

Hood River Glacier

HOOD RIVER, OR., DEC. 5, 1891.

UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY LOCAL CARD.

EAST BOUND FROM HOOD RIVER
No. 5, Express leaves at 11:01 A. M.
No. 2, Mail " " 10:31 P. M.
WEST BOUND FROM HOOD RIVER.
No. 7, Express leaves at 7:40 P. M.
No. 1, Mail " " 5:45 A. M.

THE MAILS.

The mail arrives from Straburg at 11 o'clock A. M. Wednesdays and Saturdays depart in same days at noon.

For Chewnot, leaves at 8 A. M. arrives at P. M. Saturdays.
For White Salmon, leaves daily at 8 A. M. arrives at one o'clock P. M.

From White Salmon leaves for Falds, Gilmer, Trout Lake and Glenwood Mondays, and Fridays.

BRIEF LOCAL MATTERS.

Mr. John Watson is up from Portland.

Pictures framed to order at the furniture store.

Mr. S. Husbands of Mosier was here Tuesday.

The GLACIER was thirty months old last week.

Does S. B. get there? Well I should smile. S. B.

Coffins and undertakers supplies at the furniture store.

Call and see the new school suits for boys at Hanna's.

Wm. McNally is the new section foreman here.

All kinds of country produce bought and sold at Harrison's.

A fine line of gent's furnishing goods just received at Hanna's.

T. J. Watson came up from Portland yesterday morning.

Mrs. K. V. Wendling makes final proof on her homestead the 12th.

Mr. Ellison's little girl, who had her leg broken some weeks ago, is about well.

Have you seen the \$15.00 antique maple bed room set at the furniture store?

Having been appointed Notary Public we are prepared to do all work in that line.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathias expect to start Sunday for England to remain until spring.

E. E. Lytle was down from The Dalles Sunday, remaining until the 10:34 passenger.

J. W. Wallace has graded his lots in Waucoma, will move his barn and make a dwelling house of it.

Do you want a fine watch or elegant jewelry at the very lowest prices? If so go to Sidney Young's at the Dalles.

W. R. Allen, formerly blacksmith with the Oregon Lumber Company, is now at work with the pile-driving outfit.

Mr. Lake, of the Cascade Locks, who was here last week, is seriously considering opening a general merchandise store here.

Sidney Young at The Dalles has an elegant assortment of jewelry, just the thing for a Christmas present for yourself or friends.

Messrs. Blowers & Crowell have finished taking stock and the transfer from Mr. Blowers to Mr. Crowell has been completed.

With the completion of a ditch through the west side, Parkhurst and Pleasant View property is going to take a boom.

A large amount of piling is being gathered here preparatory to overhauling the trestle at the west end of the Hood river bridge.

Captain A. S. Blowers has sold two lots, lying between Mrs. A. E. Middleton's residence and the U. B. church, to Rev. C. W. Wells.

Mr. C. R. Bone was down from Grant's Saturday, returning Tuesday. He will be back in a few weeks to remain during the winter.

The suit between the riparian owners of Patton creek and the Oregon Lumber Company will be tried at the next term of court in The Dalles.

For any one purchasing ten dollars worth of furniture or more, I will deliver the same at landing free of charge.

S. E. BARTMESS.

Mr. Peter Mohr left us a sample of carrots raised on his place without irrigation. The largest will measure five inches in diameter and a foot in length.

We have received a stock of deeds, mortgages, etc., which we will sell to those in need of that kind of material at considerably less than 100 per cent. profit.

A short local in the GLACIER invariably finds an owner for stock taken up, and almost always lends to the recovery of lost articles. Try it the next time you lose anything.

Ten dollars is a high price for hair cutting, but that is what Judge Bradshaw charged our friend James Hoag, but when he saw what an artistic job it was, he remitted the fine.

Mr. I. I. Buzget, of the firm of Crandall & Buzget, of The Dalles, was here Friday afternoon for the purpose of preparing the body of Clarke for shipment to his relatives in the East.

The suit of the State against Mary Jane Atwell, to condemn a piece of land at the Cascade Locks for the use of the portage road, was tried at this term of court at The Dalles, the value being fixed at \$4,000.

Mr. Ellison informs us that there is no probability of the day passenger trains being discontinued for some time at least. The travel is good, and so long as the road is not blockaded the trains will be kept on.

The Union Pacific has given notice that it will carry freight between Portland and The Dalles at one-half the rates charged by the Regulator, but whether this applies to the railroad or only to the steamer line we know not.

The railroad commissioners on a tour of inspection passed up the road in a special Monday, in charge of Superintendent R. W. Baxter and W. A. Harvey, acting superintendent of bridges and building department.

