to open the door and remark:

"Mr. Bowser, you needn't figure on an elaborate supper, under the circumstances. Just make a cup of tea and we'll get along."

"Mrs. Bowser, you ought to know by this time that there is no half-way work with me," he replied with great frigidly. "You can afford to neglect the comfort of this family, but I can not. Please return to your gum and your novel."

Then he went ahead just as any other husband would.

He had heard about soda and shortening in biscuit, and he mixed the flour with cold water, put in pepper and salt, slashed off half a pound of butter and stirred it in, and then remembered the baking-powder. There was nearly a quarter of a pound in the box and the whole of it went in.

How Mr. Bowser managed to get a grease spot between his shoulderblades, flour in his hair, and baking-powder in his hind pocket I do not know, but it was probably while he was rolling that mass out. He didn't trifle with the mixing-board, but used the spot where he had pounded the beef. I heard the mass of dough fall on the floor three different times with a dull thud, but he wasn't a bit discouraged. He got it rolled out at last, cut some biscuits with a teacup, and presently the oven door shut on his tins. He had just forty biscuits.

By this time the steak had burned black on both sides and he set it down behind the stove and prepared the tea. To two quarts of water he used one teaspoonful. Ten minutes later he summoned me to the banquet. He had the tablecloth on crisscross, the butter on a pie-plate, the cake in the cheese-dish, and his beefsteak was placed in the center of the table on a pie-tin.

"Anything wrong?" he asked as I sat down.

"Oh, no. You have done splendidly."

"I am aware of it. This table has never looked so homelike before."

His biscuits were raw in the middle, while top and bottom were so wonderfully and fearfully made that I had to laugh.

"The biscuit; you can't beat them. Wait till you taste one."

I didn't taste, but he did. I was watching him, and a look of horror came over his face at the first mouthful. He wouldn't give in, however, but crowded a whole biscuit down and pretended to enjoy it.

"I wouldn't eat any of that steak, Mr. Bowser," I said, as he eyed it suspiciously.

"Wouldn't you? Perhaps you want it all yourself."

"I don't think it is properly cooked."

"Well, I do. If that isn't a nice steak then we have never had one in this house."

He ate at least a quarter of a pound, though every morsel choked him. I offered to wash up the dishes, but he put me out of the kitchen and went ahead. He washed everything together in the flour-pan, wiped them on whatever he could find loose, and it was a week before we got the pantry in order again. That night, after bragging of what a breakfast he was going to get, Mr. Bowser was taken with chills and colic, and when the doctor came and I showed him the beef and the biscuit he said:

"Mr. Bowser, if you hadn't the stomach of a shark you'd have been dead an hour ago. You'd better quit this sort of nonsense if you want to live the year out."

And as soon as we were alone Mr. Bowser turned on me with:

"Don't expect me to shield you again! Your jealousy prompted you to put poison into that flour while I was down cellar. If this thing occurs again I will send you to the gallows!"
Detroit Free Press.

J. H. MIDDLETON

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DRY * G O O

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HOOD RIVER, OREGON