

# The Hood River Glacier.

It's a Cold Day When We Get Left.

VOL. VIII.

HOOD RIVER, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1896.

NO. 31.

## OLD YEAR, FAREWELL!



AREWELL, fare-  
well, the best of  
friends must part,  
And as a token of  
how fond thou art,  
How fond and dear,  
Old Year, Old Year,  
Here take a gift of  
gold from out my  
hair,  
A shade of rose  
from cheek and  
lip, and there  
Sprinkle a touch of  
snow before you  
go,  
Old Year, before you  
go.

Good-by, God-speed,  
All earthly things must end,  
One look into your fading eyes, my friend,  
So fond and dear, Old Year, Old Year,  
There's a mild regret within my heart  
In place of pain.

All that was sweet in these shall once  
again  
In memory live and make me glad,  
Old Year, then why be sad?

Now that we're parting, I'm impelled to say,  
What I've in secret thought for many a day—  
Yet still I love you, dear Old Year,  
You've always worn a somewhat somber  
face,  
You've never had the winsome sprightly  
grace  
That I remember in your foregone kin,  
Old Year, that I have ushered in.

Your stay was shorter, too, it seems to me,  
Than that of former years was wont to be,  
Oh, fond and dear Old Year, Old Year,  
Mayhap for me all time is near complete,  
And toward the end you're hast'ning with  
glad feet,  
Then speed, no longer stay,  
Old Year, go swift thy way!

## HANS BRYNJULSON'S MORTGAGE.

A Dakota night. The prairie,  
wrapped in mysterious shadows,  
rolls away to the south and vanishes  
among the ghostly stars. Through  
the sedges of the marsh the night wind  
sighs fitfully; and the frogs, from their  
reedy haunts, croak a hoarse accom-  
paniment.

For Hans Brynjulson, smoking in the  
door of his "shack," and looking out over  
the moonlit plain and coteaux, there is  
but one word in the heart, one song on  
the lips of nature.

Christina!  
Well, indeed, did Hans remember her  
—the golden hair—her sparkling eyes  
—the fair beauty of her northern face.  
They had parted—but that was long ago.  
"You will make your fortune in Amer-  
ica, Hans. Be brave, I will come when  
you want me. God be with you, my  
dear one!"

Not a day passed but these words  
leaped from the memory to the heart of  
Hans Brynjulson. They were oftener on  
his lips than were his prayers.

The first year, the dreaded southwest  
wind scathed and withered a field al-  
most ready for the reaper, but Hans  
saved enough grain to plant the land  
again. The second year, crops were  
backward, and the wheat was "nipped"  
by frost and shriveled and blackened in  
the husk. The third year crops were  
beaten to the ground by hail.

How had Hans contrived to keep body  
and soul together during these years of  
trial? By mortgaging his possessions.  
His claim, his horses, his farming im-  
plements—everything—had been laid out  
in contribution to tide him over the hard  
times.

In his hands he had a letter. It was  
dark and he could not read it—but this  
was unnecessary. He had copied it  
word for word until he could have recited  
it by rote. The letter was from Chris-  
tina. She told her lover, in simple words,  
that she could not remain away from him  
longer. A longer absence, for her, was  
worse than death. Surely, her willing  
hands would prove a mighty factor in  
his hard life. The meekest drudgery at  
his side and for him would be happiness  
for her. The Stockholm sailed on the 1st  
of December for New York. Could he not  
send her money to pay her passage?  
If so, she would come third-class all the  
way. God bless him for the faithful  
lover that he was!

Poor Hans! He had never written  
Christina of his heroic struggle with fate.  
What should he do now? Tell her all?  
No, no. His heart rebelled against such  
a course. Fair, loyal Christina! He  
would send her the passage money. But  
where was he to get it? He started sud-  
denly in his feet. The moonbeams, strik-  
ing his haggard face, wreathed it with a  
strange beauty.

"Ay shall do't," he murmured in his  
broken English; "ay shall see Messer  
Yonson in da mornin'!"

