

Hood River Glacier.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1897.

School boards desiring to levy a tax for the coming year are hereby reminded that the district clerks must write to the county clerk for the amount of taxable property in their respective districts. This can not be furnished by the county clerk until the state board of equalization, now in session, is through with the assessment roll. As the amount of the levy must be forwarded to the county clerk before February 1st, there will not be much time to spare. Where a tax is desired by a school district, a meeting of the citizens to vote a tax should be called for some day towards the beginning of the last week in January.

The ways and means committee of the house is engaged in preparing a tariff bill to be acted on at the special session that will be called by the president elect. Delegations of manufacturers that appear before the committee to urge protection for their respective lines of goods make a bad showing for our "infant industries." If the manufacturers are allowed to make the schedules of another tariff bill, the McKinley act will have been a mild protective measure compared with the new bill.

The seven democrats and 22 populists and all other republicans of the Oregon legislature, it is said, will not vote for a republican for United States senator, but will compliment members of their own parties with their votes. This is as it should be. A man elected to the legislature on a party ticket has no more right to vote for a candidate for United States senator outside of his party than a presidential elector would have to vote against his party in the electoral college.

John Wannamaker and Boss Quay are having open war over the senatorship in the Quays estate. Mr. Wannamaker is a candidate for senatorial honors, and to be successful must first down the boss, whose candidate is Penrose of Philadelphia. It is a pity there are only two or three men in the republican party of the great state of Pennsylvania that can be considered worthy of serving in the senate.

Captain C. C. Blood of Tennessee, who acted for a year as drillmaster for the raw insurgent troops under Gomez, has just returned to his home. He brings back the startling information that General Weyler is a native of Ohio and a son of parents of German origin. His father is at present a farmer in the Buckeye state.

General Bradley T. Johnson of Baltimore, who has lately returned from Cuba, advises the young men of the United States to keep away from Cuba, that the insurgents are not worth fighting for.

W. G. Steel in a New Role.
HOOD RIVER, Or., Dec. 29, 1896.—Editor GLACIER: From various sources comes the information that Mr. W. G. Steel of Portland has visited the sheepmen of Eastern Oregon and has endeavored to pull their own wool over their eyes and filled their ears with a very plausible tale of the inestimable benefits to accrue to them by subscribing the sum of \$500 to pay Mr. Steel's expenses to go as a delegate before congress and secure an amendment to the forestry bill, which has already passed the lower house, permitting the pasturing of sheep, cattle and horses on the Cascade reserve.

The Antelope Herald of the 18th inst. refers to Mr. Steel as representing "the national forestry association and the Oregon Mazamas." I wish to state, most emphatically, that though Mr. Steel may be a member of each of these organizations, he does not represent their policies; and the investigations now being carried on by the sheepmen as to the advisability of such action will develop the fact that Mr. Steel represents only himself and his own interests.

The fallacy of such a scheme is ridiculously apparent. The government purposes establishing a rational policy of forest conservation, but it would not, as Mr. Steel attempts to show, thus discriminate in favor of the sheepmen, allowing them to scatter their flocks throughout the reserve, while the home seeker who might wish to locate within its bounds, the miner who wished to develop his claim, the settler on contiguous sections who wished to construct a ditch from within its limits, and all others who might be benefited by free access to the reserve, would be debared, while the resulting devastation would be comparatively insignificant. Mr. Steel nor any other individual has the power to blind the authorities to these facts.

The perpetuation of the Cascade reserve hinges upon the report of the forestry commission which visited this and other reservations last summer. A commission composed of able, intelligent men, sent out by government authority, who spent several months in the field in careful consideration and investigation of this momentous question. Upon completion of this report and its presentation to congress the question will be definitely settled. Until such time the sheepmen may as

well reserve their funds for other purposes, for their strongest endeavors can avail them nothing.

In the meantime, Mr. Steel, the alleged friend and advocate of the forest policies of the two societies before mentioned, will bring upon himself an indignant rebuke from every true friend of our noble forests and the members of the societies which our opponents would have us believe he represents.

H. D. LANGILLE.

From Our Exchanges.

The good roads convention met in Portland last week and discussed the subject thoroughly, and the outcome will be new legislation on the subject this winter. They formulated a plan to have a bill pushed in the legislature abolishing the plan of working out the tax, and instead collect the money for the taxes and have the county court let the road building and repairing out by contracts, which in our estimation will give us better roads at less expense. We can cheerfully state that our representative, Hon. N. Merrill, is in for good roads and will vote for any bill tending to improve our highways.—Clatskanie Chief.

This is Oregon's golden opportunity for a cabinet position, and why fool away the chance in petty jealousies as to who shall have the position? Let our delegation select the man, and then let all Oregon arise and say Amen.—Heppner Gazette.

