

Hood River Glacier.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

A law was passed by the late congress allowing postmasters of the fourth class to administer any and all oaths required to be made by pensioners and their witnesses in the execution of their vouchers, with the same effect as officers having a seal. Such postmaster must affix the stamp of his office to his signature, and is authorized to charge the pensioner 25 cents for each voucher.

The GLACIER last week printed a clipping from a Portland paper stating that there would be a change in school books, and giving the impression that the change would be immediate. Prof. Rigler of the Portland High school stated recently that the text books for the schools of the state are to be re-adopted before January 1, 1895; but even if new books are adopted throughout—which is not probable—the change does not take effect until October, 1895.

Dispatches from Seoul of September 16th state that a great battle was fought in Korea between the Japanese and Chinese, in which the latter were defeated with a loss of 2300 men killed and several important officers captured. The loss of the Japanese was only 300 or 400. It is thought this will end the fighting in Korea for this year, and it is hoped by the Japanese that the victory will serve as a basis for peace negotiations.

The republicans of Klickitat county, Wash., have nominated the following ticket: Representative, Leon W. Curtis; sheriff, Frank B. Stinson; treasurer, Arthur Chapman; auditor, Hugh C. Phillips; clerk, George F. McKenney; prosecuting attorney, C. H. Spalding; assessor, Joseph E. Beeks; school superintendent, C. M. Ryman; surveyor, Walter Jones; coroner, Peter Nelson; commissioner of district, Jas. Thompson; commissioner, 3d district, W. R. Dunbar.

The Klickitat county (Wash.) democratic convention at Goldendale, last week, nominated the following ticket: Representative, W. E. Neal; sheriff, I. H. Ely; treasurer, W. H. Ward; auditor, S. E. Van Vleet; clerk, George N. Maddock; assessor, James K. Jerratt; school superintendent, J. C. Baker; surveyor, Charles Schuiz; coroner, C. A. Schroeder; commissioner, 2d district, C. Goodhue; commissioner, 3d district, John Hess.

The citizens of Skamania county, Washington, met in convention at Stevenson, last week, and nominated a non-partisan ticket. In the resolutions adopted they declare "That we, the citizens of Skamania county, in convention assembled, believe the best interests of our county can be subserved by electing the most competent men to office, irrespective of their party affiliations." The following ticket was nominated: Representative, J. P. Gillette; clerk and auditor, Charles G. Green; treasurer, Frank Kale; assessor, W. L. Gray; sheriff, Jeff Nickerson; surveyor, W. R. Taylor; school superintendent, Frank Marble; coroner, Jos. Towse; county committee—Frank Marble, C. G. Green and Amos Underwood.

In another column is printed the call of "Many Citizens" for a public meeting to consider the question of holding a horticultural fair this fall. The GLACIER is in favor of holding a fair. The little exhibit we had last year, which was gotten up in a hurry on short notice, did more to advertise Hood River apples than anything ever attempted here. It proved the capabilities of Hood River soil and climate for the production of apples, and many of our own citizens for the first time realized that we had a great apple country. It created a demand for apple land that still continues, and more apple trees have been set here in the past year than ever before. The attendance of the Oregon and Washington Press Association made the fair a success. The editors will pass Hood River this year October 1st, on their way to Pendleton, where they will meet on the 2d. If our friends be in operation when they pass, either way, arrangements might be made for their special train to stop long enough for them to view our exhibit. There is no question but that we can make a better exhibit than we did last year. Our apples will be more mature, and this being the off year with us for apples, they will be of better quality. Other matters of importance will be brought before the meeting today, and every one interested in Hood River should attend.

The sugar planters of Louisiana met in convention at New Orleans, Monday, and went over to the republican party in a body, declaring in favor of the principle of protection to American industries and pledging their support to congressional candidates who will stand by the national republican party in the organization of the house. It is expected this action of the sugar planters will give the republicans three congressmen from the state. The democrats will then be relieved of the charge of legislating in the interests of the solid South, and especially the Louisiana sugar planters, and therefore ought

to be able to gain more than enough congressmen from other quarters to offset their loss in Louisiana. But the sugar planters will never get back their bounty. The McKinley law is repealed, and nothing like it can be enacted for three years, at least, and by that time the question of sugar bounties will have been so thoroughly ventilated that the scheme will have no following outside the two or three sugar-producing states. The campaign of education on the sugar bounty has been inaugurated by the beneficiaries, but it may not end to their satisfaction. Eastern Oregon farmers cannot afford to raise wheat for 27 cents a bushel, and they have the same right as the sugar planters to ask the government to make up the deficiency.