As will be seen by a notice in this issue, Dr. E. J. Thomas has sold his drug store and business to Dr. E. C. Brosius. The Dr. and Mrs. Thomas will leave in time to spend Christmas at their old home in Pennsylvania.

An extra bridge gang has been organized in charge of H. W. Bries, and is now located at Viento. This addition was found necessary on account of the extensive improvements and repairs going on all along the road.

There will be a meeting of all citizens interested at the Odell school house, Friday, Dec. 11th, for the purpose of perfecting arrangements for getting water for irrigating and other purposes. Every person interested is requested to attend.

Circuit court is rapidly drawing to a close, and Judge Bradshaw has demonstrated that he is the proper person for the position he occupies. The work has been pushed, the dockets cleared and the court run at the very lowest expense.

The school bell for this district arrived Thursday. It has the names of the committee that raised the funds for its purchase cast in it. It was much needed and is a perpetual reminder of the energy of the school children who needing the bell, procured it.

Monday was the banner rainy day of the year, the sky at times seeming to fairly pour out its contents, and between clouds and rain it was at times as dark as twilight. Tuesday was pretty good for rain, too, and the ground is thoroughly soaked.

The Straburg post office has been discontinued, and letters addressed to that office will be found in the Hood River office. The reason the office was discontinued was that Mr. Straight expects to go East soon, at least he has been informed that such is the case.

J. T. Dalk, charged with selling liquor without a license, had his trials, there being two indictments against him, last week, being cleared of one charge and convicted on one. He will receive his sentence Monday, the least penalty being \$200, the greatest \$400.

The first snow of the season fell here Thursday. The big, lazy flakes came floating slowly down in hopeless opposition to the more nimble raindrops, and after an hour or so gave up the contest, leaving the field to the gentle weefoot rain that rained and reigned.

The armory site has not yet been decided upon, but it will be either on the southwest corner of A. B. Jones' block or on the corner west of it. We understand it has been decided to build a two-story building, which is eminently correct. A one-story building of the size proposed would look like the exponent of distress.

Watch our for sale columns for some of the best real estate bargains in the country. If you want to buy call on us, and if you want to sell, come and see what we can do for you. We advertise all property placed in our hands free of charge, and are so situated as to make the quickest sales. It will cost you nothing unless a sale is made.

Read I. C. Nickelsen's ad. in this issue. Although turned out in the big fire at The Dalles, Mr. Nickelsen has again opened a splendid stock of goods. An examination of his stock will amply reward those intending to procure Christmas goods, as presents suitable for that occasion, pianos, jewelry, books, and fancy articles. Call on him when in The Dalles.

At the regular meeting of Waucoma Lodge, No. 50, K. of P., the following officers were elected for the term commencing with the first meeting in January next: J. H. Crabbe, C. C.; George T. Prather, V. G.; A. Hershby, F. C.; J. B. Nickelsen, M. of A.; E. J. Thomas, M. of E.; H. C. Cox, M. of F. Installation, Saturday evening, December 5th.

The all-absorbing question as to whether or not it is under given circumstances better to hold on to a tiger's tail than to let go, still remains to be demonstrated. The Samsonian debate (Samsonian is no doubt correct, since a jawbone was Samson's heavy weapon) did not take place, but we understand will be argued and submitted next Wednesday night, if the weather is not too bad. We fall to see any particular argument in the premises, but like Goldsmith's pedagogue, all can "argue still."

BORN.

Sunday, November 29th, to the wife of C. P. Heald, a daughter.

Having disposed of my drug business and practice to Dr. E. C. Brosius, I will sell my household goods, horse, harness, saddle, buggy, feed cutter, etc., at private sale. All goods not so sold will be offered at public auction on Saturday December 12th at noon, and sold to the highest bidder.

Dr Brosius is located at my office and will attend promptly all who may favor him with a call. He is a graduate of Rush Medical college of several years practice.

Thanking you for past patronage and wishing for him a continuance of the same, I remain very respectfully with a farewell to all
E. J. THOMAS.

NOTICE.

All persons having money on deposit with the late firm of Blowers & Crowell are hereby notified to call immediately and withdraw same or transfer it to the new firm. All parties indebted to above firm are also notified to call at once and settle. Those whose accounts are past due, will save costs by attending to this matter promptly, as all such accounts will be placed in an officers hands for collection on Dec. 10th 1891.
A. S. BLOWERS,
G. P. CROWELL.

Sons of Veterans.
The annual election of officers will be held on the evening of the 2d Thursday of December. A full attendance is desired.
H. L. HOWE,
Capt. Commanding.

