

Hood River Glacier.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

Gloystein, the man who was reported as murdered by the populists of Spokane because of his republican principles, has been discovered at Moro, Sherman county, where he was at work on a farm.

Klickitat county populist ticket: For representative, C.E. Rusk; sheriff, Sam Shell; treasurer, D. F. Hartley; auditor, S. H. Mason; clerk, T. D. Adams; assessor, A. Willard; school superintendent, Mrs. Mary Reynolds; coroner, H. D. Young; commissioner, second district, A. J. Long; commissioner, third district, John M. Hess.

Mrs. Charles White of Chamberlain Flat, Klickitat county, Wash., was bitten on the little finger by a rattlesnake, last week, and now lies in a very critical condition at a hotel in Golden-dale. Her arm is frightfully swollen, has turned black, and her physician is fighting blood poisoning.

The most destructive and life-destroying storm in the history of the country visited parts of Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin on the night of the 21st. Hundreds of people were killed and whole towns destroyed. The towns damaged or destroyed were: Cylinder, Forest City, Manly Junction and Oswein, Iowa; Leroy, Spring Valley, Dodge Center, Lowther and Holmes, Minnesota; and Marshfield, Wisconsin.

A Mrs. Frank Pierce of Wyoming claims to be the only legitimate child of the late Jay Gould. According to her story, her mother was married to Jay Gould in New York in 1853, and before she was born, in 1854, her mother left Jay on account of ill treatment, and they were never divorced. Mrs. Pierce's husband, who is the populist candidate for state auditor in Wyoming, claims to have the marriage certificate and that one of the witnesses is still living. Pierce and his wife lay claim to all the wealth of the Goulds.

A fire in Portland, last Sunday, destroyed the Pacific coast wheat elevator, warehouse and contents, the railroad coal bunkers and contents, a vast stretch of wharves, sixty or more freight cars and wheat contents, a number of cars containing a part of the great plant of the Portland General Electric Co., about four miles of railroad track, and the river steamer Willamette Chief. The conflagration consumed in round numbers \$1,000,000 worth of property. It was pretty fully covered by insurance. The fire department could do little or nothing to stay the progress of the flames, and they completely devoured everything in their path, and subsided only from lack of material. The origin of the fire is not definitely known. The disaster was altogether the most serious that has visited Portland since the great fire of August 2, 1873.

Boycotting fourth-class postmasters had become quite common in Pennsylvania till the assistant postmaster general stopped it by discontinuing the offices. The most flagrant case is reported from LaPlume, Lackawanna county, Pa. When the term of the republican postmaster expired a few months ago, the only democrat in town, a farmer who lived on the outskirts of the village, was appointed to the place. His predecessor, in addition to being postmaster, carried on an extensive business in which a great deal of advertising was necessary. He distributed thousands of circulars daily through the mails, and in that way increased the revenues of the office so that it was made an office with a salary fixed at \$1,300 per annum. As soon as he lost the office he bought his stamps elsewhere and mailed his circulars at another office, reducing his successor's compensation to \$300 per year. The boycott did not stop there. Every republican in town took up the fight, and it went so far that the democratic postmaster was not able to rent a room for the post office. When Assistant Postmaster General Jones was advised of the situation he ordered the office to be discontinued. Now the republican patrons are sending petitions to the department to re-establish the post office.

General James A. Varney, who died at Oakland, Oregon, September 20th, was born in Maine in 1825. In 1861 he was appointed chaplain of the Seventh Maine regiment and served in all the battles and engagements of the Peninsula campaign under General McClellan. At the close of the war he returned to Maine, where he spent several years in business pursuits, leaving that state in 1877 to engage in the sheep business in Oregon with his brother-in-law, Thomas S. Lang of The Dalles. In 1882 he sold his flocks and moved to The Dalles, where he resided ten years. In 1891 he became a member and manager in charge of the Chenoweth Park Association, a corporation owning several thousand acres of orchards and vineyards in the vicinity of Oakland. General Varney was a member of the Trinity Commandery of Knights Templars of Augusta, Me., a member of the Loyal Legion, and in 1890 was commander of the department of Oregon,

Grand Army of the Republic. For years he was a member of the Oregon state board of horticulture and was high authority on all questions connected with the fruit industry. The following tribute to his memory from the Times-Mountaineer can be subscribed to by all who knew him in this section: "General Varney's life was remarkably pure, blameless and useful, and wherever he sojourned his neighbors became his warm and admiring friends. Although he had almost reached the mark of three score years and ten, his manner of life had been so temperate and correct that his appearance was that of a man under 50, and his bearing erect and soldierly."

