

Hood River Glacier.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

The supreme court of Oregon has denied the injunction restraining the location of the branch asylum in Eastern Oregon.

Scientific camera artists at Mount Hamilton, California, have recently made the finest negatives of the moon ever registered on sensitive plates. Hills, valleys and craters, one of a mile diameter, were brought out plainly on plates only five inches square.

In Illinois there are only ten parties in the political field, all with state tickets to be voted for at the election next month. They are as follows: Democratic party, republican party, prohibition party, people's party, independent republican party, the people's silver party, populist party, independent party, independent democratic party, and independent people's party.

The Portland Sun, the new daily paper, came out on Monday morning. It makes a neat appearance typographically, but it couldn't be otherwise, considering that it is gotten out on the co-operative plan by the best printers of the Oregonian and Telegram offices, who lost their situations on these papers when the type-setting machines were introduced. The new paper is ably edited in all its departments, with telegraphic correspondence from all parts of the northwest and Eastern Associated Press dispatches from all parts of the world. It is independent in politics. Starting with three thousand city subscribers, 700 new names were added the first day it was issued. No paper ever started in Portland under such flattering prospects, and we predict for it abundant success under its experienced management. The Sun is printed every day in the week at the price of \$7 a year, or 65 cents a month.

The Philomath college case has reached a final decision by the supreme court of Oregon affirming the decree of the circuit court, the opinion being rendered by Judge Wolverton. This case is decisive of all the property rights of the United Brethren in the state of Oregon in favor of those known as the liberals. Two cases or suits were instituted more than four years since in the circuit court for Benton county by Philomath college, by the trustees respectively of the radical and liberal conferences of the U. B. Church in Oregon, each claiming to represent the true U. B. Church. The suit was decided in favor of the liberals, which view has been sustained by the supreme court. The litigation grew out of certain acts of the highest ecclesiastical body of that church, the quadrennial conference, in adopting what is known as the revised confession of faith at York, Pa., in 1889, by a vote of 110 to 20. Fifteen of the number who voted against adoption organized another conference and claimed to be the true Church. It was therefore an ecclesiastical question, and our supreme court has decided it just as did the supreme courts of Indiana and Pennsylvania.

A Big Heist.
Saturday night, October 13th, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, the Pacific express office was entered, or a burglar had secreted himself on the inside, and robbed the treasury box of \$14,500—\$13,000 in gold and \$1,500 in silver. On the arrival of the train that night from Portland, the agent and Mr. Ralph Gibbons had hauled to the office the treasury box with the specie in it, \$10,000 of which was consigned to French & Co. and \$5,000 to The Dallas national bank. They locked the office securely and drove to the post office and deposited the mail sack. But a few minutes elapsed before they returned, and found that the lock had been pried off the box and the money stolen. The amounts stated in gold and silver had been taken, and a sack containing about \$1500 was found on the floor. It is supposed the robber had all he could carry and was forced to leave this bag of silver. The alarm was given as soon as possible to the police, and a thorough search made.—Times-Mountain.

The U. B. Conference.
The Oregon Annual Conference of the United Brethren in Christ met in Hood River Thursday, October 18th, Bishop Castle, D. D., presiding. The following ministers are in attendance: Dr. Bell of Dayton, Ohio; Dr. Hetzler of Salem, Oregon; Rev. J. R. Parker, presiding elder of Oregon conference, of Philomath, Oregon; Prof. Bonebrake, A. B., of Philomath, Oregon; Rev. West of Salem, Oregon; Rev. E. Snyder of Eugene, Oregon; Rev. C. C. Bell of Portland, Oregon; Rev. J. W. Adams of Dufur, Oregon; Rev. Fairchild of Vancouver, Wash.; Hon. John Hinkle and wife of Portland, Oregon; Rev. Snapp of Columbus, Wash.; Rev. A. S. Parker of Puyallup, Wash.; Mrs. A. Smith of Puyallup, Wash., and a number of laymen of the Oregon conference.