THE NIHILIST.

Some time before the tragic death of the late czar one of the most important men in the empire was Prince Michel, but reasons of state will not permit the designation of his illustrious family name.

During a sojourn in Paris, just after the war, he met at one of the receptions of the Princess Lisa General de Contremont's charming daughter, whom the Parisian world, just arising from its ashes, knew under the name of "the beautiful Madeleine." She was also as poor as she was beautiful.

Michel was smitten in spite of his forty years and his long formed resolution of celibacy. For fifteen years he had withstood the blandishments of designing young ladies and the maneuvers of their aristocratic mannanas, who had thrown themselves, so to speak, at his head as bouquets of roses and lilies are thrown over the footlights at a favorite diva.

One evening Madeleine said to the widow of the hero of Gravelotte, "Mother, would you be satisfied by my becoming a princess?"

"No, indeed, my daughter, for you were born beautiful enough to become a queen."

In fact, in the most select assembly such a perfect type of womanhood was seldom seen. I saw this superb creature at the operone evening shortly after her marriage, and I will wager that there were fifty young men in the orchestra who were more or less in love with her through the whole gamut of love, from respectful admiration to the grand passion. You can imagine how they listened to the music; it might as well have been from the score of "Mireille" as from the "Huguenots," and they would have been none the wiser.

This was probably the most memorable evening in the young life of Madeleine, for she felt herself avenged in the eyes of the men who would now gladly impoverish themselves for one hour of her favor, but who had formerly considered her too poor to be the object of theirs. From her proud elevation, though scarcely seeming to smile, in the depths of her being she vibrated from head to foot with the exultation of triumph, and her cold brilliance radiated their admiration as diamonds radiate light. She saw in the elegant audience many beautiful women, but she felt herself to be the most beautiful woman there.

On this particular evening an American lady in one of the boxes, many times a millionaire, but not pretty, said: "I do not hope to resemble the Princess Michel, for that would be to expect too much, but only to have her teeth I would give my hotel in the Champs Elysees and all it contains, including the contents of my jewel box; for with such teeth one need not be pretty—one has but to yawn or smile and the world is at one's feet."

"Yes," replied a diplomat, "but I fear the princess will have occasion to yawn often than to smile, for his excellency, her husband, has the air of being neither agreeable nor amusing. I imagine the princess will regret Paris many times."

Indeed the prince, even at the time of his marriage, was not an agreeable man, and some years later he was still less so, to the sorrow of the princess he said. He owed it to the coquetry of his wife to be as jealous as a tiger, and to the favor of the czar to become minister of the police, and the result of his position did not serve to render him more amiable. However, he had found the opportunity to utilize his public functions in aid of his private jealousy. He used his wife's coachman and the servant who opened the door to further his ends, and his emissaries among the police soon placed in his hands all sorts of amorous declarations addressed to his wife, in every strain of ardent and passionate avowal.

However, the flood of correspondence soon slackened, not because the princess was less seductive, but because she was indifferent or surfeited, and those who had confided to the post or telegraph their hopes and fears soon found themselves the victims of the most unexpected and various ill fortune, and began to conjecture that either the princess had the evil eye, or that the eyes of the prince were too good. The correspondence only revealed to his excellency that his wife was a harmless coquette, and this discovery brought a relative satisfaction. But the exactions of the czar in regard to the nihilists now left him little time to protect the virtue of his wife, and judge of his ineffable surprise when one day the following letter reached his hands, of which also he recognized but too well the handwriting, though it was signed by only a single initial:

"It appears the emperor will set out sooner than was expected for Varsovie; hold yourself then in readiness to start at the earliest warning, for who knows when we will find again so favorable an opportunity?"

"I do not wish to conceal from you the difficulties of the undertaking. Arrange your plans then for success without delay. You will present yourself to me as a friend of my family, traveling in Russia for your pleasure. Call upon my mother before you set out; she will give you some commission for me which will serve as an introduction in case of need."

The unhappy prince was beside himself when he had finished reading this horrible letter. Then this conspiracy, which he fought night and day with sword, with prison and with exile; this pitiless war of armed monsters against the life of a single man, had its origin at his fireside! It was his own wife, his beautiful Madeleine, who said to the assassin, "Behold the hour; be ready to strike!" What fatality had armed his foreign wife against his sovereignty? This woman had everything—youth, beauty, wealth, admiration. Yet she was a nihilist.

