

Hood River Glacier.

HOOD RIVER, OREGON, JUNE 17, 1893.

OUR PRIVATE OPINION

There are some among the readers of this paper, who imagine that we are directly accountable to them for our opinions, beliefs and acts, and who intimate that the weight of their displeasure will fall on us, even to the extent of stopping their subscriptions, and firing this bubbling fountain of news back through the post office "unclaimed and refused." This would truly be a sad state of affairs, that nothing but a sublime christian spirit could execute or enjoy. Such conduct might cause us to get hungry enough to eat humble pie, fed to us by the forgiving hands of the ungodly, and swear we liked it. It might ruin our credit here, and our hope hereafter. It might, forsooth, "convince us against our will" of the error of our ways, and cause us to turn hypocrite and pretend to be something that we are not, until the benign smiles of the readers aforesaid, again illumined the thorny pathway of our journalistic career. It might do all these, and more, but it won't. It went for several reasons. In the first place we are not built that way. In the second place, we prefer our freedom of speech, freedom of opinion, and liberty to think, believe, and act as our conscience dictates, to the good will of any man, or any set of men. We prefer the commendation of our own conscience, to the doubtful honor of being praised by self-opinionated bigots, or fanatical zealots made mad with their own mouthings. We know that a hundred or so years ago the fagot and the stake would have rewarded us for these utterances, but the fagot and the stake are banished; though the fanatical zeal to use them still exists. We lived, and moved, and had our being, wore store clothes, smoked good cigars, and associated with respectable people long before we were honored with the patronage of the aforesaid, ungodly, and will probably continue to do so, after they have given us the grand shake. We were born free, we intend remaining so. We have our own beliefs and opinions, on religious as well as other matters; and whether they are right or wrong, we are not accountable to anyone in Hood River, or out of it, for them; whether it be pope, preacher, or atheist. This is one of our private opinions publicly expressed, and those who feel offended at it know the way to the office. Our receipt book is ready, and if so be it pleases the public to stop every subscription to this independent sheet, we can promise as the last one goes and the collection is taken up, to sing the doxology and be dismissed, but we will go out—a man. Exchanges are requested to file this way in case an obituary is necessary.

GOOD ROBBERS.

Sontag and Evans the California bandits, who robbed an express train near Visalia last year and then fled to the mountains, are at last in jail. Their case is peculiar in the remarkable boldness of both men. While sheriffs and marshals were after them they boldly visited their homes in Visalia at least twice and perhaps oftener. On one of their visits they killed a deputy sheriff and escaped to the mountains without trouble. Altogether nearly a dozen murders have been committed by them within the past year. A few days ago, however, the inevitable end came, Sontag being both severely wounded and captured. Sontag will probably die, but Evans may recover to terminate his career on the gallows. The bold bad bandit cuts a high swell in dime romances, but in real life he is classed very properly as a dangerous animal, and put out of the way accordingly. After months of defiance to the law the end of the game has come, and the end is death.

The floors of the old Ford theater building at Washington, which was used by the pension division of the surgeon general's office, fell about 10 o'clock last Friday morning, carrying down scores of men who were at work in the building. Twenty-four were killed outright and a large number were injured. The accident was caused by excavations being made for an electric light plant, but the general unsoundness of the building was well known. It was in this building that President Lincoln was assassinated, and the superstitious may find a subject for their consideration in the fact that the accident occurred the day the brother of the assassin was being buried twenty-eight years afterward.

If the Oregonian has any respect for its readers it will fire the damp-phoo who prepares its Washington dispatches. Since Cleveland's inauguration that correspondent has not told the truth or made a correct guess on any subject. The readers of the Oregonian expect to have the dispatches, at least half way correct, and as they can not get them, many are subscribing for the San Francisco papers. If the great only doesn't fire that brainless dunder and put a newspaper man on in his place it will shortly discover a falling off in its country subscription list.

The summer solstice has about been reached, and yet the weather makes wraps and overcoats preferable to fans and hammocks. The summer bids fair to be all early spring and late fall, but as it is just the thing for a large wheat crop no fault should be found. Three weeks more of cool weather, and freedom from east winds and the wheat crop of Eastern Oregon will be safe. It will also be a remarkably large one, and the Lord knows we need it.

The princess Estelle has visited the White-bog city on the southern shores of Lake Michigan, has been tendered a reception by Mrs. Pot, Palmer, president of the board of lady managers, had five carpets laid in the street to keep her royal feet from the plebeian earth, permitted her hand to be kissed by Mayor Harrison, filled the newspapers with columns of aristocratic slush, that has made all intelligent Americans tired, made joyous the hearts of Chicago's select 400—thousand and is ready to go home.

