

Hood River Glacier.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1897.

The members of the Hood River Fruit Growers' Union seem to be in about the same situation as our state legislature at Salem. They are pulling apart and doing a good deal of talking that so far has not helped much towards adjusting their difficulties. Like the legislature, the fight just at present is over the offices. The union has been organized now four years. The first year, without previous experience, and before our community could ship strawberries in carload lots, our union unfortunately shipped too many berries to Montana markets, and prices declined below a paying basis. Next year came the flood, and our crop rotted on the vines for the want of transportation facilities through the loss of the railroad. For the past two years we have been able to ship in carload lots, and after shipments to Montana from other points became too heavy to hold up prices, our berries were shipped East. The growers who ship outside of the union generally have very early berries, and the bulk of their shipments are made before Walla Walla, Milton and other points come in with heavy shipments to compete. To an outsider it looks like our union had been well managed from the fact that prices received by it averaged better than prices received by opposition shippers operating alongside for the past two years. Last year's crop, the heaviest and about the latest in ripening of any ever marketed from here, averaged to union shippers \$1.89 per crate, being an advance over the prices of the previous year. This coming season promises a larger crop than ever. If we have a good season, the number of crates shipped will probably double the number shipped last year from Hood River. Our largest growers—each and every one of them, no doubt—feel that this year they will have a good deal at stake, and every one naturally is interested in getting members elected on the board of directors in whom he has confidence, if he can't be elected himself. January 9th, the stockholders held their annual meeting and elected a board of directors consisting of three members. It is now claimed that 60 shares of stock were voted at the meeting which had never been sold, at least not in accordance with the by-laws of the incorporated union. A petition to the former president of the union, setting forth that the proceedings of the meeting held January 9th were irregular and illegal, and calling for another meeting, was granted, and the former president has called a meeting of the stockholders for next Monday. In the meantime the board elected January 9th is at work, holding meetings and transacting business, and the new president has called a meeting of all fruit growers to assemble tomorrow "to receive various statements of facts relating to past operations of the union and its officers and to discuss live topics of present interest to all." We do not know the cause of all this discussion among the members of the Hood River Fruit Growers' Union. We know that it exists, and can only regret that such is the case. It is a most serious matter for our fruit growers, and it is to be hoped that the members of the union will get together and quit acting like a lot of Oregon legislators. It is well known that our fruit union has its enemies, and will continue to have its enemies no matter who is its manager, and who knows but they are interested in sowing the seeds of discord. The Hood River Fruit Growers' Union is composed of our best citizens, and it should not be a hard matter for them to harmonize and pull together. All should attend the meeting called for tomorrow and again on next Monday, and see that wise counsel prevails.

A bill has been introduced in the Washington legislature providing that all sheep coming into or passing through that state from an adjoining state shall be quarantined for a period of 60 days. The bill is evidently aimed at Oregon sheep, which are driven to the neighborhood of Mt. Adams for summer pasturage. The ravages of sheep in the vicinity of Trout Lake are said to be spoiling a fine stock and dairy country, and who can blame the people of that part of the country for trying to protect their horses? Who has the best right to the pasturage of that country, the settlers or the sheep men living 100 or 200 miles away, in another state? With government reserves and laws against invading other states with bands of sheep, sheep men will begin to think this not a very good country for sheep. In the Eastern states farmers find it profitable to keep sheep to fertilize worn out land, and incidentally the wool clip and mutton help out the farmer's income. There, also, the farmer pastures his flocks on his own land, and in winter shelters and feeds them and cares for them through the lambing season. Here a man may own thousands of sheep and not possess an acre of land. His flocks pasture on government land in the summer, often times to the detriment of outlying settlements, and during a hard winter the owner whose flocks are not diminished one-half by exposure to the elements and hunger

considers himself fortunate. In lambing time, if it happens to be a wet and stormy spring, not one-half the young are saved from perishing on the bleak and storm swept prairies. And yet sheep men have the effrontery to ask for a high tariff on wool to protect them in their grasping and merciless business.