The democracy of New York nominated Senator Hill for governor by acclamation against his repeated and persistent declinations. On the roll call for nomination, after all other candidates had been withdrawn in favor of Hill, Bourke Cockran interrupted by springing on a table and thundering out: "All who are in favor of the nomination by acclamation will say 'Aye.'" There was a mighty shout, and to the same summons for those opposed, "No," there was not a voice heard. Then, turning to Senator Hill, who was chairman of the convention, he said: "Sir, the people summon you to your duty." It is wonderful what a hold this man has upon the democracy and the people of the Empire state. The platform adopted endorses the Cleveland administration and denounces the income tax. Hill may be elected governor of New York in November, but his boom for the presidency will get no further. The West and South will nominate the next candidate, and these sections will send solid delegations to the national convention against David B. Hill.

The Frankfort Literary Society.
EDITOR GLACIER: Since the vexatious berry crops, along with the high hopes which they early inspired, have again vanished into the—where, oh where? and the mightiest flood that has rolled down the Columbia for the past age, together with many of the saddest calculations of men, have again found their way to the sea; and the long autumnal evenings having again put in their appearance, shortening somewhat the hours of labor, we suggest that you appoint about next Friday or Saturday night for the reopening of our literary exercises at the school house in district No. 2. Such societies, if properly carried on, are a real benefit to a community, brightening up and electrifying all who take part in or attend them. And as they lead to the study and perusal of books, and to connected thinking, they broaden one's views and are a real means to the acquisition of knowledge and to social good fellowship generally. And the rural toiler who, after his long summer of wearing and monotonous labor, is too stupid or too cranky to find any pleasure or recreation in such entertainments, deserves to live in a rat-hole all his life.

The school children delight in such occasions for speaking pieces, singing, etc; the young men for the opportunities afforded them for taking their sisters (of somebody else's) out for a walk or a drive, and also for pluming their half-fledged wings in the debate, preparatory to their more daring flights that are shortly to take place in the halls of congress. The young ladies like to come, to read, to sing, and to—why, because other people come, of course. The married ladies come for recreation and for the great amusement of hearing the men make spread eagles of themselves. The married men—well, judging by a single specimen, I should say that they too long to be again in the arena contesting the ground with a stubborn opponent, and revealing to their amazed and astonished hearers the fact that a great genius may be hid beneath the rustic garb of an insignificant farmer. Yes, truly, the chronic old grumbler who would fall to find any pleasure or recreation in all this deserves to pass his life in a rat-hole.

A Success.
The sociable given by W. P. Watson and family last Monday evening was all that one could wish for. The house was beautifully decorated; the walls were completely covered with dahlias, roses and other flowers. The tables were a thing of beauty. The lunch was simply sumptuous; there was no end to cake and melons and fruit. The speaking and singing were excellent, and all went home feeling that they had spent a pleasant evening and that Mr. Watson's family knew just how to entertain. The receipts were \$7.25.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.
This is the way the wheat market is in Pendleton according to the East Oregonian: "Wheat is worth less than twenty-five cents a bushel in this county and some grades, last year's wheat, is selling as low as fifteen cents a bushel. This naturally discourages the producers, and we expect to see wheat production hereabouts decrease fully fifty per cent. The farmers would have been better off if they had produced none this year."

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The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hand, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Hood River Pharmacy.

The Power of the Press.

