

Wood River Glacier

HOOD RIVER, OR., MARCH 7, 1891.

Major Handbury stated to some of the Dalles people that he would recommend to the Secretary of War that the government complete the railroad now in use at the Cascades, and allow the state to use the same for transferring freight instead of granting a right of way over the government grounds. Recently he states to the Secretary that he does not know of any arrangements being made to put a line of steamers on the river to run in connection with the road, and that there is no need of hurry, and that he will forward maps etc. within two weeks. We must confess that we have lost confidence in any and all statements emanating from the Major, but he may be all right. It looks to us as though the Major was preparing himself to give the portage railroad the biggest black eye any measure of that kind has received this year.

Senator George Hearst, of California, died Saturday. He was born in Missouri Sept. 3, 1820, and came to the coast in 1850. The writer was intimately acquainted with him having been in his employ, and connected with him in mining ventures for a number of years. He was a large hearted generous man, of fine intellectual attainments, and though but taking little part in the debates of the senate was abundantly able to meet any member of the senate in debate had he chosen to do so. The miners of the coast have lost in him their best friend.

The democracy took possession of the lower house of congress Wednesday, and as they have an overwhelming majority, it is not likely that the disgraceful scenes of the past year will be re-enacted. President Harrison reached the halfway post of his administration the same day, and in a little more than a year another contest for party national supremacy will have begun. We venture the prediction that the present house of congress will elect the next president, who will of course in that case be a democrat.

That the residents of this school district have not done their duty by the school is unquestionably true. Not only have the school officers neglected to visit the school, but its patrons have likewise neglected it. We believe it would be beneficial if every patron of the school would visit it occasionally. We frankly admit that we have been negligent in the matter, and shall see to it that we do better in the future.

It has been suggested that Governor Penney call a special session of the legislature, for the purpose of passing needed assessment and taxation laws. The governor will do nothing of the kind, for he as well as the balance of the citizens of Oregon have had an abundant sufficiency of that body for two years. Wasco county's delegation are at home, and they will be left there both by the governor and their "constituents."

A committee of New York business men having recently met for the purpose of erecting an equestrian statue of the late General Sherman, it is safe to say that the statue will not be erected. If the Grant monument could have been built of check, New York City would have completed it long ago, but unfortunately this is no better material for statues than it is for monuments.

The trial of Judge Sachs, so far has developed nothing but the fact that he liked to play the game of faro. This is not in itself a crime, but it indicates that the judge had deceived poor judgment. If all the lovers of the game however were debarred from holding public office, the state of Washington would have to import most of its judicial officers.

The telegrams recently announced that Charles B. Wright had purchased all of Hunt's railroads. Hunt admits it, and says that the Northern Pacific compelled him to sell. Mr. Wright the purchaser is one of the heaviest stockholders of the Northern Pacific. He paid \$3,000,000 for the Hunt roads which is \$18,633 per mile.

The "third house" missionaries are generally a very good class of men. Two of them slept in a double bedroom, with two com. litter clerks, during the last session of the legislature. The mind of one of the missionaries had been deeply interested during the day in a certain special measure, which he wished to get "through." It came back to him in his dream. One night when all were soundly asleep and everything as quiet as a grave his voice rang out on the cold night air, as he slapped his bed-companion on the back. "By George, sir, I tell you we all want it." He was from The Dalles.—Dalles Chronicle.

No wonder The Dalles water bill was of the poly-paternal variety. There is no doubt but that brother Farley voiced the sentiments of his constituents.

The Dalles Chronicle and Times-Mountaineer are exchanging the compliments of the season, and from present appearances Palmer & Rey will have an order for a double font of italics from each office.

CLUB OF THE FUTURE.

KATE FIELD'S IDEA OF AN ORGANIZATION FOR BOTH SEXES.

The Necessity of Such an Institution. Reasons Why Women Should Enjoy the Benefits of Club Life as Well as Men. Life Will Be Pleasanter for All.

Some of us were startled a while ago by reading that certain New York women had founded a woman's club. I was very glad to learn of the innovation, and have been fighting in its defense privately ever since, as the idea seems to be particularly obnoxious to the average intellect. Why should there not be clubs not for men only nor for women only, but for men and women, which could become social centers in the elongated label of New York? Only the very wealthy can now afford to entertain. Well to do intelligence starves for lack of a natural interchange of ideas and sympathies. Occasional theatre parties and suppers, while significantly expensive, no more nourish healthy friendships than lightning nourishes the growing grass.

