

Hood River Glacier.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1894.

What Shall We Do to Save Ourselves?

Inasmuch as a goodly number of our citizens have their only hope of financial success based on the receipts from the sale of fruits and farm produce, and as the success of almost every business and industry in this beautiful valley of ours depends almost entirely upon the same source of revenue, we wish, Mr. Editor, to discuss through your columns the possibility of a successful plan by which we can convert our products into the wherewith to cancel our debts.

Our most excellent apples have attracted buyers from markets well supplied with ordinary grades of fruit. Our strawberries have created a sensation wherever they have been introduced, but the facts are that the growers are dependent on too many people who are anxious to get control of the fruit without assuming any responsibility, and afford themselves an opportunity to appropriate whatever they wish from the sales of our fruit and remit us the balance.

The season just past of course resulted disastrously to the growers, apparently on account of the flood, as the demand from large consuming centers was such as to indicate strong hopes of a very bright future and was the result of extending our shipping into new markets the previous season.

The causes that might bring sad results and sorrow to the hearts of hopeful ones are many and much complicated, too much so to undertake to educate the novice through these columns; but before too late a number of things should be considered, and among them are these:

Because a certain market was good last year is not evidence that it will be so next year, just when we need it.

The output from this section another season will be sufficient to force open new markets yet untried.

Those who formerly raised the bulk of the crop will find that new plantations will produce heavy crops to be sold in competition, and if left in the hands of inexperienced or individual shippers will naturally resort to established markets.

Strawberries can not be sold f. o. b. in large quantities. When a lot is consigned it is in the hands of the consignee and will be sold on the market where it arrives, regardless of the condition of the market.

With a number of people shipping the quantity sent to each place can not be regulated and all will be eager to get the advantages of the good markets, and every house in the city will have enough to supply the town at a fair price, hence the prices will be cut down never to be raised.

Co-operation on the part of the shippers is a necessity, enabling themselves to have control of the fruit until it is sold, if they hope to succeed.

We must avoid being at the unlimited mercy of commission houses and be dependent upon them as little as possible, and then only under strict watch right on the ground where they are doing our business.

A hundred other things might be mentioned, but space prevents. Now, what are we going to do about it—continue to ship in competition with each other, as in the past? Add to the unbearable burden by encouraging a local commission establishment, or combine and avoid a number of objectionable features by controlling and shipping our fruits at actual cost?

The union has been organized for the purpose of obviating a number of difficulties, but so large a per cent of growers have stood aloof that the objects sought of avoiding competition could not be fully gained. The officers have had some experience that should be beneficial on the whole, have been faithful and square in their dealings, and the organization has certainly gained some prestige as a shipping agent, and while some of the details have been unsatisfactory, all concede that the general plan is good.

The annual meeting of the stockholders will be held early in January, and in the meantime let us look the matter squarely in the face, lay aside private prejudices and unite on the broad ground of the greatest good to the greatest number. While we would not fully approve of throwing away all that has been accomplished in acquiring benefits by the sacrifices and efforts of the officers and members of the union, we are anxious to see such changes made as are necessary to secure general co-operation.

What say you, brethren? Come, let us consult together. We must unite or die!

ONE INTERESTED.

Dr. Jay Guy Lewis was in Hood River Monday, stopping over on his way to Milton to collect samples of apples for exhibition at the gatherings of the horticulturists at Portland and Sacramento. Dr. Lewis is a veteran of the war. He was a member of General Fremont's body guard, and at Springfield, Mo., in July, 1861, in the cavalry charge under Major Zagonia, the doctor's horse was killed under him, and in falling he was thrown under the horse. His neck was nearly broken by the fall, and he was left for dead on the battle field. Paralyzed and helpless

but sensible, he lay there forty-eight hours among the dead and wounded before being rescued. From the effects of this injury the doctor has been an invalid ever since. He is unable to bend his neck, and when speaking to a taller man than himself, he must stand off some distance to look him in the face. Two or three years ago he applied for a pension, but found that he was reported on the rolls as dead—killed at Springfield in 1861. The doctor has since been trying to prove that he is alive, and if he succeeds in establishing his proof may some day draw a good pension.

The chief argument used against a change of text books in our public schools is that parents could not afford the expense. If there is any benefit to be derived by a change, the expense will be nothing compared to the loss of time by pupils if they fail to gain knowledge as they should through a deficiency in their books. The expense of attending school is not so much in the price paid for books as it is in the loss of time, and if the pupil is slow to learn the loss is greater. In country districts farmers lose their best help on the farm when their boys and girls are at school, and when they can afford to keep them at school they should be willing to furnish them the best aids obtainable towards obtaining an education.

