

Hood River Glacier.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895.

VOLUME VII.

With this issue the GLACIER enters upon its seventh volume. The paper was started six years ago by George T. Prather, who, after managing its business for three months, sold out to J. H. Cradlebaugh. During Mr. Prather's management the paper was printed at The Dalles. Mr. Cradlebaugh purchased printing material, and since then the paper has been printed at home. For six years the GLACIER has been a weekly visitor to a majority of the homes of Hood River valley. The support given the paper has been as good as might be expected in a community no larger than that of Hood River valley. It is now nearly a year since the present proprietor assumed charge. Owing to the loss of the strawberry crop of the valley last season by the high water washing away the railroad and cutting us off from market, the past year was the most critical in the life of the paper. Advertising fell off and subscriptions came in slowly. The year previous was bad enough, owing to the drop in prices of strawberries, and the former proprietor was forced to go from home and hunt a job, to keep the wolf from the door. To the good friends and public-spirited citizens who have extended their patronage and good wishes to the paper under its present management we are grateful. For nearly a year we have published the paper without printing a dun in its columns, not even a hint to subscribers to pay up. We felt that they were good for the amounts owing the paper, that they would pay when they had the money, and therefore have refrained from dunning them during the hard times. And during all this time we have neither solicited advertising nor subscriptions. But good times are come again. Our harvest is on, and the crop is selling for good prices. We ask all not on our subscription books, and who believe a home paper is a benefit to the community, to come and subscribe, and subscribers in arrears are invited to pay up. We have debts that are pressing us, and need all that is due. But we will gladly accept part if a subscriber thinks he can't pay up in full. Come and see us.

Secretary Walter Q. Gresham died in Washington City, May 28th. He was 62 years of age. Mr. Gresham filled many important positions and was one of the great men of our country. President Cleveland, recognizing his great abilities, made him secretary of state, the second office in line from the presidency. Coming from the republican party, he was assailed and his every action severely criticized by his former political associates as well as by the disaffected in the democratic party. But his public acts have now passed into history. His place will be hard to fill.

Ex-Collector Jas. Lotan and Seid Beck, a Chinaman, were convicted in the U. S. court of smuggling. C. J. Mulkey and P. J. Bannon, convicted along with Dunbar of the same offense, have been taken into custody at Portland and will serve their sentences in the county jail.

Mr. J. H. Cradlebaugh has resigned as editor of The Dalles Chronicle and is succeeded by Mr. Fred Wilson. Mr. Cradlebaugh is a master at editorial work and will not be long out of employment if he is seeking a position.

Don't Stop Tobacco.

The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected, impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit suddenly is too severe a shock to the system, as tobacco, to an inveterate user becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. Baco-Curo is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit, in all its forms, carefully compounded after the formula of an eminent Berlin physician who has used it in his private practice since 1872 without a failure, purely vegetable and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want, while taking Baco-Curo, it will notify you when to stop. We give a written guarantee to permanently cure any case with three boxes, or refund the money with 10 per cent. interest. Baco-Curo is not a substitute, but a scientific cure, that cures without the aid of will power and with no inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine as the day you took your first chew or smoke. Sold by all druggists, with our ironclad guarantee, at \$1 per box, three boxes, (thirty days treatment), \$2.50, or sent direct upon receipt of price. Send six two-cent stamps for sample box. Booklet and proofs free. Eureka Chemical & Manufacturing Chemists, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Extra copies of this week's GLACIER, containing Rev. J. L. Hersher's memorial sermon, can be had at this office. Price 5 cents.

Sunday, June 9th, will be children's day at the Congregational church.

WHAT PATRIOTISM DID.

What It Can Do Again.

AN ABLE MEMORIAL SERMON,

Preached in the Congregational Church, Hood River, Oregon, May 26, 1895, by Rev. J. L. Hersher.

(Published by request of Canby Post, G.A.R.)
Text: II. Samuel, 10: 12—"Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God."

The twofold object of this day and service is to honor the dead and teach patriotism. When we think about, and teach patriotic devotion to our country, we need not, yea, one cannot lose sight of that "far better country," "whose builder and maker is God," and where dwells the God of Nations. In this better country we hope to come together by and by. This occasion of memory for the dead, and of deep and earnest patriotic action, need not be without many helpful spiritual lessons for us all.

During the memorable years from 1861 to 1865, thousands of men left their families and friends at home and marched to the front, to meet and defeat the men of the Confederate States, who had declared by voice, pen and action that they would dissolve the Union and establish a new government, of which slavery should be the chief corner-stone. You are here today to represent this army of gallant, liberty-loving men.

