

Hood River Glacier.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1895.

It is expected the locks at the Cascades will be completed before another six months. Hood River should reap the benefit of this great work along with other points on the middle Columbia. When steamboats can come from the lower river and carry our fruit and other produce to Portland without breaking cargo, the cost of transportation will be greatly reduced. But there will remain one drawback to our shipping by boat, and that is the inconvenient landing. It is too far from town. The cost of getting our freight to and from the present boat landing is about as great as the cost of shipping it to Portland after it is delivered at the landing. We understand that a good landing could be made opposite the town by piling and dredging, and that the cost of the work has been estimated at \$3,000. If the work can be accomplished for this amount, something should be done at once towards commencing it. Until we get a landing for steamboats during low water, the completion of the locks will not be of much benefit to shippers from Hood River. They will continue to ship by rail because it will be cheaper and more convenient than making the long haul to the present landing.

Italian prunes are so small this year in some parts of the Willamette valley that the growers think they are not worth drying. The Pacific Farmer says they are too small to sell in the market either in the green or dried state, and advises fruit growers to dry them and feed to the hogs. They make excellent hog feed when ripe, and if gathered and kept in a dry place, will keep for weeks. Hood River prunes, although not so large as usual, are not small enough to be condemned for drying or transporting East in the green state. We believe growers are in too much of a hurry to market this fruit. It should be allowed to mature fully before being picked for shipment or drying. The Italian prune, like other kinds of fruit, will swell out considerably during the last few days before becoming fully ripe. After it is ripe it will stand shipment in ventilated cars to any part of the United States.

The fight in the republican party in Pennsylvania against Senator Quay was amicably settled in the convention Wednesday, and Quay was elected chairman of the state committee. The opposition, which came within a few votes of being strong enough to defeat the great political boss, at the last moment surrendered. "In the interest of harmony," Quay has great power over political conventions and politicians, but the people of that state, the honest voters, are liable to repudiate him and his tactics at the polls, as they did each time Gov. Pattison was elected. The action of the convention will cause the Keystone state to join Kentucky in the doubtful column.

Some fruit growers at White Salmon are allowing their fine Bartlett pears and Hungarian prunes to rot on the ground rather than trust them to the tender mercies of commission men. For the past two or three years these men have been shipping this kind of fruit and getting returns that didn't pay for the boxes, and they are growing tired. But this year the Bartlett pear crop is a failure in California and a partial failure in the Willamette valley, and the splendid crop of this delicious fruit in Hood River valley and at White Salmon ought to find a market at remunerative prices if it ever will.

The Oregon fruit union shipped a car of Bartlett pears, plums and prunes from the Dalles to Minneapolis, where it was sold August 24th. The Bartlett pears sold from \$1 to \$1.40 per box; Bradshaw plums, 45 to 90 cents; Columbia plums, 65 cents; Hungarian prunes, 75 cents; Italian prunes, 90 cents.

Replies to "Free Trader."

HOOD RIVER, Aug. 29th. — Editor GLACIER: I am not a "kicker," but do not consider it just to allow such articles as that signed "Free Trader" in your last issue to go abroad without a protest. Such ideas are very injurious not alone to the little village of Hood River but to the whole valley. Common sense alone should tell "Free Trader" that a country near a good town is worth a great deal more than it is without a town, or worse, a dead one. Now, I wish to say that I am a rancher and perhaps have as much at stake as "Free Trader," and I for one propose to stand by home trade and try to build up a town that we can feel proud of, and at the same time be a home market for our produce. Then, if we wish to sell a part of our land, we can point to the thriving village as an argument in favor of the productiveness of our country.

As to our merchants buying our produce, we don't want them to handle our fruit. Our eggs and butter they do buy and pay us 20 to 50 per cent above the Portland market the year round. Why, I have known my neighbors to go into the village and peddle produce at every house and then take the

"leavings" to the stores and kick if the merchants would not pay them a third more than they had been selling for. I have also known ranchers to go to our merchants and borrow money to pay for goods bought in Portland.

"Free Trader" also says if a poor man gets in debt to our merchants he is ground into the earth. Now, in all candor let me ask him how many have made anything selling goods in Hood River and how many have lost their little all, and surely not by grinding poor people into the earth. There are merchants in Hood River who have told me they would sell accounts against some of our ranchers for 25 cents on the dollar; not a few accounts, but they run into tens of thousands of dollars. Now, these merchants did not get rich; they have gone out of business. Some of them are hunting a job today.