Belmont.
Friday last a pleasant evening was spent at the reception given Rev. John and Mrs. T. Gregory.

The Epworth League held an open-air meeting last Sunday. The attendance was good and the singing was enjoyed by all. Mr. A. McKenzie conducted the services. He is an earnest worker in the church, and the young people hope to have him in Belmont again soon.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term of the Epworth League: Miss Emma Shepard, president; Miss L. Templeton, first vice; Mrs. M. E. Porter, second vice; J. J. Neale, third vice; Miss Pearl Templeton, fourth vice; M. M. Moore, Warren, secretary; Mrs. Summerville, treasurer.

Rev. John and family are in the Dunes this week and will return by way of Mosier, where Mr. Jones will preach on the 23d.

Mr. Joan Rand has been on the sick bed the past few days, but is much improved.

Mrs. W. F. Sober is anticipated going to St. Louis to reside permanently.

Rev. G. Hodson arrived at his new place of labor on the 11th. He is favorably impressed with Elleville. The Methodist people are building a parsonage which will be ready for occupancy soon.

A Pretty Home.
Yesterday we visited Hood River and took a drive out through the valley, taking dinner with Mr. and Mrs. John Parker at their new home. It was astonishing to see how rapidly that section is developing and the pretty home and young orchards of Mr. Parker were a typical example. Three years ago the forest alone held sway where now thrifty trees and luxuriant vines give promise of future wealth. It is one of the prettiest places in the valley, and that is giving a great deal. There is a fine view of Mt. Hood, and the land sloping gently down to Hood river gives a magnificent view of that stream as it plays leap-frog over the boulders on its mad chase to the Columbia. The scenery was grand, and twenty years ago might have evoked a half column of sentimentality, but gray hairs have brought wisdom, and we confess that our tenderest recollections are of the dinner.

To Whom It May Concern.
There will be given a fruit, watermelon and cake social next Tuesday evening, beginning at 5 and ending at 9 p. m. No lines of sex, creed or politics will be observed. The country and town folks as well as rousing invited. The object being to build up the social relations and more essentially to draw out the finances for the encouragement of a worthy Christian minister. The first installment to the above is the small sum of 10 cents. Held at the old historic Coe mansion, on the Watson ranch. Given by the Mrs. Watsons and friends.

Camp Fire.
There will be a camp fire Tuesday, September 25th, at or near the old grounds. All old soldiers and their families and citizens generally are requested to participate and make it a pleasant occasion. Bring your buckets and let us have a rousing old-fashioned time. Meet at 10 o'clock. Coffee will be made on the grounds.

E. D. CALKINS,
W. T. HANBERRY,
Committee.

Letter List.
The following is a list of the letters remaining unclaimed in this office September 1, 1894:

Atkerton, C. E.	Fisher, Johanna G.
Harren, B.	Hope, S. B.
Hudson, Ben M.	Taylor, Bert M.
Pierce, Frank	Meacham, Geo A.
Wald, P. J.	Pearson, C. H.

J. H. Mosier of Mosier, who has been sick all summer but was thought to be recovering, was taken worse last week, and his daughter, Mrs. Sue Adams, was sent for Tuesday, as it was thought he was dying. Mr. Mosier is about 73 years of age and crossed the plains to Oregon in 1834. He served as representative from Wasco county in the legislative session of 1876, elected by the democrats.

In replacing the records in the vault of the clerk's office many old documents are brought to light, some bearing date as early as 1834. Wasco is one of the oldest counties in the state, and formerly embraced all the region from the Cascades to the Rocky mountains. There are election returns now on file in the clerk's office from Walla Walla precinct, Wasco county, Oregon territory—Mountaineer.

W. H. Doolittle and S. C. Hyde are the republican candidates for congress in Washington.

MRS. LORING'S KITCHEN ROMANCE.

By HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

(Reprinted from Harper's Bazar, by permission. Copyright, 1887, by Harper & Bros.) (Concluded from last week.)

All this while she pleasantly welcomed him back to America, and asked him in. His honest face, which had aged more than was natural in a year and a half, betrayed the disappointment he felt when Mrs. Loring, and not Tilda, opened the door.

"Ees Tilda gone out?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered; "that is" (longing to gain a little time), "she left me over a month ago." Here she paused, and the pity that was in her heart crept into her face, and Nicholas perceived it.

"Ees anything com at hare?" he asked, in an awe-struck tone. "Ees she died?"

"No, my poor fellow," answered Mrs. Loring, laying her delicate white hand kindly on his big red one. "Sit down a minute, and try to be brave and strong, for I have something very hard to tell you."