One purpose which brings thousands of worn and scarred veterans together today, all over our broad land, is to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of their dead comrades, and again, before they pass hence, to show their love for our country. You love your country as you love your homes and your families; your fondest aspiration is to see it great and strong. Many of the men who went down with you laid down their lives. You are here. Many of those who fell by your side filled unmarked graves. Your resting places will be marked. Many of your comrades lost parts of their bodies, and others contracted disease. You enjoy the blessings of life and are honored all over the land, if not by every one in the land. The little bronze button was never worn with more pride than it is today, and the enthusiastic work of the Grand Army is apparent everywhere. So you have much to be thankful for, and may come before God with devout gratitude.

The Grand Army of the Republic has reached the "beginning of the end." When, twenty-eight years ago, Dr. Stephenson of Illinois made an humble beginning of the Grand Army of the Republic, little did he think that it would grow so large as to embrace 45 departments, with 7,782 posts and over 400,000 members. It reached the "high-water mark" in 1890. This grand organization has reached the apex of its prosperity and has begun to decline in numbers. Every year makes deep inroads into its ranks. The "high-water mark" reached in 1890 gave it a membership of 400,489. Its membership ending June, 1894, was 371,555. This organization of soldiers and patriots has nearly 40,000 fewer members than four years ago. Its membership has been steadily decreasing since 1890. There are about 400 fewer Grand Army posts this year than last. In 1890, when the membership was the largest, 5,478 answered that higher roll-call; while last year, with a decreased membership, 7,302 heard the summons. "Come up higher," and have gone to their reward. Comrades, your numbers will grow less. In army life, when your companies and regiments were reduced by imprisonment, wounds and death, they were consolidated. Already official steps are being taken to consolidate Grand Army posts, so weak in membership are they becoming. As there is no prospect of adding to their number, disbandment must soon come unless they are consolidated. Death is decimating your ranks. While you come together to lay your garlands of love upon the graves of departed comrades, the silent footfalls are stealing into your posts, and soon in 13 out of 45 departments there will not be enough left to officer them. You are in your declining years; but these years are full of honor and distinction. You gallantly went forth to save the Union, and you did it. The Sons of Veterans, yea, a nation's freemen, will hold your memories in grateful reverence, and with unbounded pride will strew the garlands of love upon your graves, because you shouldered your muskets and went forth to save our country, when the South said it shall be dismembered. How gloriously you succeeded the greatness of our united country unmistakably attests.

In the days when Henry Clay was at his prime, he stood upon Allegheny's heights and exclaimed, "I hear the tread of coming millions." They have come. They came in larger numbers than Henry Clay ever dreamed. But you, comrades, so noble as men, and soldierly as warriors upon the field of battle, made it possible for them to come to make their homes in our broken chain of states. You conquered the men who said there shall be no Union. You lived bravely and you fought valiantly upon the field of battle to preserve inviolate the nation's honor, and you succeeded better than you knew. Our soldiers were heroic in the defense of our national life. They endured bravely the pain of disease, the pangs of hunger, the horrors of imprisonment, and they died like men. Three hundred thousand of your comrades are resting in 82 national cemeteries; 149,000 are at rest in unknown and unmarked graves; thousands of others are at rest in the cities of the dead by our homes. The names of many were given up with their lives. These are comrades to memory dear, who perchance were shot down by your

side in battle, or died from wounds or disease while in service. Those were days of severe struggle and of dread uncertainty. The destinies of a nation of freemen were in the balance.

In these dark days of 1862 many despaired of the republic, many faltered and were disavowed. With varying degrees of intensity the democratic party of the North sympathized with the South and arraigned Mr. Lincoln and the republican party for all the evils the country was called upon to endure. Not only during this year, but the entire period of the war, New York, Ohio and Indiana were doubtful states. They were only kept in line by active and desperate fidelity of leaders in politics and soldiers at the front. During the darkest days of the war, Secretary Seward insisted that President Lincoln should surrender the chief prerogatives of his office. General Hooker demanded that he should declare himself dictator. But Lincoln rebuked this demand. General McClellan earnestly advised from Harrison's Landing, in July, 1862, that the president should put himself at the head of military and civil affairs, with a general in command on whom he could rely, and thus assume dictatorship of the republic. President Lincoln treated this advice with silent contempt. He was importuned to give up General Grant; but, said Mr. Lincoln, "I cannot do it; he fights." He was the subject of vigorous and unreasoning criticism from his political associates, and of degrading personal assaults from political opponents, but he never faltered. He was resolute to perform every duty that devolved upon him, but he declared that the responsibility of preserving the government rested upon the people and soldiers at the front. Right royally did they save the nation.

