

Hood River Glacier.

HOOD RIVER, OR., JULY 14, 1894.

A FEW FAREWELL REMARKS.

For a little more than five years we have published the GLACIER, not missing an issue in that time; but it has now passed into the ownership and control of our well-known townsman, Samuel F. Blythe. In severing our connection with the paper, perhaps half a dozen lines would be all-sufficient, for the 205 issues are a record that we can neither add to nor take from. Indeed, were it not that the paper is to continue, we would have nothing whatever to say; but we feel it incumbent upon us, now that we have no pecuniary interest in it, and that our remarks cannot be impugned as being for selfish reasons, to speak as briefly as we may concerning the little GLACIER. Although many have staid by the little home paper and realized its importance as a factor in the development of the country, the majority has not done so. It has never been patronized as it should have been, and this is peculiarly so as to its advertising list. As a general thing a newspaper is but a reflex of its surroundings, yet had the GLACIER not risen higher than this, had it but given what its home patronage would justify, it would have been made smaller in every way than it is. We would like to see this changed and an earnest and hearty support given it. Mr. Blythe is a newspaper man of ripe experience, is interested in the growth and welfare of the community, and will no doubt improve the character of the paper, since there is abundant room for it. To do this he must have the pecuniary support of the entire community. To those who stood so firmly by the GLACIER we extend our thanks; to those who did not, we say, commence the good work now.

JOHN H. CRADLERAUGH.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I have purchased the press, subscription books, etc., of the GLACIER, and with this issue assume charge. Occupying the chair vacated by my predecessor, who for five years made the columns of the GLACIER sparkle with his wit and sarcasm, logic and eloquence, I feel myself incompetent for the situation. But the day has gone by when it was expected of the country editor to write long editorials intelligently and interestingly upon the leading topics of the day. We look for such things now in our magazines and metropolitan journals, where men write them who are paid for what they know. Believing that the scissors in some hands are mightier than the pen, I shall not hesitate to use them. It will be my aim to present each week to the readers of the GLACIER a good local newspaper, and by their aid in bringing or sending in items, this result will be accomplished.

S. F. BLYTHE.

Mr. Goodell at Grant made inquiries of the Indians to ascertain if they had any tradition of high water equal to that of 1894. He came to the conclusion that no such flood was ever known to the present race, from the fact that the Indian burying ground, known to them as Celilo tlikakum's memaloose ilabe, was by the recent flood totally submerged. As the water recedes, it is said the Indians are growing frantic over the fact that many of the graves of their forefathers are being washed away. In some places the graves are washed out, while at others parts of the bones and skulls remain to mark the place where thousands of Indians have been buried. It is said when wars were rife among the various tribes of Columbia valley, the Indians deemed it a social obligation to bury all their dead warriors. One Indian, who claims to have seen more than one hundred snows, or years, says his tribe always buried its dead there, as it was considered above high-water mark.

Superintendent Baxter of the O. R. & N. Co. came up the road Tuesday, with Major McNeill, to inspect the progress of repairs on the line, and had to turn back at the Cascade Locks on account of the longshoremen's strike; but Major McNeill proceeded over the line to The Dalles.

Several carloads of delayed Eastern and California mail arrived at Portland Tuesday.

Edward Teesdale, a leader of the strikers at Portland, says "the main cause of the strike is Pullman's un-American treatment of his employees. They must live at his houses, trade at his stores, derive their water and light

supply from plants owned and operated by him—in reality they are his serfs; finally they must submit to a reduction of 33 per cent and live on \$5.40 a week, in order that he may donate \$100,000 to the building of a church."

THE GREAT STRIKE.

The great strike continues. Mails are stopped, travel is impeded and business throughout the country is paralyzed. The lawless element of the strikers in many places cannot be controlled by the leaders, and mobs have burned depots and railroad trains and other property. Militia and government troops have been called on to protect life and property, and in some places, having been stoned and fired upon, returned the fire with fatal results. The president has issued proclamations admonishing all such unlawful assemblages to disperse and warning all law-abiding persons to keep out of their company. He has also ordered the commanders of the army departments to open up and maintain free communication over the transcontinental lines from the Mississippi to the Pacific. We predict the strike will fall for the reason that the lawless element of the strikers can not be restrained by their leaders. By their overt acts the strikers will lose the sympathy and moral support of workingmen in other lines of trade. President Debs of the American Railway Union is not to blame for these lawless acts. He and his associates are doing their best to restrain these men; but as they seem to be incapable of doing so, they should not blame the authorities for using the military to accomplish the same purpose. This "lawless element" in all strikes is always the first to go back to work, to go back on the obligations of their union. They are generally a traitorous set, and the officials of the strike make a great mistake in trying to protect them. Workingmen have the right to strike against a reduction of wages, and to persuade through regularly appointed committees and by all peaceable means other workmen from taking their places; but when mobs destroy property and intimidate and assassinate to deter others from going to work, if the peace officers of the neighborhood are powerless to act, it is time to call on the state or the "strong arm" of the government.