The Prineville Review, in chronicling the marriage of a young man to a widow of that place, speaks of the bride as "an old resident of Prineville." We doesn't refer to the maturity of a bride here, and always call her "the young and blushing bride," whether she be 17 or 70.—Fossil Journal.

The United States senate is rapidly convincing the people that the selection of railroad attorneys, presidents of corporations and political Jeckyl-Hyde monstrosities, must result in a change of base, either by doing away with the two-headed political calves, bearded women and living skeletons, or by the election of another class of men directly by the people. The mental vacuums now in the senate are not brainy enough to "fool part of the people part of the time."—The Dalles Chronicle.

We agree with the suggestion that the assembly should pass an act providing for employing convict labor to build a canal around the dunes of the Columbia. Not only should we have the convicts in the penitentiary employed on this work, but all persons sentenced to county or city jails. When a hobo or thief is sentenced to thirty or sixty days or more imprisonment send him to Celilo at once to work on the canal and keep him at work till his term expires.—More Observer.

Matters of great importance are now agitating the minds of the legislators elect of Oregon, to-wit: They have to elect a president of the senate and a speaker of the house; then employ a large number of clerks; then elect a United States senator; or attempt to do so; pass appropriation bills; secure pocket knives, pens, etc.; and retire to their admiring constituents covered with glory.—Welcome.

New Discovery in Skamania.

The latest discovery in mining in Skamania county is the uncovering of a distinct ledge, ledge or vein about 3 miles east of Stevenson, that only adds another proof to the fact that this county will become the Cripple Creek of Washington. It is just now the mecca of fortune hunters, which we opine will see immigration the coming spring that will grow as ledge after ledge is uncovered. A reporter of this paper, after listening to the many tales about lodes and veins that existed so close at hand, straddled a cayuse and rode out to the new discovery. It is a typical place for a mine, high on the side of a steep mountain and about a mile inland from the Columbia river. The ledge, which is a distinct one, was uncovered after four or five blasts were spent, leaving a vein about four feet across exposed, which runs in a north-westerly direction. The ore is of a dark steel-gray color and closely resembles tellurium. It may be tellurium glance, and if it proves so, Mr. Sweeney is a millionaire, for that ore carries tellurium, sulphur, lead and gold, and is of a splendid lustre. Tellurium was discovered by Miller in 1782, combined with gold and silver. Mr. Sweeney, the discoverer, will have a thorough test made, and should it assay only a few dollars per ton, it would nevertheless be one of the richest mines in the Northwest.

Penalty of Destroying Our Forests.

The climate of Oregon has not changed neither do we have any heavier storms than those of years ago, but the liability to floods in our streams is growing greater each year. The forests are being rapidly destroyed by both the ax and fire, and with them are going the great beds of moss that hold back the water like a sponge and which restrain the water from running off at once, while the shade of the trees prevented the quick melting of the snow in the mountains. This, with the drainage of all the marshes and low places in the farming districts, has made it so that when a big storm is on, the water having no reservoir of any kind to hold it back, rushes into the streams at once and forcing them out of their banks with a fall of water that a few years ago would have made no serious inconvenience to the residents along their banks. The danger of floods is one of the penalties that all communities pay, who destroy the barriers that nature has created to hold them in check.—Oregon City Enterprise.

The Girls and the Prince.

When the Prince of Wales was in America in 1860, he was a young man of nineteen and unmarried. Naturally, the American girls were deeply interested in him, and a period of the most romantic excitement ensued in all the cities. Every subterfuge to dance with the young prince was resorted to, and members of his party were bribed to arrange a dance with the heir apparent; the most unusual expedients were resorted to by the girls. His baggage was kissed as it was put aboard the cars, and when he left a hotel room women would rush in and carry away in bottles the water in which he had washed his face. Church people forgot themselves and stood on the cushions of the pews in order to see the royal visitor. On every hand it was a season of excitement, and balls, dinners, fetes and receptions ruled. One of the prince's party was Stephen Fiske, the journalist, who was delegated by the elder James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, to remain with the prince while he was in America. Naturally, Mr. Fiske saw all the incidents of his royal highness' tour. Taking a liking to the American journalist, the young prince saw that he was present upon all occasions. Now Mr. Fiske has written out the whole story, and it will form the January installment of the Ladies' Home Journal's series of "Great Personal Events." Illustrations of some of the great scenes have been made, and these will be given with the article in the January Journal.—Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

Chicken Thief Shot.

The people of Harmony, two miles north of Clackamas, have been suffering from the depredations of a chicken thief recently and have been laying plans to capture the miscreant. A gust Kanine had fixed an electric bell on his chicken house door, so that when the door was opened the bell would ring in his bedroom. Thursday morning, about two o'clock, the clatter of the bell aroused Mr. Kanine from his slumbers to a realization of the fact that some one was in his chicken house. Seizing his gun, he and his son rushed out, and after a little reconnoitering, discovered a man running away from the building. Mr. Kanine called to him three times to stop, but he kept on running, when Kanine fired at him, the shot taking effect in the thief's neck and the right side of his body and breaking his left arm. The victim, Henry Hallway, who has been traveling over the country with wagon and team, robbing hen roosts whenever and wherever opportunity offered.