To the valiant soldiers who so willingly went forth to save the Union must be given the credit for the consummation of the task which was so near to the heart of Abraham Lincoln. You have lived to see the consummation of the great undertaking in the cause of freedom. On the 18th day of December, 1865, Mr. Seward made proclamation that the amendments made and ratified by 27 of the 36 states, and that slavery and involuntary servitude were from that time and forever impossible within our limits. You have lived almost thirty years since that date and have seen how the freedom you effected has been carried out, and how our national example has wrought the abolition of the slave trade in Brazil and in the colonies of Spain and Portugal; and how it led to the extermination of the transatlantic slave trade, and has been an inspiration to the nations of Europe in their efforts to destroy the traffic in human beings on the continent of Africa. Ours was more than a rational victory. It has been an inspiration impelling to action, all over the world, freedom-loving people to strike the shackles from the slave. The cost of this glorious victory was intense loyalty to our government by our soldiers, good generalship, hard fighting, heroic endurance, and the precious lives of over 200,000 soldiers.

Mr. Wm. O. Stoddard, who was President Lincoln's private secretary, told just a few weeks ago of our honored chief's anxiety for a favorable outcome of the war. This was during the darkest hours of the civil war. The army of the Potomac, under General Hooker, had just fought the bloody battle of Chancellorsville. The record of their dead told how bravely they had fought. But they were defeated, losing 17,000 men. The Confederate commanders acknowledged a loss of only 13,000. The country was weary of the long war; and now the North must be made acquainted with this costly contest. Discontent was everywhere raising its head. Many of the severest critics were men of undoubted patriotism. This private secretary says the mail desk in the white house was heaped with letters, as if the president could read them all. He knew what these letters meant without reading them. President Lincoln knew of the forever vacant places in a hundred thousand households before Chancellorsville. Many of these letters consisted of severe denunciation, many others made piteous pleas for peace and for a termination of the severe struggle, the civil war. This latest struggle sent back echoes to Washington from a heart-stricken multitude. Besides these hundreds of letters, there were callers at the white house, but they were not the customary throng. Members of the senate and house came with gloomy faces, and members of the cabinet came to consult or console the president. This was one of the darkest hours. Stacks of letters, statesmen and officers alike pleaded, "Cannot something be done? Army and navy officers were discouraged. But the 'boys in blue' were not discouraged. The army, east and west, was ample in force and ready to fight again.

President Lincoln reckoned upon that invincible element. That night, his last visitors were Stanton and Halleck. They went away in silence some where near 9 o'clock. Not another soul was on that floor but the private secretary, who was busy with the mail in his room across the hall from the president's. The doors of both rooms were open, for the night was warm. The silence was deep, but there came a regular and ceaseless sound. It was the tread of the president's feet as he strode slowly back and forth across the chamber in which so many presidents had done their work. Was he to be the last of the line? The last president of the entire United States? If he had wavered, if he had failed in faith or courage, and not reckoned upon the soldiers at the front, the nation would have lost its great battle. Letters there were, hundreds of them, many hideous with denunciation and threats and many were tear-blistered. But President Lincoln was not reading these letters. He was in an adjoining room reading the lesson of Chancellorsville and the future of the republic. He was feeling the bounding pulse of the boys at the front, who were the least discouraged of any, who were saying, "The government must and shall be saved." Ten o'clock came without a break in the steady march. Eleven o'clock came, and another hour of unbroken march; and 12 o'clock, and still the constant footfalls in the president's room. A little past 12 there was a sudden silence, and the secretary put down his letters to listen. Was Mr. Lincoln at his table, writing? Or may—no man knows or can guess! At the end of the minutes, long or short, the tramp began again. Two o'clock, he was walking; and past 3, when the secretary slipped noiselessly out, he turned at the head of the stairs a moment. It

was so—the last sound he heard as he went down was the footfall in Lincoln's room.

The young secretary had need to return early, and was there again before 8 o'clock. The president's room door was open and he went in. There sat Mr. Lincoln, eating his breakfast alone. He had not been out of his room. There was a kind of a cheerful, hopeful morning light in his face, instead of the funeral battle-cloud from Chancellorsville. He had watched all night, but a dawn had come, for beside his cup of coffee lay the written draft to General Hooker to push forward, to fight again. In that long vigil with disaster and despair, President Lincoln fought the battle over again, and he won it. Only a few weeks later, the boys in blue fought it over, too, and they won it, at Gettysburg.

Speaking of the principle embodied in the Declaration of Independence, President Lincoln said: "If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say, I would rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender it." In the stupendous struggle to maintain this principle, over 200,000 heroes lay down their lives, and then President Lincoln's own life was laid down beside the humblest private soldier or drummer boy that fills the sacred mold of Gettysburg or Chancellorsville. He said one time, as if alone with his thoughts, "How gladly would I take the place in the ranks of the humblest soldier that sleeps tonight upon the banks of the Potomac."