Some of our exchanges, in publishing the list of members elect of the Oregon legislature, have the name of J. W. Morton as joint representative from Yamhill and Tillamook counties. Mr. Morton is now a resident of Hood River. He was nominated for joint representative by the republican convention of Tillamook, but the Yamhill convention failed to ratify by one vote, therefore he was not a candidate. Mr. Morton attributes his defeat to the whisky ring of Tillamook.

Governor-elect Lord has officially notified Willis Duniway of his appointment as private secretary to the governor. Mr. Duniway is a printer and at present is proof reader on the Oregonian. He is a son of Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway and a nephew of H. W. Scott. He was an unsuccessful candidate before the republican state convention for the nomination for state printer.

A Hunter's Fate.

A correspondent at Trout Lake sends the GLACIER the following account of the death of C. L. Allison. Mr. Allison was a valued correspondent of this paper, and we are pained to learn of his sad death:

"Clinton Allison, aged about 35, a rancher at Trout Lake, Klickitat county, Washington, very little expected that it would be his last journey on earth when he started in pursuit of a deer on the 12th of this month. His brother, Edward Allison, was with him at the time, but feeling somewhat indisposed, went home to his own ranch, situated about three miles from the one of his brother. On the 18th Edward concluded to pay another visit to Clinton, and on coming to the house, found that his brother had not returned from his hunt. He alarmed the neighbors, and next morning, the 19th, a searching party started for the mountains. It was not an easy task, for there had been a fresh fall of 10 or 12 inches of snow. At last one man succeeded in finding Allison's snow shoes leaning against a tree, and from that place faint tracks could be seen at intervals leading up the mountain side. The first day, however, passed by without any further result, but the second day, December 20th, at about 11 o'clock a. m., one of the party found the body, covered with snow. He was lying stretched out on his back, and seemed to have died without a struggle. His hunting-knife was sticking in the snow, and his rifle, ready to shoot, was lying beside him. Just in what manner he came to his death will probably remain forever a mystery. The party took the body down to his house, where it was buried on the 21st. The place where Clinton Allison met his death is about six miles southwest of Trout Lake and two and one-half miles from his house. Clinton Allison had lived at Trout Lake five years. He was liked very much by his neighbors and his untimely death is regretted by all."

The House and the Next President.

From the time the republican party came into power in 1861 to the present time it has been a minority party, never having a majority of the people of the Union behind it. In 1860 it was in a minority of 100,853 in the states remaining loyal to the Union.

In 1896 there is likely to be a division of the electoral votes among three candidates, and it is quite possible that neither candidate will receive the required majority of the whole number of votes. In 1892 the populists secured twenty-two votes, and if the republicans had carried Indiana, Illinois, New York and Connecticut, there would have been no election, neither Cleveland nor Harrison getting the necessary 223. The choice would have fallen to the house of representatives. That the choice of a president may fall to the house in 1896 is more probable than it was in 1892.

When no candidate receives a majority of the electoral vote the house

elects, each state having one vote. If such a contingency arises the members chosen Nov. 6th will in February, 1897, a few days prior to the final adjournment of the Fifty-fourth congress, name the president to be inaugurated March 4th.

The republican candidate will receive the vote of thirty states, as follows: California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

The democratic candidate will receive the votes of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia.

One state, Maryland, will either not vote or cast half a vote each for the republican and democratic candidates.

The populist candidate will get one vote—Nevada.—N. Y. World.

The St. Louis Republic Free.

The "twice-a-week" St. Louis Republic will be sent FREE FOR ONE YEAR to any person who, before January 31, 1895, will send NEW yearly subscribers, with \$3 to pay for the same. Already the clans are gathering for the fray in 1896, and 1895 will be full of interesting events. The skirmish lines will be thrown out, the maneuvering done and the plans of campaign arranged for the great contest in '96. The remaining short session of the democratic congress, to be followed shortly by a republican congress with a democrat in the presidential chair will be productive of events of incalculable interest. In fact, more political history will be constructed during 1895 than in any year since the foundation of the government, and a man without a newspaper will be like a useless lump in the movements of public opinion. You can get three subscribers for the Republic by a few minutes' effort. Remember in the Republic subscribers get a paper twice a week for the price of a weekly—only \$1 a year. Try it, AT ONCE, and see how easily it can be done. If you wish a number of sample copies, write for them. Cut out this advertisement and send with your order. Address the St. Louis Republic, St. Louis, Mo.

The Old Block House at the Cascades.