The announcement that Dan Murphy had been appointed U. S. District Attorney, followed closely upon the statement by the Oregonian's salaried liar in Washington that he had been sat upon by the president. At the same time the announcement was made that T. S. Black was appointed collector of customs, and Henry Grady U. S. marshal. There are but few important offices in the state to be filled and the matter is losing, in fact has lost most of its interest.

The medical fraternity of the state met at The Dalles Tuesday, it being the 20th annual re-union. The meeting was not well attended, the reason being that, to reach it the delegates from Southern Oregon and down the Columbia had to pass through Portland, a thing they will not do.

Unlimited Check.
For unadulterated cheek the men building the telephone line, or rather the man in charge of it takes the entire bakery. Monday they commenced work at the corner of Second street and the state road, by cutting a lot of limbs from a big oak in the street, then they went into Grant Evans' yard and chopped about one-third of the limbs from a big oak that extended over the fence into the street. They let the limbs fall on the fence, and then left them there. They then proceeded through Burton and Reynolds' fields cutting the fence wires and leaving them down. They next hauled up with a round turn, and they will probably get it, as Grant has his ire aroused and proposes to see if people can enter anyone's premises and chop down the shade trees. We suggest to the road supervisors to see that they do not touch an oak tree on their way through the valley, and if they undertake it, arrest the whole lot. The men are, in a sense not to blame working under orders, but they should not obey an order that renders them liable to arrest.

Only a Comma.

A year or more ago one of our subscribers sent a poem to this office for publication. We generally fight shy of the metrical system of writing, but on this particular occasion we gave the poem "a local habitation" in our columns. We were not careful in the proof reading, and were satisfied with the punctuation, which was in part corrected by the compositor brother S. B. Blythe. Soon afterwards the author of the poem called on us, and condemned the punctuation, as well as the editor, and stopped his paper. We thought no more of the matter until a day or so ago, when in looking over the file, we came across the long gone forgotten poem, and discovered that the author had a kick coming. The poem was concerning the Columbia river, and one line read thus:

"No smile on thy stern cold features"
As it came from the hands of the compositor and appeared in our columns it read:
"No smile on thy stern, cold features,"
There was nothing but a comma but it got there just the same.

Substantial Improvements.
Mr. A. R. Byrket is preparing to make substantial improvements on his White Salmon ranch. He has ordered 75000 feet of lumber for building a barn, and in this will make six silos. His Jersey cattle recently brought from Ohio take kindly to their new surroundings, and will add materially to the fame of the Byrket dairy. Mr. Byrket tells us he will plant 40 acres with corn as soon as the water goes down, for use in the silos.

Out of Sight.
The traveling public are now full alive to the fact that the Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern line offers the very best accommodations to the public from and to Chicago, Omaha and intermediate points, not only during the world's fair, but all the year around.

"World's Fair Travelers Will Have It."
The public demand through service when traveling. It is old-fashioned to change cars. On the through solid vestibule trains of the Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern Line, from or to Chicago, Omaha and intermediate points, there is no change. This is the finest and fastest road.

Home Again.
George, the Japanese gentleman who at one time made a living by carrying soiled clothes from the homes of our citizens to his wash house, and back; and who was incarcerated in the white man's jug at Portland, charged, convicted, and fined for selling whiskey to Indians is again free and with us. His insouciant air, jaunty manner and winsome though somewhat enlarged smile, remain and abide with him, superior to the power of judge or jury, ballit or prison bars.

White Salmon Side.
WHITE SALMON, WASH., June 15.
EDITOR GLACIER:
W. A. Brooks who has been making a trip through the Willamette valley with a view to locating there, has returned well satisfied with this country. The ranchers lack of here are rushing in telephone poles at a lively rate. N. M. Wood and Mrs. McCoy are furnishing most of them.

At the school election Monday Mrs. Jennie Jewett was elected director, and John Purser clerk, to succeed A. B. Jewett and T. Saksedorf. R. Lauterbach has received his appointment as post master here, and will take charge of the P. O. about July 1st. L. N. Blowers will be his assistant.

Frank Aldrich, tax collector from Goldendale, is around stirring up the delinquents. J. K. Rankin went to Arlington, Or., Wednesday. Miss Lena Jewett who has been attending the university at Portland is home for a short visit.

Parker Mill Notes.
The mill will commence running a night crew very soon if arrangements can be made for securing logs.

Bingham is laying off with a sore hand. J. O. Cameron was struck with a cant hook while turning down last week, but not seriously hurt.

The clerk expected from Utah has not arrived, so Miss Frasier is taking care of the books in a satisfactory manner.

