

Wood River Glacier.

HOOD RIVER, OR., JULY 23, 1893.
HERMANN'S OPINION.

Congressman Hermann has expressed an opinion, in a rare thing indeed on the silver question. Mr. Hermann is "in favor of honest free coinage of silver; that is, he wants a dollar's worth of silver in every dollar coined." Congressman Hermann has a head long enough, to have plenty left after being decapitated below the ears. If the astute member from Oregon would devise some means by which the exact number of grains of silver necessary to make "a dollar worth," he will have solved the Gordian knot, and settled the whole question. As silver fluctuates daily, the "honest silver dollar" would have to be coined in and recoinced daily, in fact it would never get away from the mint. Suppose 83 grains of silver were put into a dollar, it would then command a premium of six cents at present value of silver, but with a drop of four cents per ounce, would at once go to 98 cents. Hermann doesn't straddle the question, he doesn't touch it, in fact he knows little enough about it, to entitle him to take charge of the foot's column in the *Oregonian*. This is the only opinion of Hermann's extant, and is self explanatory as to why he never unburdened his mind before—he had first no burden, second no mind.

ROMANTIC JERRY.

E. L. Caldwell, commonly known as "Jerry" who for years has been the cold storage editor in charge of the local page of the *Oregonian* says: he "went to a bank in Canada, and presented a silver certificate of \$20. That the cashier and president offered to discount it 40 per cent." He further added that "made him feel a little ashamed to think that money bearing the stamp of the United States was asked to be discounted in times of profound peace, by common Canadians." As Jerry is a Canadian, and an uniquely common one at that, we see no reason why the blush of shame should attempt to mantle his corrugated brow, over a little thing like that. Besides we much doubt the stated facts. Jerry's fund of truth was never exhausted on our big contemporary, in fact was never tapped, and we believe he still holds the full stock of veracity he was born with, but force of habit compelled Jerry to be economical with the truth, for with him it is far stranger than fiction. If Jerry had placed the value of the bill at \$50, and perhaps the common Canadian bank cashier, would have let it pass, but the statement that an *Oregonian* employe had saved \$20 from his salary, albeit 20 years in doing so is beyond credence.

Give us a decent comet, or stop this everlasting twaddle about some astronomical professor believing it to have two tails, later only one tail, and later what was thought to be a tail was only the hair of Andromeda. Trot out a comet that covers thirty-three degrees in the heavens and spreads out like a peacock's tail—one that is visible to the naked eye at least. All of us can't have a Lick observatory next to the wood shed.—The Dalles Chronicle.

We agree with you brother Brooks—yes we do. We thought we were "up" on comets, but this telescopic monstrosity with one of its heads in its tail and its tail "out of sight," isn't mentioned in our omniscience. There is perhaps a slight error concerning Andromeda's hair; for as we understand the matter Andromeda belonged to the great galaxy of bald headed dames that occupy the front seats in the celestial choir. Berenice alone sports a genuine capillary covering for her head, and is the only star with any hair apparent, (this hair apparent, like the Prince of Wales is a standing joke with whiskers on it), the female Esau of the upper world. It may be possible the comet's tail has whiskers on it, caused by whisking through space, but it strikes us the fellows at the little end of the big telescopes ought to be able to distinguish the difference between hair and star dust, and between the head of Andromeda and the tail of a comet. To make the best of it, the statement like the comet's tail is probably a reflection on Andromeda.

The United States Warship Mohican, met a sealing schooner in Behring sea, and came near being the last of the name. The sealer fired a homoeopathic bullet into the man of war, disabling her, and then skipped. This is probably the reason the Monterey has been sent up to Portland where she would be safe.

Secretary Hoke Smith expects soon to make a trip through the northwest to visit the Indian agencies, and land offices. It will be a surprise to the country to have a Secretary of the Interior who knows something of the location of the Indian agencies, and the country west of the Mississippi.