Nicholas obeyed, his weather-beaten cheeks blanching under the brown, and his honest blue eyes holding so much wondering distress in them that Mrs. Loring's task became indeed hard.

"It is better to know the worst than to wait," she said. "Tilda has been very cruel and untruthful to you, and she is married to an—" A heavy groan arrested her words. She had spoken with averted eyes, shrinking from gazing upon the pain she was giving. Now she saw that he had sunk forward in a limp heap, head and shoulders buried in his arms upon the table. Perfect silence followed the groan, and Mrs. Loring respected it; but as minutes past, and he neither moved nor made a sound, she spoke to him. Receiving no answer, she touched his shoulder; he did not move. Then she knew the big man had fainted. There was ice-water in the dining-room, and quickly getting a glass, she turned his head so as to bring the face outward, and dashed a little in it. The effect was immediate. He opened his eyes and lifted his head. For a moment he was quite dazed; then all came back to him, and he staggered to his feet.

"I will go," he said, heavily, half feeling, half looking about him for his hat.

"No, indeed, my poor fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Loring; "not yet. You must let me warm you some tea before you go out. I am afraid you are not well." And she motioned him to sit down. Then he saw the splash of water on the table and the front of her dress (for she had spilled it in running), and putting his hand to his shirt collar, felt it there. He thought an instant, and the meaning came to him.

"I hev mek trouble," he said, humbly; "I hev travayl so far, an' I hev sometime not eat mush, an' I hev dey's gone," and his voice broke.

Mrs. Loring was putting the tea on the stove as he spoke. After stirring the fire she sat down by him. "I am so sorry for you!" she said, earnestly. "I wish I could help you bear your trouble, but I am afraid nobody can; but Tilda has been wicked and fickle, and you must try to forget her."

Nicholas winced; he could not hear the rosy little woman that had so long been dear to him harshly spoken of even now. "Ef you please, Mees Loring, mebbe some mar letters been los'." Mebbe see tink I forgot hare, de vway so lots odder mans does."

Mrs. Loring thought indignation would be a good tonic, and replied: "No; she received every one of your letters—one every two weeks till she was married; and since, for what I know, but she said she couldn't wait for a man that loved his father and mother more than her."

The diversion was partly successful. "Ah, mar poor old moder!" he exclaimed, the blood mounting to his face. "I'm breeng hare fom all whut de things see know, an' fom uvrytings see love, for Tilda. An' ve leev mar fader in deys grave fen deys Likkista* faders is not dead, for Tilda! Ah, see never leev me!"

"No," said Mrs. Loring, "I'm afraid she never knew what true love was. And your father is dead? Tell me about it."

"Thank you," he said. "Dey's one mont' sence he die. He been seek ever sence fen dat time dey sen' for me. Dey's par'fais he hev. He kenenty vank, he kenenty do noting wid hees hands, he kenenty eat heeself, an' all whut things he knows ees fen he's hungry; an' he's beeg as me, an' mar moder kenenty leet em, so I got to star. Den dat bank fare I hev all money whut I hev save, dey break, an' I got no money; an' I kenenty work mush fen my fader seek, fen he die we hev debt and trouble togadder. Ve hev a small lands, an' I tale mar moder ve well uvryting an' com to Amer'ca. See cry an' cry; but I tale see I hev promise, an' I love Tilda, an' see hev vwayed longer time, so mar moder com. Fen ve hev sell all an' pay de debts ve heventy mush, an' fen ve got teekets on de steamer an' de cars, ve got so liddle lef' dat all de vay comin' ve kenenty eat mush—so I am a schild yust now."

"You are a man—every inch—and a good man!" exclaimed Mrs. Loring, with her eyes full of tears; "and a girl like Tilda don't deserve you. Tell me where your good old mother is, and I

*Swedish for coffin.

will go to see her tomorrow. You are sober and industrious, and you will soon have plenty of work, and till you get it you must let us help you. You can pay back every cent we lend you with interest, if you want to," she added. "And now drink some tea and eat something." As she spoke she set the tea and some bread and butter and meat on the table; then, with an "I'll be back directly," she disappeared, and busied herself in the store-room arranging a package of tea and sugar and other little things that would be appreciated by an old woman. When she thought he had had time to finish his supper she returned. "Take these to your mother," she said. "An old person needs little things that younger people can get along without, and it's too late now to get anything; the stores will all be shut."

As fine an instinct as Mrs. Loring's own helped Nicholas to accept the gift and the kindly ruse together, saying, simply, as he rose to go: "Dey's vay kind, Mees Loring; see tank you vay mush, an' I tank you for all whut de things you do for me. I got not so much trouble fen I got you kindness."