It seems to me that our only way is to patronize our home merchants and help build up a town, thereby increasing the value of our own property, provided of course that we can buy as cheaply at home as elsewhere, and I know we can by buying a bill and paying for it, which we have to do in Portland. RANCHER.

HOOD RIVER, Aug. 29th. — Editor GLACIER: An old proverb says: "A fair exchange is no robbery." When a man pays more for an article than it is worth, to just that extent is he cheated out of his money.

Whether "Free Trader" in last week's paper meant to include nurserymen in his remarks about Hood River merchants I do not know, but certain it is that a large portion of the money spent for fruit trees by the farmers is sent to other towns where they neither buy our produce or care for our locality any further than to get our money.

But this charge cannot justly be made against our nurserymen. Both are young, enterprising men, taking an active part in our coming fair, and we believe having the future good of our locality and orchards at heart. And the home grown trees are sold at as low or lower prices than the same grades that can be bought elsewhere.

"Free Trader" says: "It is not only a privilege, but a duty to themselves for those farmers who have money to trade where they can do so with the most profit." But why under the sun they don't do it with reference to buying their fruit trees, we will leave it to the farmers themselves to answer. Z.

Belmont Notes.

BELMONT, Aug. 27th. — The fruit-growers and farmers of this vicinity are manifesting considerable interest in the coming fair to be held at Hood River. A number have expressed their determination of making an exhibit, and are making their selections so that this place may be creditably represented in the line of apples, pears, prunes, plums, peaches, and in fact every kind of fruit grown in the valley. Belmont will be able to present as fine an exhibit as any section of the Hood River basin. Notwithstanding the unusual dryness of the season, the corn crop of this locality promises to be very good. The acreage is quite large and many of the fields would do credit to Iowa or Illinois in the quality and yield per acre. One of the best fields is that of G. A. Lindsay who has taken special care in the cultivation of his corn, and so large are some of the ears in his field, he expects to get away with all the first prizes of the Hood River fair as well as at the Portland exhibition. For the benefit of people at a distance we will state that our corn is grown without aid of irrigation, the natural moisture of the ground being sufficient.

A small white butterfly has made its appearance here in considerable numbers and at present is confining itself to the pine trees and is feeding upon or laying eggs on the needles of these trees. It is probably the same butterfly that has been mentioned by the papers as destroying the foliage of the pine trees in the vicinity of Spokane, where it is said it has produced a larva that has eaten the needles off the limbs. As yet it has shown no inclination to go near the fields or a tendency to destroy the crops.

G. G. Gessling has his new residence completed and moved in on Saturday last. He is at work now finishing up a commodious barn and other out buildings. Though a novice at the business, Mr. Gessling being an old railroader, he is proving to be an expert farmer, and will soon have one of the most comfortable homes in this locality.

C. J. Hayes, who recently bought a five-acre piece out of the Stranahan tract, has the frame for his new residence up and will soon have the building enclosed.

Miss May Laughlin of Portland, who has been spending the last two weeks with her cousin, Mrs. J. F. Armor, returned Monday by the steamer Regulator, to her home in the city. This was Miss Laughlin's first visit here and she was greatly pleased with the beauty of this country.

Father Hill, who has had the Pratt place rented for the past year, has given it up and vacated the house last Monday, and during the present week has been visiting his numerous friends in the valley preparatory to leaving for Klickitat county, where he will

engage in wheat raising, having found potato raising unprofitable in Hood River.

Our juvenile lodge of good templars is now in a very prosperous condition and numbers nearly fifty members, and under the superintendency of Mrs. M. E. Potter, is doing much good among the young people of this place. The lodge meets every Monday evening at the M. E. church, and the attendance is very good. The officers for this quarter, whose term began with this month, are: Joseph Frazier, chief templar; Howard Isenberg, vice templar; George Rich, chaplain; Josie Hansberry, past chief templar; Elton Hayden, financial secretary; Wm. Isenberg, treasurer; Edith Potter, secretary; Maggie Frazier, assistant secretary; Louisa Isenberg, marshal; Walter Isenberg, deputy marshal; Lucy Pritchard, guard; Marshall Isenberg, sentinel.

REMEME.

How We Lost Our Coon-skin Cap.