All trains regularly scheduled to depart from and arrive at the union depot, Portland, were on time the first part of the week. On the Southern Pacific they were operated altogether by union men, who show no signs of deserting the ranks of the employed. All local freights on that line are moving regularly.

The O. R. & N. Co. re-established passenger service Tuesday from Portland to Spokane. The road has been reopened from The Dalles to Celilo, and with the Regulator on the Middle Columbia and the Almota on the upper river, through connection is made. It is expected that trains will run East in a short time.

The National Game.

Forty-eight years ago the first game of base ball was played. This pioneer game took place at Hoboken, N. J., and the score was so big that the man who was keeping tally gave it up after the first inning and refused to look upon anything less than five runs in succession as worth considering. The game of baseball grew out of the old game of rounders, an English idea. In the fall of 1845 a number of New Yorkers organized a club which they called the "Knickerbockers." Later, a club called the "New Yorkers" was put into the field, and early in June, 1846, the two began to challenge each other. June 19th the first game was played. History says that it lasted but four innings, when the Knickerbockers were so far ahead that the other fellows went home and wouldn't play any more. Baseball grew slowly. It was not until 1860 that it became in any degree popular. In that year a number of clubs were organized, and in Philadelphia several really interesting games were played. Up to this time a rubber ball was used, but so much time was lost in going over into the next county for it after every hit that a harder and less energetic ball was devised. This reduced the time of the game and increased the size of the bumps on the catchers' hands. Up to 1871-ball playing was indulged in as an amateur sport, but in that year it began to take rank as professional. In spite of all sorts of dire predictions, baseball continues to be popular. There is no indication that it will soon cease to be the recognized game of the nation.

A Good Suggestion.

EDITOR GLACIER: I would call the attention of the people of this valley to the fact that thistles are getting a start here, and if left alone for a few years they will be a terrible nuisance; but if every one would make it a point to destroy all they see near or on their places, they can be kept down. If any one will take the pains to go above the Wasco warehouse at The Dalles they can see how completely they have taken possession of the land. A horse or cow could not force their way through them when in bloom.

T. G. HODGSON.

Life in Texas.

[Extracts from a Private Letter.]

I have just been cutting the weeds and bushes close around the house and hoeing my crop, consisting of 4 tomato plants, 8 blackberries, 15 umbrella chinas and 1 gourd vine. I have also a small crop of cordwood growing, which is looking tolerably well. My last year's crop was small, entirely of cordwood, and yielded a profit of 33 per cent on the immediate cost of production, amounting to four (4) hundred cents even. My this year's crop of cordwood will be larger, and as I shall tend it entirely myself, it is anticipated that the profits (if not the prophets) will be immense, and go to swell my rapidly-increasing exchequer (or something of that color) to munificent proportions, or "tharabouts."

I knew that my talents would some day find responsive appreciation, and I internally rejoiced when they said unto me, "Go up higher," and assigned me a place where I could swing the axe with that eager, hearty vim so consoling and satisfying to those whose genius so naturally leads in that direction. With this intuitive leading, and the gathered strength from the aggregated effects of the peculiarly inspiring exercise, it will be my own fault if I do not make my mark (if not many marks—upon the trees) in this new department of promotion gained as a reward of progressive ambition.

Every Sunday I go about 1½ miles west to get my butter, in order to get first class. Close by the farm house is a dense thicket of plum trees and sprouts so thick that it is almost impossible to penetrate in many places; all the outgrowth of two trees planted about fifteen years ago. The land covered embraces about an acre of ground. The variety is the red and yellow May, about the size and flavor of the wild goose. This thicket bears enormously every year and is free for everybody, and for about one month each year it is perfectly bewildering to think of the bushels upon bushels of plums that are gathered on this neglected spot of ground.