Colonel Pat Donan is temporarily residing in New York. To a correspondent of the St. Louis Republic he expressed his views on the power of the press:

"We speak of England, France, Germany, Russia and the United States as the 'great powers,'" said he, "but among all the powers of earth the press stands easily first and greatest. If every journalist fully appreciated his power and his responsibility, and every journal were known to be absolutely truthful, honest, fearless and incorruptible—beyond the reach of wheedling bribery or intimidation; wearing the dog collar of no party, sect or faction; patriotic and nonpartisan; always for the right and against the wrong—a union of all the newspapers would be the highest terrestrial illustration of omniscience and omnipotence."

"Such a combination could overturn any principality, throne or dominion under heaven, as a herd of Texas steers might upset a child's array of tiny tin soldiers. It could establish and maintain any system, cause, creed or institution the editors chose to support."

"Civilization culminates in the power-press, and the bounds of civilization are limited by the circulation of the daily papers. There is no civilized speech nor language where their voice is not heard or their influence is not felt. A few weeds soaked in bilge water, or a little calomel rolled in sweetened dough, with plenty of printer's ink, will make a millionaire of any pauperistic quack in five years, whether it is the brains, hearts, livers, lungs, kidneys or gizzards of newspaper readers his humbug panacea claims to regenerate."

"A few thousand acres of iron, coal or timber, a fair flatboat harbor, or two or three intersecting railroads, with reasonable circumjacent possibilities—and abundant advertising—will build a city out of nothingness anywhere in a decade. There is no enterprise or business, benefaction or villainy that cannot be pushed into triumph, or driven to failure, by the newspapers. Great reputations are created by them out of nothing and wrecked by them for amusement. In this country governors, senators and even presidents are made by them—often out of material intended for tinkers and peddlers, baseball players, gamblers, shysters, pick-pockets and thugs."

Another Railroad.

Another railway scheme is in contemplation which may yield quicker and better results for the people of Goldendale and this valley than the Vancouver and Yakima. That is an electric road to be built up the Klickitat river, with feeders to extend to Goldendale and other important points. The principal shipping trade of the road, besides the passenger traffic, which would be considerable, would be in grain, lumber and wood. The way would be down grade with loaded cars, and about all the power required would be a sufficient quantity to return the empty cars. Mr. Nesbitt received a letter a few days ago that gives positive information that the road will be built just as soon as the locks are completed. From all reports it is pretty certain that the locks will be in use in less than a year, and if all works as expected the people of Goldendale may soon hope to be connected with the outside world.—Goldendale Sentinel.

A Vanishing Army.

An entire army corps has disappeared from the ranks of the Grand Army within the past year. From 397,223 in 1893, the membership of the order has fallen to 369,034. The decline began two years ago, and is expected to continue steadily until the last old soldier has laid down his arms. But the prospect is one which the veterans can contemplate without gloom. There is not the case of an ordinary decaying society, declining in numbers through bad management or lack of interest. Death alone thins the ranks of the Grand Army. As the numbers grow less, the pride and enthusiasm grow greater. When there were four hundred thousand men wearing it the bronze button might not have been considered a supremely high distinction, but as the honor becomes rarer it will be more intensely prized. There is one member of the Grand Army now to every two hundred inhabitants of the United States. Ten years hence there may not be more than one to a thousand. In that time, when the old soldiers are no longer courted by politicians and tempted to turn their glory into coin, they will constitute as near an approach as we shall have or ought to have to an aristocracy.—San Francisco Examiner.

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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.

HADES ON EARTH.

The New Penal Settlement Which Will Succeed Siberia.