August 23, 1895.—Editor GLACIER: Having been very much annoyed by the depredations of some coons that were preying on my peaches and prunes, I determined that I must do something to get rid of them, or suffer serious loss to my fruit crop as well as to my peace of mind, as my temper was becoming slightly acid and my language somewhat forcible at the expense of its former elegance. In fact, my morals were threatening to execute a retrograde movement. Something had to be done. A happy thought struck me—I would poison them, that I would; that I reasoned would kill them off by wholesale; and as there seemed to be a whole herd of them, their skins would in a measure recompense me for my losses.

Mrs. Mac fell readily into my scheme, as she said she wanted some skins to make rugs of, and thought she could use a good many of the skins to advantage in that way. Soon, however, my sympathies got the best of me when I saw I just about had them in my power, and I began asking myself if I had a right to slaughter the coon population by wholesale, thus taking away so many lives that I had no power to restore. But Mrs. Mac again brought me to time by asking if I thought the coons had any power or inclination to restore the fruit they were eating up. Thus assured, I sallied forth on my dreadful mission of destruction and put out a goodly number of baits, each containing a liberal supply of poison.

The next morning, when I went out to skin my coons, I found coon tracks all over the orchard. I took the trail of one big old fellow to see where he had died. We had just been irrigating and it was easy tracking. I found where he had eaten up several baits. After eating the poisoned fruit his appetite seemed to get better, for I trailed him down one row of trees and up another, and round and round. Here he had climbed a tree, muddying up the trunk and showering down the fruit; eating a few of the choicest specimens and going on to another, where he had played toboggan slide over the heavily laden branches until he had broken some of them off. After awhile he seemed to have finished his frolic, and I trailed him down the road for about half a mile. Perhaps he had other appointments to fill. So in disgust I returned to the house, almost mad enough to eat the rest of the baits myself, as it would surely have been harmless. But then I thought that there might be some difference between the digestive powers of my stomach and that of a coon. Mrs. McGinnis stood in the doorway to welcome me, expecting to see me return with a number of fine coon tails adorning the front of my coat, while their gray pelts would gracefully dangle from my belt. But when she learned the true state of affairs she was madder than I have ever seen her since the time, by mistake, I gave the census taker my age for hers and took hers for mine. You see, she had set her heart on having them coon-skin rugs. I next set a series of large beaver traps in my orchard and temptingly arranged the ripe fruit about them, thinking I might yet be able to present the editor of the Hood River GLACIER with a coon-skin cap for next winter. But, alas! man's reason was no match for animal instinct. They are still holding their nightly festivals in my orchard, and I have no skins. Yours vehemently, CORBET MCGINNIS.

A Fish Story in Two Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

HOOD RIVER, Oregon, Aug. 7, 1894.—My Dear Gorham: Yours was duly to hand, and I would gladly have complied with your request in giving you the particulars about the hairy fish, but as I can not honorably do so, I am compelled to ask you to excuse me. The fact is I promised Father—of —, who caught it, with my assistance, that I would never again mention a word about it, for at the same time so much excitement was being created, greatly to his injury in usefulness and good name, that his superior, the archbishop of this diocese, informed him that the whole authority of the Church would be exercised against him unless such a scandal, as he called it, was not immediately stopped. The Father and I talk over the singular affair very often, regret the conditions surrounding it are such that "silence is golden," and both of us are comforted in believing with myriad-minded Shakespeare, "there are more things in

heaven and earth [and water] than is in your philosophy." But I can not break my word to my beloved brother fisherman, Father —. Perish the thought! I am surprised, however, before leaving the above subject, that you are in ignorance, for the newspapers were full of it at the time and everybody talked of it. Every theory possible to imagine was promulgated, and I even get from the late Colonel Jewett that he believed it had crossed with a mink. But I am forgetting myself and must stop. During the past two visits out home to the folks I have had an experience so entirely new, strange and unreasonable that I am persuaded we are on the brink of one of the great discoveries of the age. In ancient times Pythagoras, and in our times the natives of British India, believed and do believe in transmigration—i. e., the passing of the soul into another body. They believe, as you well know, that even fish are inhabited with some departed soul. So in India, the Hindus won't either kill or eat fish; for just consider a moment, he might in that act kill and eat his own grandmother or mother-in-law. Horror! We can not blame these people, therefore, for being solid vegetarians.