"Say, do you know what that 'ere



"LO'KN' F'R LITTLE CHRISTINA.  
crazy Swede from Pony Gulch has been  
up to'at."  
Chris.arkin, the blacksmith, dropped  
the head of his hammer on the anvil and  
supported himself on the handle with his  
bared, shrewy arms as he addressed this  
sentence to Cal Higgins, a farmer.

"Gone an' mortgaged himself to Law-  
yer Johnson for \$100."  
"Tain't possible!"  
"Tis, too—but it can't be legal."  
"S'pose the Swede can't pay up when  
the mortgage is due?"  
"Johnson'll foreclose, I s'pose."  
"Then he'd own the Swede, her?"  
"More'n likely. Then he'd hire him  
out by the day, ye see, an' git his money  
back in that way."  
"When's the mortgage due?"  
"New Year's Day."  
"What did the Swede want the money  
for?"  
"Dunno. He went over to the post-  
office, bought a money order an' sent  
away ev'ry plauged cent!"  
"Don't that beat all!" exclaimed Hig-  
gins, disgustedly; "that's jest like them

hand. That handwriting! The letter  
was from Christina!  
The envelope was hastily torn open  
and a pair of happy blue eyes began  
perusing the text. Suddenly the happy  
light vanished from the face. Hans  
Brynjulson's limbs grew rigid and he  
lurched over against the counter with a  
moan of anguish.  
English words, even in a free transla-  
tion, are powerless to catch the pathetic  
vein that ran through Hans Brynjulson's  
letter, but here are its contents, done  
into our own language:  
On board S. S. Stockholm, Dec. 10.  
My Dear One:  
When you read this, my faithful love, she  
who writes it will be with you—in the  
spirit. I am to die, the ship's doctor says,  
and I thank God that I have the strength to  
send you this last word. I would that Our  
Heavenly Father had spared me to work for

ly stumbled over the form of a man lying  
prone upon the ground.  
"Why," he exclaimed, "it's Hans Bryn-  
julson!"  
"Let him lie where he is," said Mrs.  
Johnson; "he's drunk, no doubt."  
"Well, drunk or sober, if he lies here  
he'll freeze. It means a hundred dollars  
to me," said the lawyer, grimly; "ah, he's  
reviving. Come, come, my man, don't  
you know where you are?"  
"Messer Yonson?" returned Hans inter-  
rogatively.  
"Yes, yes; get up and follow us. You'll  
freeze to death lying there. You must  
freeze, you know. It wouldn't be treat-  
ing me fair. You understand why, eh?  
You can sleep in my barn to-night."  
The day after New Year's dawned with

Brynjulson received the information  
without comment and once more vanished  
into the storm.  
Of what he did after this absolutely  
nothing is known. The lawyer's daugh-  
ter could not tell. She started home, she  
said, was overtaken by the storm and  
finally grew bewildered. Struggling vainly  
for what seemed an interminably long  
time she had finally sunk senseless and  
exhausted into the snow.  
When found she was snugly wrapped in  
the lawyer's fur coat while a pair of  
thin, rigid arms folded her close as  
though to protect her from the drifting  
flakes. And when the snow was brushed  
from Hans Brynjulson's icy face, con-  
gealed tears were found in the eye-lashes,  
and about the mouth—mystery unsolv-



Swedes. Some fool spekerlation, I'll bet  
a copper."

It was Christmas Day.  
In the nooks and crannies of Wells  
County there was a bare suggestion of  
snow. The white flakes were unusually  
backward, that year, in taking possession  
of the country and the settlers shook their  
heads forebodingly as they spoke of a  
"green Christmas" and a "fat church-  
yard."

"Don't worry, Chris," remarked the  
conductor of the passenger train that had  
thundered up to the station, "we'll have  
a regular bender to make up for this.  
When the snow comes, it'll be on us all  
in a heap—see if it ain't. What's the  
matter, my man?"