Dr. Eliot of this city returned from Hood River yesterday, bringing with him two fine specimens of the Oregon apple, which he placed on exhibition at the Oregon Immigration board. The apples are larger than any that have been sent to the board since the famous Gloria Mundi, which captured

the prize at the world's fair, was received. Both grew upon one stem in the orchard of M. V. Rand, Hood River. The larger one is 15 inches in circumference and weighs 1 pound 7 ounces; the other weighs 1 pound 4 ounces.—Portland Sun.

Letter from Texas.
MYRTLE SPRINGS, TEXAS, Sept. 30.—The letter I promised you some time back will not be forthcoming from the fact that the old veteran who had invited me to accompany him to the reunion was not able at the last moment to go. In its stead I present you a short account of my trip over to Lindale, 35 miles to the east, about two weeks ago.

Furnished with a staunch light buggy and a good looking, well kept horse, minus the left eye, disposed to kick up whenever the whip was applied, and requiring a good deal of pushing on the lines to make reasonable time, I put out. Seven miles out I met a nearly grown darkey with a load of coons, so heavy that he had dragged them along, stopping every few steps to change hands. This reminds me that I took my first bait of 'possum meat the other day at the house of a neighbor, and if I am allowed to indulge the gentle warble, with prejudice aside, 'possum meat is all right. 'Possums are very plentiful and fat and make a toothsome Texan dish. Whenever my friend has something extra, like alligator steak, hog liver, turtle soup, roast 'possum or boiled centipede, he always invites me over.

I stopped to take lunch at a fine bold spring (rather rare in these parts), and as I rested and lunched there swarmed out at frequent intervals from a little windowless cabin hard by quite a number of the future congressmen and presidents of this great republic.

On my return I stopped to lunch ten miles east of this place. Here was also one of the pioneer houses—three rooms, but absolutely innocent of a "winder" of any kind. Although I had my lunch with me and was preparing to attack it with winning determination, I was pressed so hard with the characteristic, unvarnished hospitality of the humble settler that I weakened and went in, as dinner was already in progress. Although it was washday and the head of the house in bed from a recent fall off a load of hay, there was a dainty light biscuit fit for a king. This was so different from the execrable stuff one usually finds here, called "bread," that I opened my eyes. Here was a quartette of as lovely, well behaved, intelligent looking girls, ranging from 5 or 6 to 15 years, as one could wish to see—girls that, with the necessary opportunities, might be able to grace any society—doomed, perhaps, to spend the larger part of their bright young days in the cotton field.

The whole surface of this county may be described as gently undulating, scarcely a hill to break the monotony, but when I reached Smith county I found long, sloping hills and began to cross streams of water, and this continued all the last half of my journey, with also an increase in the size of the timber which skirts one or both sides of the road almost the entire distance.

I spent all the next day talking to the berry men and examining the little berry farms, one to two acres each, which surround the town of Lindale. It is a sight well worth the trip. Eight years ago the place was a struggling nucleus, the principal business of which was done by two saloons. Now they have a respectable town, roomy, tasteful houses, the saloons all routed, and are shipping thousands of crates of berries and large quantities of peaches and apples. I don't remember ever seeing a town (perhaps 500 population) with so large a proportion of good houses, and they have built them with the sales of fruit. I am now hunting for the man who says that a town never amounts to anything without a saloon. The last night out I staid with one of the leading berry producers at Lindale. He volunteered some of his history, which I summarize. While his young family were growing up he spent fifteen years of his best days drinking. Twelve years ago, without credit and penniless, he "came to himself," triumphed, and banished the intoxicating cup forever. Soon after he went to Lindale, planted berries, and now his nice cottage and well-tilled orchard and berry patches and happy family attest the blessed reformation. Local opinion has been growing stronger here, and one by one the saloons have been retired. A few days ago the last two in the county, at the county seat, received their death knell. S. T. H.

Mining Life on the Yukon.
Wilbur F. Cornell, a printer, well and favorably known among printers on this coast, wrote the following interesting letter to a printer on the Portland Sun:

FORTY-MILE, Yukon River, N.W.T., May 30, 1894.—This is a remarkable country for many reasons, and but little is known of it by the "outside" world. Everybody not living on the Yukon is an "outsider" in our thought and speech. The few persons who have been here as correspondents, or to report on special subjects to the governments sending them (the United States and Canada), have not given to the general public any idea whatever as to the present condition or future possibilities of this immense region.