Confine the healthy ebullition of social instinct, and explosion ensues. If women are to be helpmates to their husbands, if they are to be wise mothers, they must know the real world by actual contact. Without freedom there is no intelligent virtue. Many a man, from inherited habits of thought, entertains oriental ideas without knowing it.

FEATURES OF THE CLUB.

Rank treason, I dare say. Hence I am prepared for many a feminine shriek of disgust, for the howl that will rend many a manly bosom, for the scorn that will sit upon many a manly countenance, for the anathemas against the unsexing of the sex that will proceed from many a manly tongue; but howl, scorn and anathema are not argument, and argument is what I want.

Women require relaxation as well as men; women need the friction of intelligent minds more than men, for the reason that their lives are more secluded; women, especially those who live in the suburbs, need a place of rendezvous where they can read papers and magazines and encounter their friends unceremoniously. More particularly do they need a restaurant where they can obtain palatable meals for reasonable prices, and where they can invite friends to breakfast, lunch or dine without making great inroads upon their purses.

Year by year the army of professional women increases. All of these women are more or less clever; few are blessed with fortunes. All feel the necessity of a club, but to start one is not feasible. What is less impossible and more natural is such an addition to the present system as will give women all they desire without depriving men of their inalienable right to smoke, drink and wear their heels higher than their heads.

A vivid imagination can picture a club, consisting of two or more houses, with rooms exclusively for men, rooms exclusively for women, a general reading room and restaurant, private dining rooms and general reception rooms.

IT IS COMING.

Men who hate women and women who hate men need never encounter one another, while men and women who believe that two halves make a whole could exceed the Century club of New York in the brilliancy of their Saturday nights. Society is becoming more and more complex, and today there is far less chance of clever men and women meeting in big American towns than there is in London, because people in this country rarely have leisure.

Unless they give themselves up to dinner parties—never knowing beside whom they are to sit, and generally longing to be at the other end of the table—they are frequently doomed to go through an entire season without an interchange of ideas with their best friends.

Suppose all this changed. Suppose women know that on a given night in the week they are almost certain to encounter not one but many male friends, who are things of beauty and joys forever; suppose men know that on this same evening they are sure of seeing many women who are never at home when they find time to call; how simplified society becomes! And where is the unwomanliness of this proposal?

In the club of the future only such persons will be admitted as are in the habit of behaving like ladies and gentlemen. I fail to perceive why men and women of acknowledged position and intelligence, who conduct themselves properly in drawing rooms and public balls, should become transformed by occasional contact at clubs.

In all probability the club of the future will not be born during the reign of the present generation, but that society will eventually resort to some such device as I have suggested is as certain as that liches and 5 o'clock teas are death to digestion and impossible for workers.—Kate Field's Washington.

A Wonderful Picture.

Directly after the great Johnstown flood, some time during June, at any rate, D. S. Wingrove, superintendent of the marble yard at the penitentiary at Baltimore, found a slab of marble with lines and veins which made a perfect picture of the fated city of Johnstown and the surrounding country. The sky is plainly marked, as are also the hills and mountains surrounding the town. Piles upon piles of ruins are marked, with an occasional steeple or tottering wall overhanging the scene of awful destruction. Taken all in all, the scientists consider it one of the most wonderful natural formations ever found in America.—St. Louis Republic.

Wisdom.

Little Girl—Mrs. Hightone says our preacher is austere. What does that mean?

Little Boy—Huh! You girls don't know beans. If she says our preacher is a steershe means he's a bully preacher.—New York Weekly.

Old Fashioned Watch Chains.

Among the presents showered on blushing brides this season figures the old fashioned watch chain, more than a yard long. After many years of suspending watches from chateaines, from short chains hanging from a brooch and from ribbons secured by monograms; after wearing them in breast pockets or tucked into the bosoms of dresses with short chain pendants, after carrying them in leather straps or slipped into the clasp of a bag or using them as decorations for the handles of parasols and umbrellas, card cases and portemonnaies, as clasps for bracelets or concealed beneath a miniature in a brooch or fastened behind the ear of a floral pin—fashion has gone back to the ancient style of chain thrown around the neck that our mothers and grandmothers affected.