What more did she want? What stupendous hatred urged her to this crime at the risk of imprisonment, exile or death? Did the snows of Siberia tempt her erring feet? Was there infatuation in the cord that might strangle her ivory

throat? What could he do? He thought of killing his wife, then himself, and leaving the public to conjecture a case of conjugal infamy as the least of evils. Then he thought of throwing himself at the feet of the czar, and, after divalging everything, flying with the guilty woman. But the sentiment of duty made him pause. He held the clew to a conspiracy; it was necessary to unravel the whole plot, and for this reason the letter must be allowed to reach its destination. The assassin could be thus made to betray himself.

Already the name of this man was known to the minister—Nicholson—some Englishman or American, perhaps, an expert in dynamite, or simply a Russian student who had assumed a false name. The letter was sent, and the same evening the prince accompanied his wife to the opera, where, pale, trembling and feverish, he appeared fifteen years older. She was more charming and admired than ever.

"Are you ill, Michel?" inquired Madeleine, as seated in their carriage they drove homeward.

"Why do you ask that question?" replied her husband, with a strangely somber air.

"Why? Because you have not appeared jealous this evening," she said, smiling.

At the end of a week the minister remarked to his wife, without seeming to attach any importance to the statement, "It is on Tuesday that the czar sets out from St. Petersburg." "Ah," said Madeleine, seeming scarcely to have heard her husband. And then she murmured, "But the papers gave another date." Desiring to deceive the accomplice of Nicholson, for he had his plan, the minister replied, "Yes, it is necessary to thwart those who may have designs against the life of the emperor." Then he spoke of casual things, covertly admiring the strength of soul of this unworthy woman. The very same day convinced the minister that his ruse had succeeded, when the following dispatch was handed to him addressed by the princess, to whom it is easily divined:

It is for Tuesday. Be punctual. Tuesday passed, and it may well be believed that neither the czar nor his minister left the capital. Madeleine suddenly became very uneasy at the announcement of his pretended change. On the afternoon of the following day a stranger, richly dressed and decorated with an enormous rosette, presented himself at the palace of the prince.

"Whom do you wish to see?" inquired the obsequious flunkey, who had received his orders from his master.

"Madame the Princess de Contremont. Present my compliments, and inform her that I am the bearer of a message from her mother, I am Dr. Nicholson."

"You are expected, sir," replied the servant, "but Madame is at this moment visiting a friend, and has left orders to have you conducted to her. The carriage will be ready in a moment."

The carriage drew up and the man entered with Nicholson, taking his seat beside him without as much as asking permission. Nicholson's wonder as the fellow's presumption was of short duration, for after a rapid drive of a quarter of an hour the self styled doctor found himself in one of the strongest prisons of St. Petersburg, and if he was expected it certainly was not by the princess. In a slovenly sort of reception room, filled with armed police, a personage whom he did not know, and who was the prince himself, interrogated him with a want of respect to which poor Nicholson was not accustomed.

"It is infamous!" he cried, struggling in his bewilderment to defend himself. "I reached Paris only this morning, and have not spoken three words to any one, and when I present myself to the princess I am arrested and carried off to prison like a common thief."

"You know the princess, then?" the minister inquired coldly.

"Know her! I have known her since she was an infant. Here is a letter from her mother, the widow of a great general. Besides, I am an American citizen and protest!"

"Examine this man carefully!" interrupted the high functionary, without seeming to hear the doctor.

Nothing to excite suspicion was found on Nicholson, except a little box carefully wrapped up in many envelopes of fine paper. Could it be an infernal machine? An expert from the torpedo school, who usually accompanies the minister on such occasions, untied the package with scientific precaution. The round of assistants were very nervous and stood around with pallid faces, evidently awaiting a terrible explosion. Nothing abnormal was revealed, only the expert, with a singular smile, handed the open box to the prince, who, after a hasty glance at the contents, hurriedly thrust it in his pocket.

Then turning to Nicholson he demanded, "You are?"

"An American dentist, sir; very much pressed for time, as my client is this moment waiting for me."

Five minutes later Nicholson was in the carriage again, having this time for a companion the prince himself, who loaded him with apologies.

"But," said the husband of the beautiful Madeleine, "how did it happen that I never discovered anything myself?"

"Your excellency," proudly replied the American, "if you had been able to discover anything, such a dentist as Nicholson would not merit his great reputation."

"Then the teeth of the princess?"—"Are false, my prince. When Mme. de Contremont was young she was thrown from her horse and sustained an injury which ruined her teeth, and it was myself who constructed for her the most perfect set of teeth that ever left my hands. But these becoming worn I was summoned to Paris to adjust a new set in your absence."

The public never heard of the adventure, but it was duly observed that the prince appeared to be less in love with his wife than formerly.—From the French of Leon de Tinsout, by Francis M. Livingston, for New Orleans Times-Democrat.

