

Hood River Glacier.

HOOD RIVER, OR., AUG. 3, 1889.

WATER FROM HOOD RIVER.

The water question should be settled and settled at once. That the town will have to bring in a supply for next year is certain, and that the farmers will be immensely benefited by having an abundance of water is equally certain. The town can get water very easily by going three or four miles, but if the farmers will unite in bringing a ditch through the valley it will be better perhaps for all parties to take an interest in this plan. A ditch and flume from some point near the forks of the river would bring the water out into the valley, and once out of the canyon it can be conveyed in almost any direction. We are unacquainted with the ground, and would therefore like to hear the opinion of those who are. Let us agitate the matter now and once agreeing upon the matter call a mass meeting and take steps toward beginning the work. A good irrigating canal through the valley will double the value of every piece of land adjacent to it, and will enable us to raise abundant crops of clover and alfalfa. Let us hear from you, gentlemen.

WANTED, CORRESPONDENTS.

We want a good live correspondent in each section of the valley as well as from the Cascade locks and the White Salmon region. It is impossible for us to give the news from every section unless some one will send it to us, and as our acquaintance in those neighborhoods is very limited we find it difficult to make arrangements for getting the local happenings. Communications should reach us by Thursday night to insure publication, and they should be signed by the parties sending them. The name of the contributor will not be made known if thus desired but it is necessary for us to know from whom we receive contributions. Send along your items and assist us in making the GLACIER a compendium of the local happenings of this entire section.

By this time next year old residents will hardly know the place. By that time it is probable a dam will have been thrown across the river near the county bridge, and a big saw mill will be in operation near it. The town will have a population of eight hundred, and it is probable that a second mill will be in operation below the depot. Then a big ditch will have been completed the entire length of the valley, and two or three four horse coaches will be leaving every day for the glaciers. Hundreds of acres will be cleared and set out in orchards, and in the near future the roads will be lined in the evenings with teams bringing fruit to the railroad. Hood River has no boom nor does it want one, but its merits are becoming known and nothing short of a vigilance committee can keep people away.

The proprietors of The Dalles Trunk Factory who use pine from the head waters of Hood River in their trunk bodies, pronounce it the best lumber for the purpose in the United States. The Phillips Bros., who are interested in the factory, have worked at the trade for years, and their opinion is certainly entitled to weight. Its principal point of excellence is the fact that it will not split and from this cause much larger nails can be used in fastening the pieces together. This fact suggests the advisability of starting a box factory here, and no doubt this will be done when the saw mills are in operation.

Communicated.

HOOD RIVER, Or., July 24, 1888.
Editor HOOD RIVER GLACIER:
Having a curiosity to again climb the steep grades to old Hood, and view the improvements that have been going on during the past summer, and the proposition being numerously seconded by a number of interested parties, arrangements were duly made, conveyance secured, and a bright morning in July found us on the road. The traveling was unusually good for this time of the year, as wood hauling so far has been unusually light, the farmers having paid more attention to their farms; and less to wood, than heretofore. After crossing Hood river the dust was bad, until we reached the top of the Booth hill, where dust gives way to stumps and brush. From Booth's will be the beginning of the stage company's road at Baldwin's homestead. The traveling was

very fair for this notoriously wretched piece of road. Where under the sun the road taxes of that district are worked is a mystery to everyone but them—selors. The Stage Co.'s road from Baldwin homestead to the bridge, can be greatly improved by keeping on directly south on the county road, instead of turning down on the sandy river bottoms. Arriving at the bridge we made camp on the west side near the river. The bridge across the East Fork is a substantial structure of about 120 feet length and a sixty foot span across the main stream, was built by Stranahan Bros., and is a credit to both builders, and owners.

Here the stage road proper begins, and then work is apparent on every hand, in good bridges and broad and well worked grades.

About two miles from the bridge in a heavy body of timber, we met the leaders of a large band of sheep; we could not turn and the sheep would not turn, nor give the road, and so we had to remain in our wagon for nearly half an hour, and enjoy as best we could, the detention and aroma of about 2800 head of "Mary's little school mates" that marched by in single file. These annual incursions of marauding sheep men into our little valley is an outrage that ought not be longer endured. The supply of grass is already scant for our own limited number of stock, and when these piratical bands of sheep are driven in upon us the result is that our stock is starved out, and comes home in the fall poor and unfit to enter into our rigorous winters. I understand that it has been practically demonstrated in some localities east of us, that saltpeter sowed plentifully during June and July brings forth fruit (sheep) meat for repentance, and I believe it is so—try it brethren.

The "Elk-beds" station is our next stopping place, where we were cordially greeted by our old friend Dallas. After watering our horses and eating a hasty lunch, we start again on our final pull for "Eliot glacier." As we approach the mountain the grades get heavier, our panting horses require frequent rests, our party impatient to reach the end of our journey alight and take the more direct route by the old road, while I with my heavily loaded team, wind leisurely up the zig-zag road. The grade upon the whole is a great improvement upon the old one, but still there is room for improvement. A very just criticism would be that when so large an amount of money was to have been expended, a competent corps of engineers should have been sent out and a regular grade established. This could have been done as the broad even side of the mountain would allow it, and at no great increase of cost, but a vast improvement to the road.

But the road has an end. The new hotel looms up before me perched on the summit of "Photographers Hill," then in the foreground "Eliot" glacier with its monstrous contorted, misshapen body of ice and rocks, while beyond and in full view stands Oregon's pride—Mt. Hood.