The new chains are very fine and generally are civilized at intervals of three or four inches by pearls, turquoises or garnets, strung like beads, or by small diamonds, rubies, sapphires or moonstones, set clear.

As for the watch: it is hidden in the folds of the dress or carried in a side pocket. It is small in size, and the back should be encased or entirely incrustated with gems similar to those on the chain. One very handsome watch and chain that I saw the other day among the dainty trifles of a bridal corbeille was ornamented with both rubies and diamonds. The chain was set alternately between short lengths of the chain and formed a spiral on the back of the watch.—Paris Cor. Jewelers' Weekly.

Beaten to a Mummy.

The phrase "beaten to a mummy" has been familiar to me from my youth up, and I have always understood it as equivalent to beaten to a jelly. Does it not refer to the medicinal substance formerly known as mummy, which kept its place in our dispensaries until pretty late in the last century? It was variously composed and not always of the same consistency, but its general appearance would probably resemble that of soft pitch.

I speak now of the spurious kinds, which were doubtless most common. Even the "genuine" sorts were not, however, necessarily Egyptian. Penicher, in his "Traite des Embaumemens" (Paris, 1829), gives directions for the composition of mummy from human flesh expressly for medicinal purposes. He recommends certain parts only of the body to be used, and these to be dried, macerated and spiced out of all likeness to their natural condition. Mummy so prepared entered into a great variety of "balms" and other medicaments, for which Penicher in his concluding chapter gives recipes from old writers.

Some of these have the consistency of oil, others that of an ointment. It is clear, from the references in Nares, that in our own country mummy and its preparations were well known, and from the "make mummy of my flesh," which Nares quotes from an old play, to "beaten to a mummy" is a natural and an easy step.—Notes and Queries.

Tamagno and the Czar.

The Italian Count Serrardi is an entertaining conversationalist and has the national fondness for music. He was much amused when told of Tamagno's behavior in this country and that the great tenor brought his own brother along as his valet.

"That will be good to tell in Rome," he said. "Tamagno's traits are so well known there that it will be appreciated. Italy has often laughed at him. He was a street car driver in Turin and is without education. Verdi had the greatest difficulty in personally teaching him his part in 'Otello.' Some time ago an Italian company to which Tamagno belonged was engaged at a theatre in St. Petersburg. The company was one day given an audience by the czar.

"You know how strict is the etiquette of the Russian court. None may leave the imperial presence except at the czar's bidding. There came a fall in the conversation and Tamagno remarked that he thought he would go and abruptly left the room. The rest of the company was horror stricken. But the czar laughed and nothing came of it."—Chicago Tribune.

The Latest Popular Game.

It need not surprise any one to drop into an evening gathering or a quiet home circle and find people who wear spectacles across their noses and carry dignity by the ton trying to snap a row of ivory chips into a little wooden cup. That is the new game, christened tiddly-winks. It requires a small wooden cup called a wink pot and two dozen bone or ivory chips called winks, also four larger ones about the size of an old fashioned pants button, known as tiddlies. There is a cushion to snap the chips upon, or you can spread a small square of Brussels carpeting under the tablecloth, which answers just as well if not better. The trick is to snap the winks into the wink pot by means of the tiddlies held between the thumb and finger, the winks lying flat on the cushion or table. This is the game of the season—the great social snap, so to speak. There are two or three ways of playing and keeping tally of the game. Ever tried it?—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

Two Distinguished Brothers.

Two wise looking young men met in the billiard room of the Chatham hotel in Paris the other evening. Both wanted to play a game, but they did not know each other. The elder, Mr. Combe Tennant, made bold to say: "Will you join me in a game of billiards, sir? My name is Tennant—I'm the brother of the lady who married Mr. Henry M. Stanley."

"Thank you, Mr. Tennant," answered the other; "I shall be most happy to join you. My name is Chandler—I'm the brother of the gentleman who married Miss Amelia Rives."—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

If the throat is very sore wring a cloth out of salt and cold water, and bind it on the throat tightly when going to bed; cover it with a dry towel. This is excellent.

Climate and Health.