This is "Sport."

Several items have recently appeared in country exchanges narrating the advent of a poor half-starved, half-frozen deer into a town or settlement, driven thence by the extreme cold and deep snow, or by the more cruel human persecutors, and in each instance it was set upon by dogs and guns and "sport" made of his murder. It is strange that so many human beings consider killing such a helpless, inoffensive animal "sport." A deer killed under such circumstances is scarcely fit for food; it isn't dangerous; it is one of God's creatures, as much entitled to life and liberty, unless its killing is necessary to man's subsistence, as man is himself. To thus hound to a cruel death a poor, defenseless, despairing animal when it is forced to come among creatures of a higher and nobler (?) species, is cowardly, dastardly and devilish. No true sportsman would commit such an offense; neither would any man entitled to the appellation of gentleman. Not one of the wild beasts of the forest is to be so degraded or despised as one of these cruel and conscienceless men.

An exchange very truthfully suggests: "When a home merchant presents you with his bill don't allow the hair on your spinal column to rise like porcupine quills, and look as though you had been insulted. The chances are he trusted you for a shirt on your back and groceries to keep your family. Speak kindly to him who has accommodated you cheerfully. A man whose temper rises to ninety degrees in the shade, when asked for just account, and feels his dignity has been trampled on is a good man—not to trust."

"Here is a political paradox," said Representative Dockery to a correspondent of the Globe Democrat. "In 1892 we democrats made the campaign upon the tariff issue, and won. Our president called a special session to consider, not the tariff, but the currency question. In 1896 the issue of the campaign was the money question. The republicans win, and their president is to call a special session to consider, not the currency, but the tariff."

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Oregon. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago.

Administratrix Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Administratrix of the estate of David K. Ordway, deceased, and has duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are therefore notified to present the same to her, properly verified, within six months from the date hereof, at the office of the county clerk of Wasco county, Oregon, or the office of her attorney, J. H. Cradiebaugh, in The Dalles Chronicle building, at The Dalles, Oregon.

Dated this 24th day of December, A. D., 1896.
FANNIE A. KENNEDY,
Administratrix of the estate of David K. Ordway deceased.

Taken Up.

Came to my place, about October 10th, a little pig. Owner will please come and prove property, pay for this notice and I'll feed and take him away.
JOHN A. MOHR.

Estray.

At my place, one 2-year-old, steer, pale red, split in right ear, branded MD on right hip.
TROY SHELLEY.

\$20 an Acre.

Eighty acres of land in Hood River valley for sale at \$20 an acre. Good improvements: 25 acres in strawberries; 40 apple trees, and plenty of other fruit to supply a family; nine acres in cultivation. Plenty of water for irrigation from private ditch. This place is one of the earliest in the valley for strawberries. For further particulars address the Glacier.

THE HUNTER'S COLD STORAGE.

He Always Supplied Deer and Fish on Short Notice.

A gentleman who was at work at the Howard Gate quarry in Willamette twenty-five years ago, says deer was as plenty then in the woods north of Sebec lake as anyone could ask for. The slate company has a large number of men employed, and boarded them in camps, the same as lumber men board their crews in the woods.

To keep the camps supplied with fish and meat they kept a hunter employed every day. The supply never ran short, but some of his methods were peculiar. He evidently kept fish on call in the winter season. On several occasions company came in from Bangor unexpectedly late in the evening. But they only had to say trout to Stone, the hunter, and he would start out into the woods to return in fifteen minutes with a handsome string of fish, apparently just taken from the water, says the Lewiston Journal.

He would bring in deer in the winter much the same way. His manner of doing this the gentleman explains, for he went with him once and learned the secret. He took the deer sled out to bring in game, and the workman went along to help haul it. They did not go very far into the forest when they came to a lot of evergreen boughs heaped upon the snow. Here Stone stopped. Lifting the boughs he tipped the pile over, and the looker-on, who wondered what he was up to, was scared nearly out of his senses when a big buck bounded up out of the hole and fell flat on his side. His feet were tethered together so he could not stand. Stone had caught him, and tethered him and buried him alive under the brush and snow against future emergencies. This was his system of cold storage.

THE PRESS IN THE ARCTICS.

Queer Publications of the Land of the Esquimaux.

There exist at present several "journals" that make their appearance but once a year, says a writer in Scientific American. Literally, of course, they are not journals—dailies—but annuals. They are published within the confines of the north polar circle. The Esquimaux Bulletin, for example, is edited near Cape Prince of Wales, on Behring Strait.