The next day Mrs. Loring fulfilled her promise of calling upon old Mrs. Jansen, and indeed kept them both upon her mind until Nicholas found steady work, and they were comfortably settled. Indeed, she never quite lost sight of them until they left the city to live elsewhere, five years later; for the old lady would come every month or two to pay her respects, and was employed by Mrs. Loring to knit mittens, etc., for the children, and sometimes on Sunday she met the pair on their way to church, or walking in the afternoon, Nicholas always with his old mother on his arm. Never once did she see a younger woman with him.

But she did not see Tilda for over three years from the day she left her, and supposed she had left the city, more especially as her husband had some thought of doing so when they were married. But one morning, at the end of that time, she was told there was a woman in the kitchen who wanted to see her. The woman was wretchedly clad, thin, haggard and scare-looking. Could she be?—yes, she was Tilda.

Mrs. Loring was shocked. "Come into the dining room," she said. "I must see you alone. I fear you are in great trouble."

Poor Tilda! Mrs. Loring's kind, familiar voice quite broke her down, and she could do nothing but sit and sob. It was evident, as she tottered from the kitchen, that her strength was nearly spent, so Mrs. Loring did not try to make her talk until she had brought her a little tea. Then her story came out—the old one which so many of us have heard: a husband given more and more to the vice of drinking, and her life one of neglect, cruel treatment, and want. She had already borne three children, the youngest of whom was not yet two weeks old, and was huddled under her shawl, and all of them were starving.

Mrs. Loring, as usual, was equal to the emergency. She telephoned for a hack, and while it was coming, hastily prepared a bundle of immediate necessities, and was soon with Tilda in the wretched place she called home, where she saw the poor creature back into her bed, and paid a neighbor to see to her and the children till she should be stronger; but the exposure had been too great, and she died the next week. On one of the last days in which she had intervals of consciousness she beckoned Mrs. Loring, who had come to see how she was, to the bed. "Nicholas come back in America," she said.

Mrs. Loring nodded assent. "Yes; I see him often, Tilda."

"I hev see em on a street, t'ree year 'go," Tilda continued, speaking with difficulty; "em say noting, but em look, so I tink God lookin' at me!"

She had not spoken so much before for many hours, and her voice died weakly away. Mrs. Loring thought she was about to lapse again into unconsciousness, but watching a second she noticed a voiceless motion of the lips and an anxious look in the eyes, that showed she was trying to hold her wandering mind till strength should come to speak again.

"Would you like to say something to him, Tilda?" she asked, gently.

A look of relief came to the poor pinched face. "Tal em," she began, faintly—"tal em—ask em—" Her mind was slipping from her, and she seemed to clutch for it until she should have finished; but her thoughts would no longer shape themselves in English, or remember a mediating third party. "O Kara van! foriat mig, for jag har handlat illa, Gud har straffat mig—och, foriat foriat mig," she whispered, hoarsely. The last words died in an almost inarticulate murmur, and she passed again into an unconscious state, from which she did not again rally.

*O dear friend! Forgive me, for I have done wrong. God has punished me. Forgive—forgive me!

FOR SALE.

Sixty acres, 1 1/2 miles from town. Valuable improvements and plenty of water for irrigation on the place. Extra early and frostless location. Three acres in strawberries and other things coming. See me personally on the place for full information.

T. R. COON.



The Annie Wright Seminary.
TACOMA, WASHINGTON.
1884. Eleventh Year. 1894.
A Boarding School for Girls,
with Superior Advantages.

THE INSTITUTION
GIVES CAREFUL
ATTENTION TO THE
MORAL
INTELLECTUAL
PHYSICAL
DEVELOPMENT
OF THE
STUDENT.

**Excellent Teachers,
Beautiful Surroundings.**
SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES,
Address,
MRS. SARAH K. WHITE, Principal.

W. N. WEST, THE BUTCHER.

**HAS 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.

HANNA & WOLFARD,

—DEALERS IN—

**General Merchandise,
HOOD RIVER, OREGON.**

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.

Corallitos, Cal., March 26, 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.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Stockholders of the Hood River Fruit Growers' Union, take notice: An assessment of 10 per cent (or 50 cts a 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. M. Blowers & Co.
H. F. DAVIDSON, Secretary.

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.

FOR SALE.

House and lot in Hood River. Apply to
A. S. BLOWERS.

C. J. HAYEN, SURVEYOR.

All work given him will be done correctly and promptly. He has a few good claims upon which he can locate parties; both farming and timber lands. February, 1894.

Land for Rent.

25 acres on shares. 18 ready for sowing to wheat. Apply to J. E. Feak, Hood River.



A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong." T. D. M., Norcatur, Kans.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you