A St. Petersburg letter says that it has been decreed by the czar's government that Siberia is too good for convicts, and as soon as the new Trans-Siberia railway has penetrated its gloomy depths it will be turned into a "paradise" for agricultural settlers and mining sharps, while nihilists and other refractory members of Russian society will in the future be accommodated on the island of Saghalin, off the coast of Russian Manchuria, the eastern terminus of the czar's possessions, north of Japan. So revolting and horrible to civilized nations is Saghalin that the czar consented to its adoption as an open air prison only after the assassination of Carnot and the discovery of the recent plots against his own life. The people and the convicts of Siberia never speak of the island other than "the hell of Saghalin," and its climate is said to be so much worse than that of Siberia as to rob this appellation of an exaggerated character, even in the mouths of these lost ones. The island is separated from the main land by the Gulf of Tartary, and its eastern coast is washed by the Sea of Okhotsk. The governor of Manchuria has reported that a human being not born on the island cannot live more than a year there. There is no means of escape except in the winter, when, if a prisoner can manage to make his way one hundred miles north from the prison, it is possible to reach the main land over the ice. The ice bridge is guarded; still, two or three prisoners have escaped by dodging behind masses of snow and ice, or, what is far more probable, by bribing officials. At the present moment the most interesting convict of Saghalin is Sophia Bluhstein, a full-blooded Russian, in spite of her German name. She first achieved criminal renown by pressing her attentions upon the shah of Persia during the latter's visit to St. Petersburg. Sophia had avowedly no intention of adding his majesty to her list of admirers, but sought his acquaintance merely for the purpose of relieving him, if possible, of some of his diamonds. She was foiled in her efforts, but succeeded in having her private car attached to the shah's special train. For this piece of enterprise she was banished to Siberia for a year, and while there organized a band of cutthroats and robbers whose services she controlled on the continent after their terms had expired. She is said to be the sharpest criminal living and in sending her to Saghalin the Russian government claims to have conferred a lasting benefit upon the wealthy classes.

LONGING FOR QUIETUDE.

A St. Louis Preacher's Plan by Which People Will Have Some Rest.

A judge in Topeka has restrained a man from playing the organ more than one hour a day. "Blessed are the peacemakers." The musical public will never know what suffering they inflict upon their fellow creatures who are not gifted with the deep sense of harmony. To live next door to an unconscious sinner who is making maiden efforts to wring music out of a French horn, or to have the head of your bed against a wall act as a sounding board while an innocent maid in the next house is tantalizing a piano, seem to create the crime of justifiable profanity! The Topeka judge is a "Daniel come to judgment," says Rev. John Snyder in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. While he recognizes the necessity for a certain amount of musical practice, so that the blessing of music shall not perish from the earth, just as he would acknowledge the need of a fixed amount of human suffering in the training of barbers and dentists, yet he has equally measured the limits of human endurance, and said to the incipient violinist or budding organist: "Thus far shalt ye come, and no farther." In all seriousness, I think that the perfection of civilization will be reached when people shall learn the art of living together without noise. This is the problem that all great cities must strive to solve. I would banish every bell from city steeples. Clocks and watches have made them obsolete. I would declare that every dog troubled with insomnia is an unendurable nuisance. I would exterminate every cat that uttered a musical note after ten p. m. I would relegate to the suburbs every parrot that discussed his family affairs before sunrise. The nervous wear and tear of crowded city life is hard enough to bear without these preventable troubles. In the ideal city all those amateur pianists, violinists and French horn blowers, who are preparing to trouble the future generation, will be shut up in a suburban retreat, where they can only make each other suffer. Brass bands will be taxed to the point of extermination, and the only musicians permitted within the city limits will be those permanently afflicted people who play those diminutive instruments on the street corners, which can only be heard in the "dead waste and middle of the night," on account of their constitutional weakness. These instruments should be encouraged, because they feebly represent the form and appearance of music "without the substance thereof."

Grim Presents for the Czar.

The czar has had a good many unpleasantnesses of late. Among a number of documents awaiting his signature, which had been placed on his table, says Vanity Fair, he found a sentence of death against the emperor of all the Russias, to be carried out in twenty-four hours. It was stamped by the "Society for the Liberation of the Russias," and it was impossible to discover how it had found place on the czar's table. A few days later the czar found a skull in one of the bedrooms, on the frontal bone of which was written "Alexander." Gen. Tscherevich, who is in charge of the palaces, recently dismissed all of the emperor's servants and replaced them by old soldiers. He also made a thorough examination of the palaces and grounds, with a view of discovering any secret passages that may exist there.



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Hood River Pharmacy's

Directions for Mixing the Acme Compound.

Weight 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.

Corralitos, 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.

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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. S. BLOWERS & Co.
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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.
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A FRIEND

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For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take
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