You can imagine the delight that three months of the sandy plains, heat and sage brush of Idaho, to get again into the shady brooks and mountains of Hood River, and with Pope, enthusiastically:

"With transport view the airy realm my own, And swell on an imaginary throne."

After enjoying the above and the bosom of my family, six of them (you remember Brigham, when he died on the bosom of his family, according to Artemus Ward, he had to go out of doors to do it), Ed and I went down to the Forks for an afternoon fishing. I had already caught two fish, 1 1/2 and 3 pounds each, when happening to step suddenly on a rock in view of a large fish in the pool, in the dash to get away he seems to have knocked his head against a sharp rock or snag, for instantly it became perfectly crazy. To describe it is quite impossible. His twisted and turned above, below, and put the pool in a regular turmoil, we looking on with the greatest astonishment. At last, in one of his mad springs he cleared a point of rocks and landed in a shallow pool, when Ed and I at once jumped him. He was a fine bull chinook, and I judge weighed 12 to 15 pounds, possibly more. I was just on the point of dispatching him, rejoicing in such luck, when I noticed his brains sticking out of a dent in the head. An idea, or rather twenty, flashed through me in a moment and I instantly had him in the pool again, for I had determined to trepan the skull.

Now, I don't believe in the theories of Gall that the mental faculties are shown on the surface of the head as taught in craniology, but from late reading we must admit that there are special functions of the brain connected with the faculties of the mind and nerve force. Now, what a magnificent opportunity I saw to experiment on the brain of the fish, which Ed had the greatest difficulty holding, for it continued to show the greatest terror or pain, and struggled and shook and quivered like a mad beast.

First, I cut an oval piece about three-fourths of an inch out of the largest fish I had caught, and then as neatly and carefully as I could, cut out the injured part of the skull, just a shade smaller, so when I lifted the skin I could slip it into position. As luck would have it, I had a needle and white linen thread in my pocket-book, and at the moment I remember how thankful I was to Will Montgomery at Mountain Home for giving it me to sew on a button, and while Ed held tight I managed to place it snug and finally get enough stitches in so all held fast. We had hardly any difficulty at all after the brain was pressed into place, as it quieted down very soon apparently relieved of the pain. It was somewhat awkward, having to be done under water, for I had to see that no air bubbles were left in the brain. We stood back when all was finished and found he made not the slightest effort to escape, and after a time began to show every sign of regaining strength. He would move round the pool occasionally, but generally seemed to be taking a square look at us, and which ever side we happened to be on, would be facing us. I found he was not afraid of us and would allow his back to be tickled or scratched like a dog, and moreover seemed rather to enjoy it, for I am positive he tried to wag his tail. We were amused to see him eat a grasshopper Ed held up for him, and when he had gathered some more we gave him about a couple of dozen. He regularly gulped them at a swallow and waited for more. When my back was turned, Ed held up an artificial fly, a No. 4 brown hackle, which he grabbed. I was quite angry at the time, but am more than thankful now, as it has resulted. It hooked in the upper jaw; I got it out finally, without any great difficulty, but he sulked quite a long while afterwards. He resumed his good nature in about half an hour, but I wish you could have seen how particularly he examined every fly afterwards. I think we must have tried every fly in my book, yet he would not have it; but didn't he just love a fat grasshopper or slug. It was laughable to see him examining an artificial fly—the long steady stare out of black and yellow eye, first on one side and then the other, and then back off and on no account come near it again. Towards evening we had to conclude what was to be done with him. Ed wanted him kocked on the head, but I determined he should have his liberty, so I gently lifted him into the river and off he went like a shot. I felt rather cheap, the laugh was on Ed's side, but imagine my delight while tying up our tackle to see a big swirl at my feet, and here he was in a few inches of water. Scratching him a little, we had to leave, and so far as I saw he watched us out of sight. If this was all, it would be wonderful, only as a case of gratitude in one of the lower creation, and which being not uncommon would not have been worth such minute details; but the sequel is wherein the story and strangeness comes in, the more therapeutical part is nothing.

But it is growing late and I must postpone the particulars till another occasion. I think if you only knew what followed you would rest badly and your wildest dreams would be far short of the reality. I will soon continue, and in the meantime exercise the virtue of patience, and with my kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Gorham, I remain yours faithfully, C. G. KONIGERS.

(Continued next week.)

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