Senator John Michell has introduced a bill in the Oregon senate providing for the construction of a portage railway around the Dalles of the Columbia, from Celilo to The Dalles. The bill appropriates \$195,000. If the state undertakes to build the portage road it will be built, as was the case with the portage road at the Cascades. If the general government constructs a ship railway, no one knows when it will be completed. The government work at the Cascades was over twenty years in building, while competent engineers have stated that it could have been accomplished in something like two years.

Reminiscences of the Cayuse War.

(Continued from last week.)

DEATH OF CHIEF PEPE MUX-MUX.
Next morning, when we started on the march, myself and guard were kept in charge of the prisoners. Before we left camp I could hear the rifles popping around the bend. The advance guard were properly in it. As we marched up the road, our position with the prisoners was about the center of the column, then followed the wagon train, and then the rear guard. We could see the boys running along the hill sides and hear them shooting all day long, and I did not want to be there. As we rode along I noticed Ab Addington sitting by the roadside, leaning on his elbows. I said, "Ab, are you badly hurt?" "No, only shot through the hip," he replied, "but those sons of b—s have got my race mare." Ab's mare had run away with him and run clean through the main line of Indians. After being shot through the hip, he fell off, and as the Indians passed him they tried to shoot him, but being too closely pressed by our boys, they would stick their guns in his face and before they could pull the trigger would be past their mark and the bullets would whistle to one side of his face. The skin was pulled off his face and head in several places where the muzzles of the guns had struck him. Ab was a Lion county boy. Next, I saw a dead Indian lying on the hill side. I pointed him out to old Pepe, who shook his head. Then Lieut. Ben Hardin came riding back on a big iron-gray horse. The horse had been shot in the withers, and the blood streaming down on the white horse looked bad. Old Pepe shook his head again. Nat Olney came along, going to the front. He said things were getting hot as hell on ahead. Old Pepe asked me if Olney was good and smiled when I told him he was.

As we rode along, one of the Indians told Keith and I that he was a Nez Perce, 15 years old; that he had come down after some horses, but the Cayuses would not let him return home. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon we stopped at a Frenchman's place by the name of Ramo. As we rode up we saw five of our men lying in a row on their backs, all fine looking men. We recognized Henry Crow of Albany, Lieut. Burroughs of Lion county and Capt. Bennett. Neal McFarlane was standing by a fence, and just as he raised his gun to shoot at an Indian down in the creek bottom, bang went the Indian's gun, the bullet knocking off the tube and hammer from Mc's gun.

The officers were all out in the fight. I saw Olney coming along and said to him, "Olney, what shall I do with these prisoners?" He said: "Lie the sons of b—s and put them in the house." I then ordered the men to take them off and tie them. Old Pepe said, "No tie men; tie dogs and horses." The boys pulled them off their horses and commenced to tie them. Champog Jim drew a knife and cut old Ike Miller in the arm. Then all commenced to fight and rare, and some one grabbed a gun and shot old Jim; and soon there were eight or ten guns going—bang, bang, bang! Down they all went, except the 15-year-old boy, who was climbing up my stirrup leather. The crowd made a rush at the boy, who held to me, and the excited men pointed their guns towards him. I told Keith to not let them shoot the boy, and he pushed their guns to one side and two or three of them were discharged by my side. Finally we got them quieted to a stand still, when I told them that the boy was a Nez Perce Indian with a Cayuse mother. When all was quiet and settled, I told the boy to stay there with the cooks and not try to run off, and he would be all right. Olney had got about 100 yards off when he heard the shooting. He came back, and as he rode up he drew his revolver and fired a shot into old Pepe and said: "You old rascal! I am satisfied now." Old Pepe had tried the same beef game to murder Olney, about six weeks before, but some one of the Indians had posted him.

I then galloped up the road to join the Indians in the fight, and would have rode right onto the Indians, but John Ashcroft jumped out of a fence corner and called me back. The boys had come to a stand, and all were hiding behind anything that would afford shelter. The line extended from the

Walla Walla river across the flat and up to the bunch grass hills, something near a mile long, with a steady rattle of fire arms on both sides. I went out to the foothills, dismounted and went to shooting; but the distance we were shooting was too far to do much execution. I noticed an Indian who would swing his blanket by a corner while he rode in a circle and hailed to tantalize us. I tried him two shots, but missed. The third shot I elevated, and at the crack of my old gun he nearly fell off his horse, but hung to the saddle. Some of the others ran to him and led his horse behind a hill.