The last words were spoken to Hans  
Brynjulson, who had touched the con-  
ductor on the arm.

"Ay been lo'kin' f'r mae little Chris-  
tina by dees tra'n, but Ay can't see her,  
no place—'" began poor Hans.

"Ah," went on the conductor, with a  
laugh, "some girl from the States that  
you're going to marry! No—there were  
no passengers for Sykeston."  
Hans turned with a sigh. The post-  
master was walking off with the mail-  
pouch, and the forlorn Swede followed.  
He had a vague thought that the mail-  
pouch might contain some news for him.  
Half an hour later the letters and par-  
cels had been assorted and the postmaster  
began distributing them to the waiting  
throng. There were Christmas presents  
and loving tidings from dear ones in the  
East and many a pioneer's face wreathed  
with happiness as the letters were read  
or the presents tucked snugly away in  
warm breast pockets.

"Here's something for you, Hans,"  
called the postmaster, and the pale-faced  
man who had been lingering near the  
door, doubtful but expectant, started for-  
ward with a smile and an outstretched

you, but, since this is impossible, work dou-  
bly hard for yourself. Be brave, dear Hans,  
for my sake. Be patient and you will be  
fortunate. God tempers the wind to his  
stricken children and he will not forget thee,  
my darling. My strength ebbs fast—a last  
farewell.  
CHRISTINA.

As the shades of evening crept over the  
sky and brought out, one by one, the  
cold, clear-cut stars, the words of a



"IT'S HANS BRYNJULSON!"

Christmas carol floated through the doors  
of the little Sykeston church and settled,  
like so many spirits of peace, over the  
quiet village.

A man, reeling through the semi-dark-  
ness, heard the song and stopped to lis-  
ten. As the last bar of the song died  
away, its cadence was broken by a dis-  
cordant groan. A moment later as Law-  
yer Johnson with his wife and little  
daughter came out of the church, he near-

ly stumbled over the form of a man lying  
prone upon the ground.  
"Why," he exclaimed, "it's Hans Bryn-  
julson!"

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Johnson; "he's drunk, no doubt."  
"Well, drunk or sober, if he lies here  
he'll freeze. It means a hundred dollars  
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from Hans Brynjulson's icy face, con-  
gealed tears were found in the eye-lashes,  
and about the mouth—mystery unsolv-

ble—there hovered a smile. Happiness  
crowned with tears!

Perhaps they were tears of joy; per-  
haps the boisterous winter winds became  
summer zephyrs in the ears of Hans  
Brynjulson and whispered to him the  
word, "Christina, Christina," perhaps  
this also was the burden of the snow  
flakes as they rustled down over him and  
wove their spotless wool into the web of  
his life.

Lawyer Johnson caused it to be duly  
known that Hans Brynjulson had can-  
celled his mortgage and it was Mrs.  
Johnson's own hand that gave the docu-  
ment to the fire.—W. W. Cook, in Detroit  
Free Press.

**How Not to Break Resolutions.**  
Ah, glorious resolution—  
Would you know how not to break it?  
Oh, friends and fellow citizens,  
The way is not to make it.

**Watching for Santa Claus.**



## CARLISLE'S REPORT.

Statement of the Government's Finan-  
cial Condition—Debt is Increasing.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Secretary  
Carlisle, in his annual report on the  
state of the finances shows the revenues  
of the government from all sources to  
have been \$409,475,408, and the expendi-  
tures \$484,678,654, which leaves a  
deficit for the year ended June 1,  
1896, of \$25,203,245.

In addition to the ordinary revenues  
collected during the year the cash in  
the treasury was increased by the fol-  
lowing sums:  
From the sale of 100,000,000 4 per  
cent thirty-year bonds \$111,166,246;  
and from the issue of 4 per cent bonds  
in liquidation of interest accrued on  
refunding certificates converted during  
the year, \$4,180, making a total of  
\$111,170,376.