I. C. NICKELSEN

The Dalles Oregon - - In French's Block.

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS, NEW PRICES.

Cash buyers will save money by examining my stock before purchasing elsewhere. Endless variety of holiday presents. Books in sets and single in attractive binding. Fine watches, jewelry, gold pens, and stationery. Agent for the Domestic sewing machine. The Estey organ, Steinway pianos, and Kranich & Bach's pianos in all kinds of wood.

S. L. YOUNG.

SUCCESSOR TO E. BECK.

—DEALER IN—

FINE WATCHES,

DIAMONDS, JEWELRY

AND SILVERWARE, ALSO

Optical Goods.

Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Second St. The Dalles, Or.

LOST.

A black sheppard pup, tan legs, white spot in breast, wags his tail to the name of Lewis. Return to this office and receive proper reward.

NOTICE.

I have appointed J. T. Dalk, my Agent to sell my beer at Hood River, at wholesale. AUGUST BUCHLER, The Dalles, March 16, 1891.

MILLINERY.

I have opened a line of millinery and fancy goods, in the Coe, building one door west of the GLACIER office, and invite the ladies of Hood River and surrounding country to call and see my goods and prices, before purchasing elsewhere.

MRS. R. S. HOWELLS.

J. M. HUNTINGTON, & Co.,

TITLE ABSTRACTS.
REAL ESTATE AND
LOAN AGENTS.

Reliable information concerning land titles.

Choice city and country property for

—SALE—

Conveyancing a Specialty.

139 Second Street - - - The Dalles Or.

DO

You know that you can buy more groceries, provisions etc., for less money at 62 Second street than any other place in The Dalles? It will pay you to call and get my prices, and examine my stock before going elsewhere. All goods delivered free to wharves or depot.

JOHN BOOTH,

The Leading Grocer 62 Second Street, The Dalles Oregon.

DUFFY WATKINS & MENEER,

Attorneys-at-Law,

Vogt's new building, Second St. THE DALLES OREGON.

W. H. WILSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

ROOMS 34 AND 35, NEW VOFT BLOCK, THE DALLES, OREGON.

REAL MERIT



PEOPLE

Say the S. B. Cough Cure is the best thing they ever saw. We are not flattered, for we know that real merit will win. All we ask is an honest trial.

For sale by all Druggists.
S. B. Med. M. F. G. Co., Dufur, Ore.

JUST RECEIVED.

A new stock of Ladies' and Gents' WATCHES,
FILLED AND SILVER CASES, CHAINS, CHARMS, ETC.

SPECIAL attention given to cleaning and repairing watches.

J. H. FERGUSON,

Hood River, - - - Oregon.

New Undertaking Establishment



PRINZ & NITSCHKE,

The Dalles.

Since the first of June we have added to our

Furniture & Carpet

Business a complete Undertaking Establishment, and as we succeeded in getting our stock from the East without being compelled to join the Undertaker's Trust, we assure the public that in consequence thereof our

Prices Are Very Low.

Remember our place of business on SECOND ST., NEXT HOODY'S BANK.

THROUGH TO PORTLAND,

THE

DALLES PORTLAND & ASTORIA

NAVIGATION COMPANY'S

Elegant Steamer

REGULATOR

Will leave the foot of Court street every morning at 7 a. m. except Sundays for

Portland and Way Points,

Connections Will be Made with the Fast Steamer

Dalles City,

At the foot of the Cascade Locks.

For Passenger or freight Rates, Apply to Agent, or Purser on Board.

S. J. BROOKS, Agent.

J. W. KENNA.

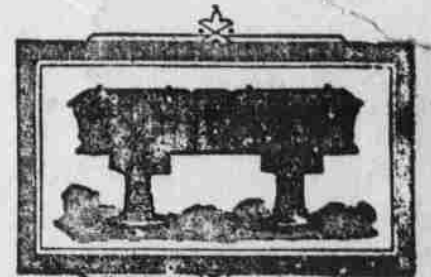
House, sign and Carriage Painter.

Paper hanging and calcingiming NEATLY DONE

Fine Samples of Wall Paper kept constantly ON HAND.

HOOD RIVER, OREGON.

Burned out but Again in Business



Wm. Mitchell,

UNDERTAKER.

And Embalmer, has again started with a new and complete stock of everything needed in the undertaking business. Particular attention paid to embalming and taking care of the dead. Orders promptly attended to day or night.

Prices as low as the lowest. Place of business, diagonally across from Opera Block, on the corner of Third and Washington Street The Dalles, Oregon.

B. R. TUCKER,

PRINTER OF

HOOD RIVER MILLS.

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS.

MANUFACTURER OF

FRUIT BOXES