Ex-collector Lotan and two of his deputies, Liville and Kearney, have been indicted by the U. S. grand jury, and placed under arrest, for alleged offences in connection with the landing of Chinese, and negligence in permitting the smuggling of opium.

WHAT IT MEANS.

[From the *Glacier*, of March 25, 1893.]
Judge Dady is a very sick man, and there is little hope of his recovery. Indeed it is probable he will die in the home, as he has not yet taken advantage of the act of congress permitting him to go on the retired list.
Judge Dady is since dead, and we only reprint this article to show that our forecast is just as keen as that of our big contemporary. If the *Oregonian* thinks it can keep a standing chestnut of "I told you so" in its 20 cents a line editorial page without stirring the country press to emulation, it is off its base. We want it understood that as a journalist we won't take back seat even to the great Portland sequester of news.

Lieutenant Totten, sees in the present financial disturbances, the coming of the end of the world, though which end Mr. Totten fails to state. Why the termination of all things mundane should suggest itself to Totten because a few banks are bursting, and everybody and his neighbors are pushed for money, it is difficult to understand. It may be possible that the foreboding return to the gold basis, suggests to the ethereal imagination of Totten, the famous events of the heavenly city, but this can hardly be for the money changers won't to there under any circumstances. Just as long as our subscribers will whack up silver in payment for such mental papulism as we can furnish, which, by the way, seems to be a lost art, we will possess our soul in patience, and our mind in peace, fearless of Totten's prognostications, and satisfied with the financial policy of this great and good government.

Secretary of State, McBride has in the language of the short haired gentry, "bit off more than he can chew." He has divided the money received from the government, about \$5,000 between the counties of the state as provided by law, but says he is not going to issue warrants for the money until the counties pay their taxes. Mr. McBride is not the collector of state taxes, nor is he the dictator of the terms on which the money received from the government shall be paid over. The appropriation having been made, it is his business to draw his warrants in favor of the counties for the amounts due them. He might profit by our governor's advice to the powers at Washington, for if he does not pay up voluntarily he will do so under the persuasion of a mandamus.

For some time the *Oregonian* has generously donated a column or two of space on its fourth page for the use of all persons who have a scheme for the financial salvation of the country. It is safe to say that no greater variety of opinion on the same subject, was ever crowded into the same space. It is a literary kaleidoscope, gay, grave, solemn, humorous and foolish by turns, the latter element perhaps predominating. It serves a good purpose however, in simplifying the financial subject by showing us what we should avoid.

Denver has had a panic its banks being besieged by clamorous depositors. As a result the Union National with a capital of a million dollars went down, quickly followed by five others. Over 8,000,000 had been withdrawn from these banks in the past eight months, and they were in poor condition to stand a run.

F. W. Galin was hanged at Canyon City last Friday, for the murder of Al. Shaw last march. He made a statement the day before he was hanged confessing the crime.

Mr. Brooks editor and proprietor of the *Grant Dispatch* which ceased to exist a week or two ago, was in Hood River Tuesday, and honored this office with a call.

Congressman Ellis passed up from Portland Tuesday on his way to Hesper. He will leave for Washington next week, to take part in the special session.

Vice President Stevenson and party, arrived at Santa Barbara, California, Monday. It is expected he will visit Portland arriving there next Monday.

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WASTE LAND ON LONG ISLAND.

Hundreds of thousands of Acres of Un-Developed Territory.
It is perhaps needless to remind the reader that there are some 47,000 acres of waste lands in Suffolk county, Long Island. They are now covered with stunted pines, scrub oak and underbrush. If these lands were developed and put to use, they would be a great benefit to the people of the county. The question as to their possible fertility has been investigated both ways, and it is rapidly appearing, if not already demonstrated, that these lands would be a great benefit to the people of the county. Years ago Governor John A. Dix called the attention of the New York State Agricultural Society to these lands.