Here, in a village inhabited by Esquimaux, the English missionaries have established a school, and as but one steamer lands at this place, and that but once a year, the news that it brings is consigned to a sheet of paper printed with the heliograph. Its size is eight by twelve inches. The paper is very thick, and but one surface is used.

This Esquimaux Bulletin, in a sub-head, claims to be the "only yearly paper." This, however, is an error, for there is an annual sheet published at Godthaab, in Greenland, where a small printing office was established in 1862, whence about two hundred and eighty sheets and many lithographic prints have been issued. The journal in question is entitled Atnagagdliintit, nalingnamik tusaruminnassumik; that is: "Something for reading, accounts of all sorts of entertaining subjects."

The language is that of Greenland, a dialect of the Esquimaux. There is still another periodical published in Greenland, under the name of Kaladlit.

UNDER SNOW TWO MONTHS.

Winter Experience of Four Men in a Hut in Montana.

I lived under the snow for two months, said a prospector to a Cincinnati Enquirer man recently. Talk about the present snow being a deep one! It is nothing to what I encountered in 1868 in what were then the hills of Minnesota, near Albert Lea. Four of us had built a hut in order to hold a homestead claim, and fortunately had laid in a supply of provisions sufficient to last two or three months during the winter. One night it commenced to snow, and large flakes constantly fell for two days and nights. Then the wind began to blow, the snow continuing, and the next morning we could not open the door. The windows were completely blocked and we could not tell that it was daytime except by our watches. We built a big fire and stayed in the house, supposing that it would pass off in a few hours, but the weather turned intensely cold. On the third day we tunneled out through the window, but found it impossible to remove the drift, which completely covered the hut. The cold weather continued without a break for two months. The top of the snow became hard enough to bear our weight and we would go out by the window, returning at night, but it was two months before the snow thawed sufficiently to uncover the hut.

The Dublin Brogue.

Frances Power Cobbe, in her "Life," gives amusing illustrations of the Dublin brogue in which Irish Protestant clergymen, educated at Trinity college, used to preach fifty years ago. One, concluding a sermon on the "Fear of Death," exclaimed: "Me brethren, the doying Christian lepps into the arms of death, and makes his hollow jaws ring with eternal hallelujahs!" There was a chapter in the Acts which Miss Cobbe dreaded to hear read by a certain clergyman, so difficult was it to help laughing when told of "Pertheans and Mades, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia and the part of Libya about Cyraene, strengers of Roum, Jews, Proselytes, Crates and Arabians."

Senatorial Candor.

When John C. Calhoun became vice president of the United States, and consequently president of the senate, he announced that he had not the authority to call the senators to order for words spoken in debate, as he regarded each senator as an ambassador from a sovereign state. The eccentric John Randolph, of Virginia, took advantage of Mr. Calhoun's ruling to abuse him personally. One day he began a tirade by saying: "Mr. Speaker! I mean Mr. President of the senate and would-be President of the United States, which God in His infinite mercy avert!"

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

To Our Friends and Customers:

We have been trying to cater to your interests while profiting by your custom for five years. How well we have satisfied you is yours to say. But we promise you "eternal vigilance" for the future for QUALITY and PRICE. We do not propose to be undersold from The Dalles to Portland, always guaranteeing QUALITY with careful dispensing. There is no class of merchandise having so many grades of quality or subject to more rapid deterioration and sudden changes in price. And our customers may always depend upon receiving the benefits of lowest prices on the best qualities. QUALITY is our motto and watchword.

While no stock is always complete, our endeavors will be, as in the past, to keep what you want, and get in the shortest time that which we have not.

One word about credits. We are pleased to accommodate you for not over 30 days, but will not cater for extended credit trade.

WILLIAMS & BROSIUS, Pharmacists,
Hood River, Oregon.

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[Successor to E. L. Smith—Oldest Established House in the valley.]

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The Chicago Chronicle

IS FIRST OF ALL

A GREAT NEWSPAPER.

INCIDENTALLY it is an advocate of democracy, with no leaning toward populism or state socialism. The triumph of the republican party in the recent presidential election, as a result of the disruption of the democratic, devolves upon the latter the duty of re-education and reorganization on the lines of their own, and not some other party's, faith. To promote genuine democracy, to discountenance populism, and to resist the anomalousist schemes of republicanism will be the political mission of THE CHRONICLE in the future as it has been in the past. As a newspaper THE CHRONICLE will continue to be comprehensive and enterprising, bearing neither labor nor expense to make its reports of all noteworthy events of superior excellence, and covering exhaustively the entire field of news, discovery, invention, industry and commerce. For one cent a day every family within five hundred miles of Chicago may have on the day of its publication a copy of a great daily newspaper, costing thousands of dollars to produce—a miracle of cheapness and value combined.

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