Night coming on, we went to camp in the Frenchman's field of about eight acres. While the cooks were preparing supper and all of us hungry as wolves, with bright fires burning, bang! went a gun outside the field, about 150 yards off. Orders were quickly given to put out the fires, and in about a minute every spark was extinguished. We threw all the water we had in camp on the fires, and the cooks even emptied the coffee kettles. Every man then went to the fence corners, where we laid till morning; some slept while others kept on guard. I have learned since that the Indians were in great numbers, crawling through the sage brush, and intended to fire on us and then make a grand charge; but a gun went off accidentally, which stopped them, and when they saw our fires go out they changed their plans.

When morning came our officers wanted to start for our fort on the Umatilla with the whole command; they thought there was too many Indians for us, and our ammunition was running low. But Olney told them if we ever started to retreat the Indians would cut us to pieces. He claimed that we were well enough fortified where we were and had Ramo's house for a hospital. Old Mountain Robinson was given Pepe's black horse and started, with another man, for The Dalles, via Umatilla, to hurry up reinforcements. All old Oregonians will remember Robinson, who lived on what is now known as Robinson's Hill in Portland. On his way down he met several companies that had been to Yakima and returned to The Dalles and were then on their way to help us. But more about them hereafter.

After having breakfast we started for the battle ground, about half a mile from camp. The Indians managed to get the advantage of the ground every morning, and we would have to do some hard fighting to get a good position. The battle raged fiercely all day, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon we were within 50 yards of the Indians. The Indians opposing Co. B were on one side of a hill and our company on the other. When one of us would rise up with gun to our face, there would be an Indian standing on the other side of the hill with his gun to his face, and if he was about ready to shoot we would drop and hear the bullets whiz over our heads. One of the boys proposed that if any one killed an Indian we would charge on them and get his scalp. Just then Hank Humphrey fired his gun, and as he dropped to load, he said: "Ame, there's one right there." I raised up and saw an Indian jolting his gun to get the powder in the tube. I quickly fired, and he was my Injun. I then called out, "I've got him, boys; charge!" Over the hill the boys went, yelling and shooting, with the Indians running like the devil was after them. I soon came up to my Indian, who was trying to get up. Catching him by the hair, I pulled him over and cut his throat. I then scalped him, took his powder horn and blanket and was trying to get his leggings, which were beaded and very pretty, but seemed to be sewed on. The Indians made it so hot for me I had to leave the leggings. There must have been 100 shots fired at me, and the bullets kept striking the ground at my feet and filled my eyes with dust. Our company had got too far in advance of the line of battle, and the Indians had a cross fire on us and their bullets came from three sides. As the boys came running back by me I grabbed the powder horn and blanket and followed. I didn't want the leggings as badly as I thought I did.

We fought on till dark and then started for camp. On our way we found two or three rifle pits that had been dug by our boys—about 4 feet long by 1 1/2 feet deep. Joe Pulp and I got into one and waited for the Indians who were following to come up. The company went on, while we waited till after dark. We could distinguish a gang of Indians coming, and letting them get within about 100 yards, we fired our guns at them and then ran till we caught up with the other boys. All that day there was steady firing all along the line. When we could see them carrying off dead and wounded we would yell and make fun of them, and they would do the same when they saw our dead and wounded being carried off.

When we got to camp the little Nez Perce Indian came to me and shook hands. I showed him the scalp, and the blanket with a bullet hole in it. He laughed, while he examined them closely. During the day he had told Col. Kelly that Gov. Stevens was coming back from the head of the Missouri river; that he had passed through there in June, going up country with lots of men and pack animals. The

boy said it had been planned by the Indians to ferry about one-half the crowd over the river and then murder them all. The boy also said it was about time for Stevens and his command to reach the river. That same night Col. Kelley started the boy with a letter to take to Gov. Stevens, and next morning nearly every man in camp was swearing at Col. Kelly for sending out a hostile Indian, claiming that he would give us all away. I offered to bet the boy would go to Gov. Stevens.