But little can be learned of the great Yukon valley in a three-weeks' journey from the source of the river to its mouth, as Schwatka and the others

have fully shown. If Schwatka were yet alive I should be tempted to say something slightly incisive about his "explorations." A foreigner would see as much of the United States by a rapid passage from the head of the Mississippi to the gulf of Mexico as an explorer sees of Alaska by a trip down the Yukon.

This is not as bad a country to live in as I expected. It is quite good enough for me, and I shall remain here, and die here, and be buried here, and when Gabriel wants me he will find me in good condition for transportation—frozen solid and warranted to keep indefinitely. The ground never thaws to a depth of more than two feet; and if covered by moss, it does not thaw at all. Yet we have some pleasant weather from the middle of April to about October 1st. The sun is out of sight now less than three hours, and there has been no darkness since May 1st. It is midnight now, and I am writing this without other light than the sun. The window nearest me faces north, and I can see the sun's light on some clouds directly in the north. About the 22d June the sun will disappear an hour each night; but of course it will be just below the horizon.

It is wonderful how everything grows and blossoms and shoots forth leaves when twenty hours of sunshine daily are poured upon vegetation. There is vegetation of some kind everywhere in this region—flowers, herbs, shrubs, bushes and trees, and berries in profusion.

Of course you will wonder how we pass the long winter here. Well, in brief, the first thing is a comfortable house, and the next is clothing which will keep the severe cold from the body, and not be too heavy to carry should one desire to go out of doors. The natives (Eskimo or Innuits) have taught us how to obtain comfort both in and out of doors.

The houses are built always of logs, a foot in diameter, if obtainable; and as each log is laid in place a great quantity of moss is placed between it and the one beneath, the weight of the log being upon the moss more than upon the notches at the ends. The roof is made with just a sufficient pitch to carry off rain in summer, with very strong ridge poles, and heavy, strong planks or poles fitted snugly together from apex to eaves. Over this four to six inches of moss, covered by eight to twelve inches of earth. Windows are double, about six inches apart. This arrangement prevents accumulation of frost on either window—the inner one being kept too warm to permit of condensation of moisture. The confined air between them contains no moisture, and the outside window is too cold to hold the very slight dampness of the atmosphere. With but one window ice will form in a few minutes so as to prevent seeing objects outside, and in very cold weather, in a few hours light would be almost excluded. A storm-door, carefully enclosed, is usually erected outside; if not, the door is made air-tight and thick, and must fit nicely to keep out the cold. Fire-places and chimneys are not used; they would let in too much cold. Any kind of a stove will keep a small house warm, but all outside air must be excluded as much as is consistent with life-supporting respiration.

The natives used to have a low, underground entrance to their houses, which could be closed instantly by dropping a suspended deer's bear skin. They were also without windows, and they had a small hole in the center of the roof to permit the exit of smoke, the fire being built on the ground. Most of the Eskimos now have one or more windows and doors.

Native skin boots, mittens and an outer garment made of reindeer or other skin with hair or fur on, and a hood to cover head, neck and as much of the face as possible, are indispensable. With the thermometer at 40 below zero, one's nose and cheeks are not in great danger—feet and hands are safe with the customary covering; at 50 below one begins to be careful, and must "feel" his nose and cheeks occasionally; at 60 below an uncovered nose is in great danger; bare fingers turn white in a few minutes, and natives seldom venture far alone. In company each watches the other's face, and at the first indication of frost-bite, snow is vigorously applied, and a piece of some sort of skin with soft fur is kept over the frost-bitten part as long as possible. No way has yet been devised to keep the nose and mouth more than partially covered. Air one must have, and any kind of covering becomes in a few minutes a mass of ice from freezing of moisture of the breath, and this, of course, must be removed. At 70 below one is not entirely safe with any and all caution and watchfulness. Cheeks and noses will get nipped and frost-bites become quite common.