Since Governor Dix wrote many successful experiments in cultivation of these lands have been conducted. Some of these can have more interest for the socialist than that of the Bohemian colony, situated midway between Ronkonkoma and Bayville, to which is now a fertile garden spot that brings unexpectedly on the view—in cases in a dense and dry wilderness of dwarfed oaks and pine trees. This community was formed a couple of years ago under circumstances the most interesting. Near the postoffice lies the round lake called Ronkonkoma, so deep that local legend pronounced it irrationally and whose outlet has never been discovered. In 1864, a list of wild fruit of scrub and ferns, on which it was proposed to establish a colony. Among those who were induced to purchase land there in the days when romantically worded advertisements described it as an Eden, were three Bohemian families who had arrived in this country but a short time before.

The heads of these families were John Kerchoff, Josina Wavra and Joseph Hoda. They were honest, creditable folk, familiar with the ways of the "boomer," and they purchased their land upon its representations. But when in the winter of 1865, they and their wives and little ones beheld the land, its only harvest frost turned, and tried, crumpling leaves, their hopes sickened and they would have returned to New York if they could. But they were without means to support themselves in the city. Hence, indifferent where it might be found, they sought more promising territory toward the south, and after wandering a distance of three miles they knelt in the woods to implore divine direction. By common impulse they were moved to choose the spot where they thus knelt as the center of their settlement.

The men plodded back to Lakeland, and thence laboriously brought their personal effects, the more important of which were a canvas tent and a cooking stove. When shelter was thus secured and an attempt made to kindle a fire it was sorrowfully discovered that there was not a match in the colony, and all Bohemia knelt to this day when the story is told of John Kerchoff setting his market and from the charge into the fire while running the risk of blowing the precious stove to pieces.

The men found work on the Great South Bay near by, and on the farms of the southern gentry; and before long each family dwelt in its primitive hut, and men and women unitedly labored to clear the land and prepare it for a crop. The narrative of their struggle would be monotonous, though that it was successful. Gradually their numbers were increased by other families of their countrymen, until there are now fifty-two houses and 250 settlers in the colony. Pretty little dwellings they are, too, surrounded by trim gardens and patches of land yielding crops of corn, potatoes and other vegetables as beneficial as can be found anywhere.

The area of Bismarckville is 1,200 acres, 600 of which are under cultivation. A common school building and a public hall evidence the progressive spirit of the villagers, some of whom are old Catholics and others Protestants. Both sects have neat chapels, the Hassie element respecting the forms of episcopacy and the superintendency of the Rev. John H. Prescott, rector of St. Ann's Episcopal church, Sagville. Although English is alone taught in their school, they cling to their mother tongue and to the customs of fatherland, while all ardently cherish the memory of John Hus.—Reaper's Weekly.

A Queer Way of Choosing a Wife.

It has remained for a young clergyman, a missionary, to take the pain for a pilgrimage choice of a wife. Having decided that it would be advisable to be accompanied to the mission field by a wife, he undertook to select her with his head, not thinking it necessary that his heart need be considered in the matter. He first made a list of attributes desirable in the wife of a missionary; then, as he went about with the different young women of his acquaintance, he watched for the development of any characteristics corresponding with his record.

When he discovered any he marked a point opposite the young woman's name. When the time came to make the choice he offered himself to that young woman who had achieved the highest percentage in this unique table, and, what was accepted. The only redeeming feature of the transaction is his admission made some years after his wedding to a friend, "My wife," he says, "was never courted before her marriage, but she has been assiduously since."—New York Times.

The Camel's Endurance.

In a paper on the camel Herr Lehmann refers to its relations to temperature and moisture. Neither the most broiling heat nor the most intense cold nor extreme daily or yearly variations hinder the distribution of the animal. It seems, indeed, that the dramedary of the Sahara has better health there than in more equably warm regions, though after a day of tropical heat the thermometer sometimes goes down several degrees below freezing point and daily variations of 33.7 deg. centigrade occur.—Natura.

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