We have had a cold wave for the past two weeks, many nights requiring heavy covers; as cool or cooler than for any time during two months previous. Tomatoes, potatoes, beans, peas, cucumbers, turnips, etc., are plentiful; but if you want to find fruit plentiful the year round, go to the north. You can not visit a house in this county and find a basket or basin of apples always setting around handy like we do "back there." I do not remember ever passing a winter in my life without seeing that until I came to Texas. As far as myself individually is concerned, I do not care for the apples much, though I like to see their blessed faces peering around. Irish potatoes can not be kept here without shriveling and becoming soft. So with apples and turnips, and perhaps other things to which my attention has not been directed.

The water as a rule comes from the wells and springs tepid and with some objectionable flavor or sediment, though there are of course many exceptions. My spring, fifty feet from the door, comes forth clear as crystal through a bed of crawling sand, perfectly soft, tasteless, with a slightly coolish temperature. It issues from one side of a prairie-like opening in the woods slightly depressed diagonally through its center and in outline resembling a child's bib, occupying perhaps three-fourths of an acre, thickly set in wild grass, with some great clumps of a peculiarly kind of fern. When I came here, last August, the bonest most all over it was so high that cattle could hide all over it, besides the fallen brush from the edges of the timbered border. Cutting the bonest while in bloom settled its hash, while burning the brush makes it look reasonably inviting this summer, as the mound-like clumps of fern but add picturesqueness to the scene as I sit now outside my palace overlooking it all and dreaming of the possibilities under the magic touch of tasteful genius backed by the almighty dollar. Just as I wrote the last word in the above sentence, the advance puff of an approaching thunder shower stripped off the last three leaves of my letter from the board on which I am writing, and as I jumped to regain them before they sailed away too far, the soothing dreams of the moment had fled, the almost insufferable hot afternoon atmosphere had begun to cool rapidly, and I hurried in for coat and vest.

We are now in the midst of the blackberry harvest, and though but little has yet been done here in the culture, the yield per bush is enormous and gives an indication of how well the people might live if they would.

I attended a populist primary yesterday at the county seat. The voting was done with printed tickets, same as in the general election. The populists are increasing rapidly here.

Just as I wrote the last sentence an owl broke out with his usual vigorous question preceded by a soul-penetrating, unearthly (?) scream resembling the heartrending, child like scream of the panther. I never heard owls do it that way in Indiana, though it is common here. This owl has a softer, more feminine voice than his Indiana cousin, and prolongs his "too-who, who, who are you" to a greater length; in-

deed, does a neat job of it; but when all is still, and one is perhaps dreaming and not properly braced, that sudden, agonizing scream, as a prelude to his short oration, goes down one's spine like an electric shock, especially if he is close by, which is unpleasantly frequent. There are two other kinds of owl here; one is called the "laughing owl," and a pretty good imitation laugh he makes of it. The other more nearly imitates the Indiana article, though he does not give that magnificent musical base which characterizes the owl of the mountains of the old Hoosier state.

I am tempted to rob you of another moment's time by telling you of a dinner at which I sat yesterday at a hotel in the town of C—. The table, about thirty feet long, was set in old-time style and loaded with stuff cooked up and placed without any reference to cheerful and inviting appearance. Several kinds of meat piled up were so thick that I know they could have been placed touching each other in a line from one end to the other, and perhaps half as far again. This in the "sunny south," where all kinds of fruit should prevail. But you must know that we here are largely represented by Kilgore and governed by Hogg. My knife and fork were so dirty and black, including the general surroundings, that I soon discovered I hadn't lost any dinner, and fled, thinking perhaps I might live to eat some other day. I took supper at the other hotel, where everything was inviting and tempting, and so taking the two meals together, I balanced accounts by striking an average in consumption, as I most certainly did justice to the evening repast. There is a difference between cooks and housekeepers as there is some slight difference between night and day.

S. T. H.

TO CONTRACTORS.

Bids will be received until Friday, August 3, 1894, at 8 o'clock p.m., for the erection of a school building at Hood River, Oregon. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of M. H. Nickelsen, school clerk, Hood River, Oregon, after July 13, 1894. Right reserved to reject any or all bids. Address

T. C. DALLAS,

Chairman of School Board.