Sheridan's block house, opposite Cascade Locks, Oregon, on the Columbia river, has tumbled down, its heavy, hand-hewn timbers, relics of stormy days in the northwest country, still sound save a few near the foundation, have been used by the vandal fishermen to build fish ways, until the old river, scandalized by the desecration, swept them all away during the great flood of this summer, and now nothing remains to mark the old stronghold of the pioneer but a few moss-grown and rotten timbers.

An incident in the early history of General (then lieutenant) Phil Sheridan is recalled by the ruins of this old building, which is thus related by the veteran river pilot, Captain J. McNulty, who fought the Indians here as a volunteer during the campaign of 1856, with "Little Phil," and who is now making regular trips as a pilot on the middle Columbia.

The "fishing Indians," mostly Wasco, Snake and Cascade, with renegades from many other tribes, a regular hotbed of "Siwash," whose love of the succulent salmon was greater than tribal ties, and whose lodges lined the river near the spawning rocks at the falls and cascades, had long been turbulent and aggressive, but had made no serious outbreak until March 25, 1856. On that day a band of them attacked Brown's mill, situated just above Cascade Locks, on the north, now Washington side, killing and horribly mutilating Mr. Brown and his wife. The other whites living at the mill, together with the captain and the crew of a little steamer, the Mary, then tied up at the landing, had gone several miles up the river to spend the day, leaving only the engineer, Buck Minster, and a small boy, Jimmie Watkins, on board. Luckily for these, there was a little fire banked under the boilers.

The attack was so sudden that before Minster could realize the danger the Indians were upon him. The foremost reached the shore-end of the gang plank as he did the other, to draw it aboard. A quick shot from his pistol sent the red man headlong into the river. The plank was drawn in, while the boy cut the shore line, and the little Mary began drifting at once, under a hail of bullets and arrows, from one great danger into another—that of the terrible current above the rapids.

Sending the boy to the wheel, Minster threw everything inflammable within reach into the furnace—some bacon, oil and even furniture—and made steam enough for headway, the boy, under orders, making for an eddy behind an island near the head of the rapids, out of reach of the Indians. The little fellow had proven himself a real hero, for in going to the wheel he had been exposed freely to hostile bullets, one striking him in the leg, but he crawled manfully to his post and saved the boat.

As soon as full steam could be made the steamer was headed across the river to Atwell, where alarm was given of the outbreak. Messengers were sent to Fort Dalles and Fort Vancouver. From the former Colonel Wright came to the rescue with a company of United States troops, with Lieutenant Phil Sheridan, with a troop from Fort Vancouver, embarked on the steamer Belle, bringing one cannon. Landing at Lower Cascades, he was quickly on the ground and rounded up a number of the hostiles. A company of volunteers from the Willamette valley came on the boat Jennie Clark, piloted by Captain McNulty. The troops soon subdued the Indians, but not before a dozen or more whites had been killed. Nine Indians were hung near the smoking ruins of Brown's mill. The officers decided then to build a block house here for the protection of scattered pioneers, a rallying place for them during later Indian scares.

This was done during the same year, 1856, and it was always called Sheridan's, but just why, no one seems to know now. A point of rocks on the river a short distance from the rapids is also called Sheridan's point. Soon the last of the pioneers will have passed away, as has this, their moss-covered old log stronghold, and little incidents like Jimmie Watkins' heroism and even Sheridan's prompt trip, too trivial to be noted in history, will have been lost save for dim tradition. So it may be well to give one passing moment to the old block house that nestled for so many years under the shadow of the Housemountain, itself the scene of one of the strangest Indian legends in the northwest country.—George P. Morgan, in Chicago Blade.

A Washington dispatch states that Representative Hermann presented a bill urging that a pension of \$60 per month be granted to Hosea Brown, formerly of Lane county. Owing to the old gentleman's poverty and utter helplessness, the committee was so impressed with the justice of the claim that they reported favorably. Mr. Brown is now in his 103d year, and is the second oldest survivor of the war of 1812. The one older is 106 years of age and resides in California. Mr. Brown resides now at Grant's Pass. It has been suggested that if the Portland exposition wants to add something that will help the attendance, they should secure Mr. Brown as an attraction. Living men who fought for their country 82 years ago are certainly scarce enough to be curiosities.

While in The Dalles a few days ago Jeff Dripps ran up against a crowd that was gathered around an auctioneer who was disposing of a fine span of work horses, weighing each about 1100 pounds. The auctioneer was calling, "going at eleven dollars," when Jeff, to help him out, goodnaturedly raised the bid half a dollar. They were promptly knocked down at that figure and Jeff brought them home with him. Since then Jeff purchased from a neighbor a good-sized American mare for \$3.75.—Klickitat Republican.