We had 70 degrees and more below during an entire week the past winter—77 below the bottom record. I was out every day long enough to get a little exercise; but too much care is requisite to make that sort of thing perfectly enjoyable. However, people do go out, and freighters and others get caught in these cold snags many miles from any house, but they get home somehow; and their sore faces are soon healed and the cold spell forgotten. I have not heard of a death from freezing in this country, even on the Arctic side of the Rockies.

I mentioned "freighters" above. The greater part of the provisions, etc., used by miners, is hauled with dogs and sleds in winter, this being the easiest and cheapest method of transportation, and the only one to some localities. Boating is, of course, practicable in summer, but at that season miners must be working their claims.

About 300 men were here the past winter, but just now not more than a dozen men are left at the post, "Forty-Mile," except those who came down the river yesterday. Several miners are coming, bringing their wives, and we shall have fifteen or more white women here this summer. There are four now: Mrs. Healey, wife of the manager here for the North American Transportation and Trading company, with whom I came; Mrs. Bompas, wife of the missionary at this place (Church of England); Miss Willet, teacher at the mission school, and Mrs. Edwood, now with her husband on Napoleon gulch, sixty miles from here. She

came here with Mrs. Healey and was then Miss Manion.

The break-up of the ice on the river was a terrific sight. There is but one house in the village of Forty-Mile that is not surrounded by ice and water; and water is on the floors from one to five feet in depth. The Mission building is the only one not inundated at the Mission, and all persons of both places, except the family of Bishop Bompas, are living in tents. The M. A. F. & T. Co.'s store, on my side of Forty-Mile creek, is above water, and a foot or more to spare. I can give the river 25 feet and still sit on my doorstep with dry feet.

I have the prettiest place on the Yukon, and the best (residence) house. I am about a quarter of a mile from the last mentioned store, and am at present going a little gardening, planting potatoes and rutabagas. As soon as this is done I shall start out for the summer, and expect to come back loaded with rich specimens and big hopes. I have an assay office here, and can make fully as much as in a printing office. I have the entire summer to look for ledges, raise potatoes, or do as I please. I have perfect health and am as happy as a man of my age can well be.

About 300 men are on the way to this place now, and many more will probably come during the summer. Fully as many persons will be here next winter as can obtain supplies. A rush here would simply mean suffering, and probably starvation for some. No one should come here without money to keep him over the winter, say \$350 to \$400.

There are as yet no public places of amusement. Saloons are plentiful, and there is as much drinking and gambling as in the other mining camps. Books and the few magazines and newspapers pass from hand to hand, and there is much social calling from house to house. Occasionally a dance is indulged in, native women constituting the female contingent. Many of the men do more or less hunting of reindeer, moose, bear, rabbits (about the size of jack-rabbits, but with shorter legs, and very short ears, and snow white in winter—hairs is the proper term); white grouse (ptarmigan), spruce grouse and a valley grouse, much like the mis-called "pheasant" of Oregon, but of lighter color and larger—a "drummer," though. These are the principal game. The past winter the deer did not come nearer than fifteen miles of the post; the winter before over 2000 were killed within a few miles. They change feeding grounds each year, the gray moose being their only food.

The past winter did not seem long to me, not near so long as the rainy winters of Oregon. The first rain of the season fell yesterday. Snow was about two feet deep before thawing began, the accumulation of six and a half months.

Many of the men now coming will go down the river 200 miles to Birch creek. Diggings were struck there last fall. I came here to find quartz mines, and I shall stick to my original purpose. I could have got paying placers, but I did not want any.

Wages here are \$10 a day. Contracts are made for 100 days in summer—\$1000—but enough are coming to supply the demand, and more than enough.

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past reminds me of the good



Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

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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 & BROSUS.

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GUARDIAN SALE.

H. Lage, guardian of the person and estate of Nancy Stanley, will sell, by order of the county court, on Saturday, October 20th, on the premises to the highest bidder, the homestead of John Stanley, deceased, containing 130 acres. This property lies about two miles east of the town of Hood River, on the Columbia river.

Clubbing Rates.
We can furnish the New York Weekly World with the Glacier, both papers, for \$7.50. The price of the World alone is \$1 a year.