The importance of climatology is gradually becoming recognized. No one can doubt that of the many factors which contribute to help or hinder physical well being, a very large share must be attributed to climate, understood in its widest sense—i. e., to those conditions of atmosphere and soil which are constantly operating upon us by day and by night. The air we breathe, its temperature, humidity, pressure and purity, the amount of sunshine we receive, the character of the winds to which we are exposed, the nature of the soil on which we reside, all these factors have a potent influence upon the organism in health, and still more potent influence upon it in its more unstable and sensitive condition when the subject of disease.

While few will care to question such obvious considerations, climatology is still comparatively neglected, and does not yet rank where it will probably some day stand—viz., alongside hygiene and dietetics. The reason for this comparative neglect is probably the vagueness which has hitherto for the most part surrounded this subject, and the paucity of accurate and definite data relating to it. It is also unfortunate that the available information is so often obtainable only from interested persons, whose natural bias in favor of certain localities will often, in spite of the most upright intentions, lend a more or less unreal coloring to their statements.—New York Ledger.

Curious People.

It doesn't take much to attract a crowd in New York. Last two gamins start across Fourteenth street on a ran any afternoon, and before they have gone a block there will be a hundred people at their heels, all running. No one but the boys know what's up, but the crowd rushes thither without any inquiring. Let a man stop on a corner in plain view and gaze intently at the sky, and in ten minutes fifty or more people will have gathered about him and directed their gaze heavenward. Only New Yorkers would do this. Curiosity is the common failing. I witnessed a noteworthy incident of this character the other evening. It was at the corner of Sixth avenue and Fourteenth street.

A man halted at the foot of the elevated station and painted his umbrella toward the rear of the corner house. He did it to demonstrate the extent of New Yorkers' curiosity. He stood there half a minute, when a second man halted. Then a third stopped, and within five minutes the street was blocked and the street cars couldn't move. Several policemen were there, too, and all gazing at the rear wall. Some one said thieves were climbing over the roof, and other stories equally ridiculous were bruited about. Fully 600 people stood there, not knowing why they did so. It was half an hour before the streets were cleared.—New York Star.

Cigarette Smoking Increasing.

"The laws against cigarette smoking," said a member of one of the largest firms that manufacture that article, "which forbid their sale to minors and call, in New York at least, for the immediate arrest of every youth under sixteen who is caught smoking them in public places, have not had the slightest effect on the cigarette market. Despite these laws and the thunderings of the medical press the cigarette business is growing steadily, and the entire output of the factories today is fully one-third greater than that of two years ago. Even if the laws against the cigarette smoking minor were strictly enforced, which they are not, it would not at all influence the trade.

"The reason is found in the fact that the average little boy who affects the paper wrapped weed has only a very limited capital at his command. As he buys only the cheapest brands the big dealers won't waste time in selling to him. He rarely invests in a whole package, and deals almost entirely with those queer little shops in side streets where cigarettes are sold in broken lots at the rate of two for a penny. As you can easily see, the entire suppression of this branch of the business is not liable to exercise much influence upon the trade at large."—New York Tribune.

An Odd Occupation.

There is a little guild of men facetiously called "The Early Birds." They rise in the summer before the sparrows, and though they do not go to work themselves it is their vocation to call other people to work. On dark winter mornings they are out before the snowbirds are awake. They have regular routes, and every morning between 4 and 6 o'clock they stop at houses, ring door bells and tell people it's time to get up. Their clients are bachelors, bartenders, car drivers, restaurant keepers and car conductors, men who have to go to work very early in the morning, and to whom it is a serious matter to be fifteen minutes or half an hour late.

Some of these early birds have from fifteen to twenty customers. They get from twenty-five to fifty cents a week from each. The bartenders usually pay half a dollar a week for being called. The fact that their business is a successful one shows that they are more reliable and effective than an alarm clock. Their day's work is finished in two hours.—New York Journal.

Church Ventilation.

We wish somebody would give us a few practical views as to the ventilation of churches. By the time a religious service on Sunday is half through the church often becomes so hot the air so impure and the hearers so sleepy that little good is done by the sermon. We wish architects were half as solicitous about ventilation as they are about the turn of an arch or the groove of a pillar.—Christian Inquirer.

A Really, Truly Martyr.

Dr. Eisen—You are getting near sighted, madam. You should wear glasses. Mrs. Gidet—Oh, doctor! My nose is too small to hold eye glasses, and spectacles are so very unbecoming. What shall I do?—Puck.



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