Last June the total vote of Oregon was a little over \$7,000. The vote of Washington in November was 73,755. This year's school statistics show about 10,000 more persons of school age in Oregon than in Washington. Unquestionably Oregon has the larger population—though the census of 1890, negligently taken in Oregon and very energetically taken in Washington, gives Washington considerably more people than Oregon.

There is a large bale of cotton on exhibition at the ware-house of the Yakima Produce company, in Seattle which will be forwarded on January 1 to the cotton exhibition to be held at Atlanta, Ga. It was grown during the past season by H. S. Simmons, a farmer in the Wenatchee valley. The cotton is well matured, and compares well with the short cotton products of the Southern states, which goes to show of what the varied climate of the Evergreen state is capable.

There are several aged pioneers at Butteville, Marion county. F. X. Mathieu and wife settled on their present home in 1846; Mr. Mathieu crossed the plains in 1842, and is now 77 years old. His wife is aged 67, and was born in Marion county. Willard H. Reese aged 76, crossed the plains in 1844; his wife is aged 66. Mrs. Hall, mother-in-law to Mr. Reese, resides with them and is 90 years old, and crossed the plains in 1845. F. W. Geer, aged 78 years, crossed the plains in 1846, and his wife also crossed the plains in 1846, and is 73 years of age. These people are hale and hearty. Mr. Mathieu bought his claim from a settler who claimed that it had been farmed as far back as in 1827.—Dayton Herald.

The editor of the Mitchell Monitor was recently "canned," and this is the way he mentioned the affair: "We acknowledge the receipt of a very handsome cane which was presented to us by Mr. Edgar Misener. The cane has been carved with a penknife from a piece of pine and shows Mr. Misener to be very skillful in that line. A rattlesnake is coiled around the body of the cane, holding in its mouth a card with the word 'Progress' on it. The snake is branded on the back 'Mitchell Monitor.' Around the head of the cane are the words 'Strong & Magee.' The whole cane is an ornament to the office, besides being useful in knocking down delinquents. You have our thanks."

"For Years,"

Says CARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."



AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

DUFUR & MENEFFEE, Attorneys-at-Law, Chapman Block, over Postoffice THE DALLES OREGON.

20 Acres of Fruit Land for Sale.

I have for sale 20 acres of unimproved land that I will sell on reasonable terms. It is of the best quality for apples and other fruit. The land is easily cleared and can be watered from the Hood River Supply Co.'s ditch. For further particulars, call on or address H. L. CRAPPER, Hood River, Oregon.



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A Boarding School for Girls, with Superior Advantages.

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Excellent Teachers,

Beautiful Surroundings.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES,

Address,

MRS. SARAH K. WHITE, Principal.

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

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Try a box of the Four Seasons, elegantly perfumed, at 25 cents. Colgate's superb 2-bit Soaps and the old standard PEARS and CUTICURA in any quantity.

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

FOR SALE.

Two choice lots, with good residence, in the town of Hood River, will be sold at a bargain. Inquire at the Glacier office.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, December 10, 1894.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on January 23, 1895, viz:

Clarence P. Knapp, Hd. E. No. 418, for lots 1 and 2, and south 1/4 northeast quarter section 2, township 1 north, range 10 east, W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: S. M. Baldwin, George Booth, John Lentz, J. N. Lentz, all of Hood River, Oregon.

JAS. F. MOORE, Register.

20 Acres of Fruit Land for Sale.

I have for sale 20 acres of unimproved land that I will sell on reasonable terms. It is of the best quality for apples and other fruit. The land is easily cleared and can be watered from the Hood River Supply Co.'s ditch. For further particulars, call on or address H. L. CRAPPER, Hood River, Oregon.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I will apply to the county court of the state of Oregon for Wasco county, at the next regular term thereof, to wit: On the ninth day of January, A. D. 1895, for an order vacating the addition to the town of Hood River, in said Wasco county, known and recorded as Idlewild Annex, together with the streets and alleys thereof, and all of them. Said Idlewild Annex comprises all of that property platted and recorded as a townsite, and lying adjoining the property known as the Dr. Adams property, or "Paradise Farm," on the north. Said plat of said Idlewild Annex being recorded on pages 114 and 115 of Book 8 of the record of deeds of said Wasco county.

T. J. WATSON, Trustee.

FOR SALE.

40 Acres!

Near town, good land, plenty of water, at a bargain. Talk to me.

T. R. COON.

LEGAL BLANKS.

The Glacier office has received a good assortment of Legal Blanks—Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, etc.—and will hereafter have the same for sale.