In the morning we went again to the battle ground and found the Indians in the rifle pits, and it was some time before we got them out. A man named Sheppard got shot in the arm; a German was shot in the nose; several of the boys got bullet holes through their clothing. Feeling Choate got three shots through his coat—one bullet went through his tin cup on his belt, and striking his pocket book, opened it at the catch, one-half the bullet stopping there, the other going on.

(Continued next week.)

The Strawberry Business.
HOOD RIVER, Jan. 19, 1897.—Editor GLACIER: As I am one of the "independent shippers" referred to by Mr. Davidson in his report published in your paper January 15th, I ask the privilege of replying and at the same time asking a few questions which I consider pertinent to the occasion. I am glad to see that some of the berry growers of Hood River have discovered that there is a material difference between corporation and co-operation in marketing our berries. In Mr. Davidson's report he says: "If the shippers are one class of people and the growers another class, it will benefit the shipper to secure as large profits as possible, and even more than profits, if it can be done and at the same time hold the confidence of the growers." This I think, is a fact that has been verified for the last four years, by work of the Hood River Fruit Growers' Union. I would like to know how a person with only three acres of strawberries can hold and vote 20 shares of stock on a co-operative plan? How was it that indications were that prices would rule low until the Oregon Fruit Union offered to buy for cash at fair prices, when all indications were that berries were worth more than the price offered by the Oregon Fruit Union? Was it good co-operative business policy to sell the Oregon Fruit Union 100 crates of berries, and then ship a few crates to the same market to be sold at prices that would cause the Oregon Fruit Union to suffer a loss on the 100 crates? Would this have a tendency to hold prices up or down? Why would naturally lose in the end by such a procedure, the growers or the shipping people? The growers had the bulk of their berries yet to market when this occurred.

Mr. Davidson was very good to avoid glutting Montana markets, but as an independent shipper, I know several things to the contrary; yes, for the last four years I have been learning to the contrary, but I believe that last year was the first that shippers lowered prices in Montana. This coupled with a glut, let the market rise 50c to 75c per crate. I, as one of several independent shippers, know that four years ago every large market in Montana was in turn glutted by the Hood River Fruit Growers' Union; also, independent shippers did not ship to houses that were receiving consignments from the Hood River Fruit Growers' Union, but the union did ship vice versa. To the best of my knowledge, the independent shippers have not glutted any market, neither have they lowered prices nor shipped stock that would tend to lower prices to any market, and they ship enough to glut the Montana markets if they would do as the Hood River Fruit Growers' Union did—unload daily for two or three days in one market; but this is not their way of holding prices up. I do not write these facts as detrimental to co-operation, but to show results of individual corporation, realizing that prices have been much lower in Montana since the Hood River Fruit Growers' Union commenced operating, and hoping that growers will be permitted in the near future to co-operate.

The empty assertion of Hood River, first, last and all the time (provided "you take my snuff"), has not nor will not pan out for berry growers. I think that when the time comes we will have co-operation for a fact in place of the empty name; we will get unity, or nearly so, of action. Growers are entitled to and should demand a statement of account sales for every shipment, and check or cash to balance same at once on receipt of same by the union, and not wait 30, 60 or 90 days, as the case may be, for their money; and in the meantime to graciously receive small loans to enable them to pay pickers, when at the same time some one has their money. I for one would hate to be compelled to borrow money that belongs to me. I consider the same causes that make local unions imperative would call for a union of the several unions of the Northwest. All must realize that a glut of local shipments is bad, but it is proportionately worse when the glut is of car lots from unions. Let growers meet and look straight at the conditions that do exist, as we have use for every dollar there is in the berry business. And as the dollar is unbiased, let us meet in the same way.

N. C. EVANS.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Vancouver, Wash., Jan. 16, 1897.—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 said proof will be made before G. B. Green, Clerk Superior Court for Skamania county, Wash., at Stevenson, Wash., on March 2, 1897, viz.:
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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 at the office of her attorney, J. H. Cradlebaugh, in The Dalles Chronicle building, at The Dalles, Oregon. Dated this 24th day of December, A. D. 1896.
FANNIE A. KENNEY,
Administratrix of the estate of David K. Ordway deceased.

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