The school is getting along nicely under the watchful care of Miss Josie Hansbury.

There is talk of organizing a Sunday school, to be held in the school house here.

James English has moved his family up to this place. The train-cars had to lay off last Saturday on account of the rain. The track is very steep, and when wet they cannot be held.

Blackberries are in full bloom and there is prospects of an abundant crop. I. C. U.

Cosmopolitan Cooking.
There is a belief current that whatever can be procured for money can be had in this city, especially if it is anything to eat. The people who flock here from every part of the country are apt, sooner or later, to import their native dishes, and to make them acceptable to gastronomic New York.

New England, no matter how lightly her cooking may be estimated, has had notable success of this kind. Baked beans, pumpkin pie and Boston brown bread are with us. The western man and his pork are known and appreciated. The Frenchman, the Irishman, the Englishman, the German and the Italian can go into any restaurant and find his national food.—New York Evening Sun.

An Old Time Conductor.
We had a conductor named William Ford, who was the most pompous and imposing man I ever saw. He was no good, and the boys called him Windy Bill on the sly, but the hardest of them dared not say anything less than Mr. Ford to his face. He was a big man, and dressed in the best broadcloth and walked about as if the earth belonged to him. One day he walked into the office at a station where my wife and little boy were sitting in the waiting room. As he passed through every one made room for him or tried to show him attention. My little boy watched him quietly till he disappeared, and then he whispered to his mother, "Ma, was that God?"—Locomotive Engineer.

An Old Fort Abandoned.
Fort Marcy, established at Santa Fe, N. M., when that territory came to the United States by conquest in 1846, has been abandoned. The fort marks a place where soldiers have been stationed, more or less continuously, for more than 300 years. Near to the fort is a cemetery, in which lie the bodies of more than 500 soldiers, some of whom fell in battle or yielded to disease or hardship.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The principal causes of death in one year in New York city were: Pneumonia, 5,817; consumption, 5,160; diarrhoeal diseases, 3,385; Bright's disease, 2,503; heart disease, 2,287; violence, 1,957; bronchitis, 1,834; diphtheria, 1,363; scarlet fever, 1,231; influenza, 838.

During the Eighteenth century, to satisfy the demands of enthusiastic amateurs, a large business of cutting, setting antique intaglios and cameos was developed. This was assisted by forging the signatures of classic artists.

The Largest Bible.
A German lady living in Manchester, England, possesses what is supposed to be the largest Bible, in one volume, in the world. It is an heirloom, 200 years old, with pages two feet long and but little less in width, and at the head of each page is a line in red ink which translated reads, "This is a history."—Mechanical News.

Read This and Profit by It.
Olinger and Bone, proprietors of the Big Red Barn, in addition to their livery and stage business, are handling grain, chop-feed and hay. They are also agents for the Knapp, Burrell & Co. machinery. Bain wagons, blocks, buggies, windmills and pumps, Oliver, Child and Steel plows; garden cultivators, plows and harrows; and will sell their Mt. Hood coaches, trucks and buggies, now in use, in order to open in the spring with an entire new outfit. Call and price their goods.

"MIDNIGHT."
Will make the spring season of 1893, at convenient places throughout the valley and White Salmon Washington. Time and place subject to future arrangements.

Description and Pedigree.
"Midnight" is a standard Hanoverian, 5 years old, 15 hands high, weighs 1200 pounds, bred by the late Hanoverian stud, a Copenhagen mare. "Midnight" is a good dispositioned horse, a happy driver and quite a trotter for a horse of his size. "Midnight" services will be for single service, one-half of service, or for the season. Persons desiring by single service and non-recurring service, can be secured by the season by the additional payment of \$25. Season to close July 31, 1893. For particulars and other information apply to A. L. PHILLIPS, Manager.

House-owners of Clatsop county complain that they cannot dispose of their horses at anything like reasonable figures. The truth is, says the Tri-Weekly News, that only a comparatively few men engaged in this business in this county raise the right kind of stock. The small, unimproved horses are hard to sell at any price. Nobody wants them. The well-bred draft horse sells readily at a fairly good price. There is a constant demand for his use, so also will a well-bred driving horse sell. And he will sell for all he is worth. The market is not so much at fault. It is the grower of scrubs.—Oregonian.

YOU'RE GENERAL ROCHAMBEAU

Is a dun gray, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ hands high, weighs 1300 pounds. Imported from New York and on May 20, 1893, is now from all four-year-old horses and is a fine draft horse, easy on his kind, a good traveler, and is owned by JOHN SWENEY, OF HOOD RIVER, OR.