He sleeps sweetly with those who lay down their lives for our country; and you, comrades, must, ere long, answer the bugle call from yonder and will go hence with the consciousness of duty well and valiantly performed for our country. For a whole generation many have slumbered at rest upon the bosom of our God, and in another generation the thousands of valiant soldiers for our country's honor and integrity shall have passed hence, beloved and honored by a nation of freemen. Your lives have performed the grandest work of the century now closing, and your eyelids, now sometimes growing tired, will be gently pressed down by the Angel of Peace, and your dust will join that of heroes gone before. And in the generations to come, the millions of the liberated will gratefully say of their liberators: "We were a-hungry and thou gavest us the bread of mercy; we were thirsty for liberty, and thou gavest us to drink; we were strangers, and thou didst take us in; we were sick with two centuries of sorrow, and thou didst visit us; we were in the prison house of bondage, and thou camest unto us." And you may surely expect the King to say unto you, "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me. Well done, good and faithful servants; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Now, some words upon the other lesson of this memorial service, its mission to instill patriotism in the hearts of our countrymen. The war is over. There is no fighting anymore between the "boys in blue" and the boys that wore the gray. The country knows no North, no South, no East, no West. With clasped hands, a nation of freemen come before a common altar. We are for one country and one flag. Just last winter the wearers of the blue and gray sat together at Chicago and pledged their loyalty to the stars and stripes which hung in profusion around the wall. But notwithstanding that the war is over and its drums are silent, and we hear no more the tramp of passing infantry nor the cannon's thunder tone, there are yet terrible foes to be reckoned with. I want to say, and I say it deliberately, it is foolish to indulge in an optimism which denies the existence of dangers to our national life; and upon the other hand, it is unwise to fall into a pessimism which unduly exaggerates the influence of these dangers. There are some things dangerous to our patriotism. It is as true now as ever it was, that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Our text says: "Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people and for the cities of God." "God and our country" was their cry. Never upon field of battle did officer shout across to brother officer a nobler sentiment than "Be of good courage. Let us play the men for our people." The word "hero," which perhaps expresses our loftiest conception of moral grandeur, comes from a Greek word of the same root as the Latin *vir*—a man. So then, a hero is a man in the largest sense of the word. The motive for patriotism and heroism was "for our people and the cities of our God." They were not feted and feasted statesmen and generals. There was a call to action, impelled by love of country and of country's God.

Patriotism is one of the noblest sentiments that can occupy the human breast, and none is so pure as that which is kindled at the altar of God. Patriotism is not alone confined to campaigns and battlefields, but must live in the hearts, homes and workshops of a free people, if it lives at all. Patriotism will take every medals showered upon it, place no value upon them, and melt them down if necessary to provide relief for those who are oppressed. It did it once; it can do it again.

It is said of General Grant that he never felt one responsibility more than another. He felt it his duty to do his best under every circumstance. It was the patriotic and duty idea to country that ruled him.

The American who does not love America is unworthy the honor and protection of American citizenship. Americans ought to be stirred whose patriotism does not kindle into a glowing fervor as they remember our Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, or those more recent battlefields where the stain of slavery and rebellion were wiped from our flag. The people of our commonwealth ought to say in thunder tones, in the undying words of Rufus Choate, "We give ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union." We should strive more—a thousand times more—for the welfare of the republic than for the dominance of any political party. That the prophetic utterance of the immortal Lincoln shall not be dashed to pieces in our faces as so much pottery, when he said, "This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Concluded Next Week.

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We have in stock, economically and scientifically prepared, condensed forms of sprays as recommended by the Oregon State Board of Horticulture, as follows:
Spray No. 1—Lime, 30; sulphur, 20; salt, 15—in such form as to require only to dissolve 1 lb in 2 gals. of water.
Spray No. 2—Sulphur, 100; lime, 100; blue vitriol, 8; of which 1 lb in 2½ gals. for winter, down to 8 or 10 gals. for summer use, is required.
Spray No. 3—Whale oil soap (80 per cent), 20; sulphur, 3; caustic soda (98 per cent), 1; potash, 1; of this 1 lb in 5 gals. is the proportion.
Spray No. 4—Rosin, 4; sal soda, 3; 1 lb to 7 gals. water for woolly aphis, etc.
Spray No. 7—Bordeaux M.—Copper sulphate, 6; lime, 4; of which 1 pound in 2 gals. of water for winter, to 4 gals. for summer, is the proper strength.
Acme insecticide—1 lb to 5 gals. water, as a universal insecticide and wash for all tree and fruit pests; 10, 25 and 100-lb cases.
Also, Paris green, London Purple, etc. Do not fail to see us before buying your insecticides.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, May 7, 1895.—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 proof will be made before Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on June 20, 1895, viz:

CHARLES H. ROGERS.

Hd. E. No. 3389, for the southeast ¼ section 32, township 3 north, range 10 east, W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Alfred Boorman, W. A. Eastman, Antone Wise and E. D. Collins, all of Hood River, Or. maj15 JAS. F. MOORE, Register.

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