PHELPS CREEK WATER CO.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Phelps Creek Water Company will be held at Smith's school house July 23, 1894, at 2 p.m., for the election of officers and such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

T. E. WICKENS, President.

W. J. CAMPBELL, Secretary.

Hood River, Or., July 13, 1894.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Stockholders of the Hood River Fruit Growers' Union, take notice: An assessment of 107 (or 50 cents per share) on the capital stock of the corporation has been levied by the Board of Directors and is now due. Leave the amount and get your receipt at the store of A. S. Blowers & Co.

H. P. DAVIDSON, Secretary.

FOR SALE.

A thoroughbred Jersey bull, for sale cheap for cash. Also have several cows to dispose of. MRS. D. K. ORDWAY.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified that they will be required to pay a rental for any space occupied by them along the line of the railroad spur on my homestead. MRS. MATTIE A. OILER.

Hood River, Or., April 18, 1894.

FOR SALE.

Eighty acres, five miles from town; 40 acres in cultivation; 600 trees, principally apple, in full bearing. All fenced. Good house and barn. Three shares of water in Hood River Supply Co. go with the place. Good well and spring. HARVEY CRAPPER.

Midwinter Fair.

If you intend visiting the great midwinter fair, call on the nearest Union Pacific agent, and he can tell you all about the exceedingly low rate and the advantages offered by this line to San Francisco and return, or address W. H. Hurlburt, assistant general passenger agent, Portland.



Saved Her Life.

Mrs. C. J. WOODBRIDGE, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going in to find it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Prompt to act, sure to cure.

S.E. Bartmess.

DEALER IN

FURNITURE AND ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL.

Wall Paper, Paints, Oils etc.

A large supply of, and Exclusive Right to sell

JOHN W. MASURY'S

Celebrated liquid colors and tinted leads.

Undertaking a Specialty.

Not a member of a "trust" but of an association, devoted to advancing the interests of the profession, and will sell as cheap as anyone not in the association.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR

HANNA & WOLFARD.

Mays AND Crowe,

JOBBERS AND RETAILERS IN

HARDWARE, TINWARE, Etc., Etc.

Corner of Second and Federal Streets.

CELEBRATED

Acorn and Charter Oak

Stoves and Ranges.

Guns, Ammunition and Sporting Goods,

Iron, Coal,

Blacksmith Supplies,

Wagonmaker's Material,

Sewer Pipe,

Pumps and Pipes,

Plumbing Supplies.

Studebaker

Wagons, and Carriages

Osborne

Reapers and Mowers.

AGENTS FOR

Mitchell, Lewis & Staver

Company's Agricultural Implements and Machinery.

ARBED WIRE.

WE HAVE DECIDED

That thirty days is as long as we can credit goods, and would respectfully request our patrons to govern themselves accordingly.

Hood River Pharmacy's

Directions for Mixing the Acme Compound.

Weigh out ten pounds of the Compound and put it in a barrel or large kettle; then pour on five gallons of boiling water gradually, until the mixture is of the consistency of soft soap—stirring it all the time. After it is thoroughly dissolved add the balance of the water (forty-five gallons), hot or cold—hot preferred. Do not boil the mixture. It is then ready to apply. Be sure and have your kettles or barrel clean (also your spraying tank) and free from other mixtures, in order to avoid clogging your spraying nozzles. Do not spray when the trees are moist. For Codlin Moth use No. 2, and spray immediately after the blossoms drop, then again four weeks after, which will destroy all other insects that may appear. Apply by means of a spray pump or a florist's syringe.

Testimonials.

Coralitos, Cal., March 23, 1894.—Watson, Erwin & Co.: I used one hundred pounds of your Acme No. 1, and it had the desired effect; it not only gets away with the insect but it cleans up the tree and leaves it in a healthy condition. I will guarantee it will do just what it is recommended to do. Yours truly, J. E. MORTIMER.

Niles, March 14, 1894.—I have had six years' experience spraying, and used various washes to quite an extent. For the last two seasons I have used Acme Insecticide, and find it the best wash, and that it gives the best results of any I ever used. It is a very pleasant wash to use, and easily prepared. JOE TYSON.

WILLIAMS & BROSIUS.

O. B. Hartley,

THE BUTCHER.

HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND THE

Choicest Meats, Ham,

Bacon, lard, Game,

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VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.

Corner of Oak and Fourth Streets. Hood River, Oregon.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

STATIONERY, GLASSWARE,

LAMPS, BLANK-BOOKS, SCHOOL

SUPPLIES,

BOOKS, PERIODICALS, NOTIONS, CANDIES

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