

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 thee 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!



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 accompaniment.

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—sails of 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 America, 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 almost 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 implements—everything—had been laid under 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 Christina. 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 suddenly in his feet. The moonbeams, striking his haggard face, wreathed it with a strange beauty. "Ay shall do it," he murmured in his broken English; "ay shall see Messer Yonson in da mornin'!"

"Say, do you know what that 'ere



"LO'KIN' F'R LITTLE CHRISTINA.

crazy Swede from Pony Gulch has been up to it." Chris,arkin, the blacksmith, dropped the head of his hammer on the anvil and supported himself on the handle with his bare, shrewy arms as he addressed this sentence to Cal Higgins, a farmer.

"Whatnow?" asked Higgins. "What's the latest?"

"Gone an' mortgaged himself to Lawyer 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 Higgins, 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 translation, 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 Brynjulson!" "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 interrogatively. "Yes, yes; get up and follow us. You'll freeze to death lying there. You mustn't freeze, you know. It wouldn't be treating 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 daughter 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, congealed tears were found in the eye-lashes, and about the mouth—mystery unsolved.

CARLISLE'S REPORT.

Statement of the Government's Financial 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 expenditures \$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 following 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 \$115,346,246.

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 3,941,192 Profit on coinage of bullion deposited, etc 1,566,512 Postal service 5,516,080

There is shown to have been a decrease in ordinary expenditures of \$4,015,852. ESTIMATE FOR THIS YEAR. The revenues of the government for the current fiscal year are thus estimated 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 \$472,293,120, leaving an estimated deficiency for the year of \$64,500,000. These estimates of receipts and expenditures, the secretary says, are made upon the assumption that there will be no substantial change in existing business conditions, and that the present scale of public expenditures will not be reduced. But if our ordinary 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 morning at Hillsboro at 10 o'clock the one juror who hung out for conviction capitulated, 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 conviction, 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 satisfaction was expressed. The Steeves jury locked up last Friday evening and up to last night it was generally expected there would be a disagreement.

Steeves returns to Portland this evening. He was the recipient of many congratulations from friends today on his acquittal. His friends in Portland have been confident of his acquittal 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 Warningsdorf & 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. Warningsdorf's assets are \$650,000; liabilities, \$400,000. The Security Title & Trust Company 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 injudicious loans."



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 churchyard."

"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 conductor on the arm.

"Ay been lo'kin' f'r mae little Christina 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 postmaster 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 parcels 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 forward with a smile and an outstretched

you, but, since this is impossible, work doubly 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-darkness, heard the song and stopped to listen. As the last bar of the song died away, its cadence was broken by a discordant groan. A moment later as Lawyer 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.

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"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?"

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