Mr. Sweeney will attend at the following places during the present season: At Mt. Hood, Astoria, Clifton and Astoria on Saturdays. At Hoquiam and Clifton on Saturdays. For single service, payable in cash, for the season, per acre at and of \$200. To insure, payable when same is made, \$1500. In case of injury, see the following season's rates.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
[Under Land, Act June 7, 1882.]
United States Land Office, Vancouver, Wash., June 10, 1893.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 7, 1882, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," John H. Foster, of Clatsop county, Oregon, and John D. Stranahan, of Clatsop county, Oregon, have filed in this office a certain statement No. 115, for the purchase of section No. 16, only, of section 35, in township No. 24 north, range No. 10 E., W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Vancouver, Wash., on Tuesday the 28th day of July, 1893.

He names as witnesses: H. D. Burdett, Perry A. Surface, John M. Thompson, Brian D. Thompson, all of Clatsop county, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 28th day of August, 1893. John D. Stranahan, Register.

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He names as witnesses: Allen Hargest, John M. Coulter, Frank Brower, John P. Gilbert, all of Clatsop county, Wash. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 28th day of July, 1893. John D. Stranahan, Register.

NOTICE.
U. S. LAND OFFICE, OREGON CITY, OREGON, May, 11th 1893.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Alphonso M. Barr, B., against Thomas F. Hope, for abandoning his homestead entry No. 1166, dated April 11, 1893, covering a ½ of N. W. ¼ section 18 township 24 north, range 7 E., W. M. in Wasco county, Oregon, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 29th day of June 1893 at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

J. L. Apperson, Register, Peter Thigbet, Receiver.

The Oldest Produce House in Montana.
[Established 1881.]
LINDSAY & COMPANY
Wholesale dealers in fruits and vegetables of all kinds.
Helena, Montana.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED. RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.

S. E. Bartmess.

FURNITURE AND ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL.
Wall Paper, Paints, Oils etc.
A large supply of, and *Eastern Light* to sell.
JOHN W. MASUREY'S
Celebrated liquid colors and tinted leads.
Undertaking a Specialty.
Prepared to furnish at once, a fine class of caskets, also a cheap grade but neat and substantial.

Mays and Crowe.

JOBBER AND RETAILERS IN
HARDWARE, TINVARE, Etc., Etc.
Corner of Second and Federal Streets.
PRESIDENTIAL
Studebaker Wagons and Carriages
Osborne Builders and Mowers
AGENTS FOR
Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Company's Agricultural Implements and Machinery.
BARBED WIRE.

Acorn and Charter Oak Stoves and Ranges.
Guns, Ammunition and Sporting Goods.
Iron, Coal, Blacksmith Supplies, Wagonmaker's Material, Sewer Pipe, Pumps and Ppeps, Plumbing Supplies.

WE HAVE DECIDED

That thirty days teaching is the best credit goods, and would respectfully request our patrons to give them themselves accordingly.

Hood River Pharmacy's Specialties!

Prescriptions and Private Formula Accurately Compounded.
— And a Complete Line of —

DRUGS, CHEMICALS AND MEDICINES.

YOURS FOR HOOD RIVER.
DRS. WILLIAMS & BROSIUS.

HOOD RIVER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

— DEALERS IN —
House Builder's Goods, Sash and Doors, Mouldings, Brackets and Wood Turnings, Lime, Plaster and Lath Ceiling, Rustic and Floorings, Coffins & Caskets.

ON SHORTEST NOTICE,
O. L. STRANAHAN, President. H. C. COE Secretary.

The Dalles Nurseries, RAWSON & WEBER

— PROPRIETORS —
Have on hand a full supply of Fruit, Shade and Ornamental trees; grape vines, small fruits, Roses and Strawberry.
Be sure to get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.
Remember our trees are grown strictly without irrigation.
THE DALLES, OREGON
E. H. STANTON, Foreman.

Hartley & Neff.

THE BUTCHERS.

HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND THE Choicest Meats, Ham, Bacon, lard, Game, Poultry. Also Dealers in VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.
Corner of Oak and Fourth Streets, Hood River, Oregon.

A. S. BENNETT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE IN SHANNON'S BUILDING CORNER OF COURT AND SECOND STREETS, The Dalles, Oregon.
FOR SALE.
Six lots in Wancowich, 480 acres in Skamania county, and several farms in the valley.
J. H. CRADLEBAUGH.

JOHN H. CRADLEBAUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Practices in all the courts of Oregon and Washington. Special attention given to conveyancing.
GLACIER OFFICE, HOOD RIVER OREGON
FOR SALE.
House and lot in Hood River. Apply to A. S. BLOWERS.