Our camp is made among the village of snowy tents that dot the groves. Many friends gather around our evening fire with eager questions of friends at home, and news of fire and flood. Our day's work is done and we sink to sleep drinking in the pure mountain air.

Early morning finds us with lunch basket in hand, climbing up not "the golden stairs" but the sharp broken rocks that form the moraines and cover the lower portion of the glacier. This passed, we reach the smooth solid ice, with its hundreds of miniature rivers and creeks racing along in their crystal beds. Further along we come to immense crevasses that cause you to step back and listen in awe to the infant Hood river rushing down its rocky bed beneath the glacier, hundreds of feet below. Still further up gigantic blocks of frozen snow stand towering above us, evidences of power immeasurable that has riven it into myriads of fantastic shapes. On land again we have evidences of our altitude in gnarled and twisted trunks of pines two and three feet in diameter, that have defied the storms of ages and still have not grown higher than your shoulder. At your feet, see, there is a Lupin in full bloom, that at your home grows higher than your head, but here you can cover the mature plant, bloom and all, with a divided walnut shell.

The beauty of the old camp is gone. Its primitive wildness has passed away forever. Thousands of mischievous sheep have shorn its billowy hills of their wealth of grasses and flowers. The woodsman's ax and destructive fires have wasted the stately forest, the grader's pick and shovel have completed the ruin of nature's works.

The hotel, perched upon the extreme summit of Photographer's point, overlooks the entire surrounding country, and affords a view unsurpassed any where in the world. From the south extreme you have the whole north fall of the mountain from the summit to the doorstep—"Eliot" glacier from its very inception on the cloud-capped peak, to its terminus, a perpendicular wall of ice 400 or 500 feet high. In the north there are Mts. Adams, Rainer and St. Helens that look like fleecy clouds floating on an ocean of deepest blue, while to the west at your feet, fades away the Cascade range into the distant Willamette valley. Eastward the silvery thread of the Columbia can be traced as far as Umatilla, and the shadowy form of the Blue mountains in the dim distance. On the left at your feet is a chasm where over 2000 feet below roars the torrent of the middle fork. A mile below at Stranahan's falls it leaps sheer 200 feet to its rocky bed below.

A queer, quaint, old-fashioned house,

is "Cloud-Capped Inn." Colonel, let me congratulate you. Queen Anne never toasted her royal shins before as grand a fire place as that in the middle room. No expense has been spared, everything that comfort and convenience can suggest has been added. Water brought in 2 inch main furnishes an abundance of the clearest and purest liquid that was ever placed to mortal lips.

But the sun sinks low in the west, our horses are impatient of delay, and there are hours of a cool evening drive between us and our homes. TEND.

Oregon State Weather Bureau.

Oregon State Weather Bureau in cooperation with U. S. Signal Service, central office, Portland, Oregon. For week ending July 28, 1889.

The temperature for the week has been very decidedly above the normal. A continued hot wave seems to have overspread the state east of the coast ranges. No rainfall is reported except an occasional shower or cloudburst; there has been no good rain in the state since May 19, and the last three days of June when light showers were generally experienced, benefiting some crops. The sunshine continues to be above the normal, few clouds being at all visible. Smoke from forest fires prevails over the larger portion of the state to a certain extent obscuring the sun but not giving the cooling effects caused by clouds.

Grains are too far advanced to be in any way affected by the weather. General reports indicate a small yield per acre but owing to the increased acreage the amount for shipment will exceed that of any former year. In some places in Western Oregon the wheat has been injured slightly by the long continued warm, dry weather. Many thousands of acres will however yield 30 to 35 bushels to the acre.

The Willamette valley will yield the best wheat crop in Western Oregon and the Grande Ronde valley the best in Eastern Oregon. In the Umpqua valley in Southwestern Oregon and in the southeastern part of Umatilla county the wheat crop will also be good. The southeastern part of Jackson county and in Klamath, Lane, Wasco, Sherman, Gilliam and Crook counties the crop will be poor, though even in these counties there are favorable localities where 40 bushels to the acre will be gathered. Though considerable wheat has been already sacked only small amounts are being delivered or offered for sale. At Albany the market opened at 60 cents a bushel. This may be the price for average wheat in the valley. In Eastern Oregon the price will be from 48 to 54 cents per bushel according to locality and quality. These prices are the best that wheat buyers will offer at the present time.

B. S. PAGE,
Observer U. S. Signal Service.
Asst. Director.

A complete bulletin may be found in the Sunday Oregonian of this date.

To Rent.

Six pleasant rooms suitable for house-keeping for small family. Water in kitchen. Rooms up stairs over postoffice. For terms inquire at postoffice.

Our first installment of boots and shoes have just arrived from Chicago. We can now offer you ladies shoes from \$1.25 to \$4.50 per pair; men's from \$1.50 to \$3.50. Come in and look at them.
BLOWERS & SON.

THE GLACIER

Barber Shop

Grant Evans, Propr.

Second St., near Oak. - Hood River, Or.

Shaving and Hair-cutting neatly done.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

B. R. TUCKER,

PROPRIETOR OF

HOOD RIVER MILLS.

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS.

MANUFACTURER OF

FRUIT BOXES.

HOOD RIVER, OR.

J. H. MIDDLETON,

— DEALER IN —

DRY GOODS.

Groceries,

Boots and Shoes.

Stoves and Tinware,

HARDWARE,

Flour and Feed.

A General Assortment of such as
is usually found in a
country store.

HOOD RIVER, OREGON.