As compared with the fiscal year  
1895, the receipts for 1896 increased  
\$19,102,315, of which the following are  
the principal items of increase:

Customs	\$7,863,124
Internal revenue	3,841,192
Profit on coinage of bullion deposited,	20,000,000
etc	1,256,512
Postal service	5,516,080

There is shown to have been a de-  
crease in ordinary expenditures of \$4-  
015,852.

## ESTIMATE FOR THIS YEAR.

The revenues of the government for  
the current fiscal year are thus esti-  
mated upon the basis of existing laws:

From customs	\$148,000,000
From internal revenue	150,000,000
Miscellaneous sources	20,000,000
From postal service	89,798,120
Total estimated revenue	\$407,798,120

The expenditures for the same period  
are estimated at \$472,298,120, leaving  
an estimated deficiency for the year of  
\$64,500,000.

These estimates of receipts and ex-  
penditures, the secretary says, are  
made upon the assumption that there  
will be no substantial change in exist-  
ing business conditions, and that the  
present scale of public expenditures  
will not be reduced. But if our ordi-  
nary business activity should be resumed  
and the consumption of articles subject  
to taxation should increase to its  
normal proportions, there may be, in  
fact, no deficiency in our revenues.

## LAWYER STEEVES ACQUITTED.

Jury Came to an Agreement After  
Three Days.

Portland, Or., Dec. 23.—Xenophon  
N. Steeves is a free man. This morn-  
ing at Hillsboro at 10 o'clock the one  
juror who hung out for conviction cap-  
sulated, and a verdict of acquittal was  
returned to Judge McBride's court.

For over twenty-four hours the ballot  
stood eleven for acquittal and one for  
conviction. Saturday the jury stood  
ten for acquittal and two for convic-  
tion, but yesterday one of the obstinate  
jurors gave up and sometime last night  
the twelfth man voted "not guilty"  
and the jury went to sleep. This  
morning when the bailiff of the court  
was called he was informed that an  
agreement had been reached.

Juror Catchings was indisposed from  
the long confinement. He became so  
ill yesterday that he had to be taken to  
a physician.

The great expense of the trial and  
the time and care expended in trying  
the case demanded a verdict one way  
or another, and when the result was  
announced in Portland general satis-  
faction was expressed. The Steeves  
jury locked up last Friday evening  
and up to last night it was generally  
expected there would be a disagree-  
ment.

Steeves returns to Portland this  
evening. He was the recipient of  
many congratulations from friends to-  
day on his acquittal. His friends in  
Portland have been confident of his ac-  
quittal throughout, and have resolutely  
stood by him during the trial.

## A HEAVY FAILURE.

National Bank of Illinois Closes Its  
Doors—Was a Large Concern.

Chicago, Dec. 23.—The National  
Bank of Illinois, one of the oldest and  
best-known banking institutions in the  
city, with assets of between \$12,000-  
000 and \$15,000,000, closed today.  
The following notice was posted on the  
doors before banking hours:

"This bank is in the hands of the  
national bank examiner, by order of  
the controller of the treasury."

This action was decided upon at a  
meeting of the directors last night  
after the bank had been suspended from  
the Clearing House Association of  
Chicago.

Of the sixteen banks that cleared  
through the National Bank of Illinois,  
two are closed—E. S. Dyer & Co. and  
Warmandorf & Heineman. These two  
are mortgage loan banks and savings  
societies in a small way, and their  
failure is not expected to affect any  
business houses. The assets of E. S.  
Dyer & Co. are given at \$1,000,000;  
liabilities, \$1,200,000. Warmandorf's  
assets are \$650,000; liabilities, \$400-  
000. The Security Title & Trust Com-  
pany was appointed receiver for both  
firms.

Six banks have made arrangements  
to clear through other banks, and the  
remainder of the sixteen are making  
similar arrangements as fast as possible.  
The failure was a great surprise in  
financial and business circles. The  
cause of the suspension, as given in  
resolutions, are "unwarrantable and  
judicious loans."