

# Hood River Glacier.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1897.

The cabinet of Mr. McKinley is about completed. John Sherman of Ohio will be secretary of state; Lyman J. Gage of Illinois, secretary of the treasury; General Russell A. Alger of Michigan, secretary of war; Judge Goff of West Virginia, attorney general; John D. Long of Massachusetts, secretary of the navy; Judge McKenna of California, secretary of the interior; and Jas. Wilson of Iowa, secretary of agriculture. The postmaster-generalship, it is expected, will be given to New York if a man can be found whose appointment to a cabinet position will not help along the division of the party in that state.

Lyman J. Gage, who will be the next secretary of the treasury, is said to be a great admirer of Cleveland, having voted for him in 1884, and in favor of tariff reform and the new civil service regulations. His appointment is not hailed with delight by that large following in the republican party who believe that to the victors belong the spoils when their side wins.

Legislation that has in view the driving of trusts from view is pending in Alabama, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Indiana, Utah, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and even in New Jersey, the home of monopolies. Since the Georgia legislature passed an anti-trust law, last December, every trust doing business in that state has revoked all contracts that kept out competitors.

The first number of the American Fruit Growers' Union, a semi-monthly journal, has been received. It is gotten out in Chicago by Willis Brown, secretary and general manager of the union, and is devoted to fruit growers' interests in co-operative fruit marketing, fruit crops and market reports and horticultural topics.

The GLACIER is in receipt of a very readable communication from White Salmon, throughout which can readily be recognized a vein of sarcasm, in which the writer gives an account of the meeting of berry growers last Saturday. We have decided not to publish it for the reason that it will do no good.

The Skamania Pioneer asks for a correspondent in each precinct to give "the news, not poetry." And in the same issue prints a poem a column and one-third long, by a citizen of Chewach, entitled "The Last Christmas at Home."

All old soldiers will be pleased with General Alger's appointment as secretary of war in McKinley's cabinet. He is a man they delight to see honored.

The new apportionment bill before the legislature gives Wasco and Sherman counties one senator and Wasco county two representatives.

By a vote of 50 to 9, the voters of Duffur school district decided to bond the district for \$3,000 to build a new school house.

Failure of the Joint Convention. SALEM, Or., Feb. 3.—There was an attempt made to hold a joint convention of the two houses this morning for the purpose of voting for a United States senator, but only 26 answered to roll call, though two members, Senator Hughes and Representative Lake, came in later, swelling the number to 28. However, Senators Haseltine and Reed refused to take a hand in the proceedings and withdrew from the convention, leaving only 26 to proceed with the election of a senator. After considerable debate as to the legality of the convention, and the possibility of its authority to elect a senator, a motion to adjourn to 7:30 tonight prevailed.

SALEM, Or., Feb. 4.—Only 32 members answered to roll call at the joint convention today. Huntington of Wasco created a sensation by announcing that he did not consider the house properly organized, and that he would withdraw until such a time as a legal organization could be effected. Four other members asked to be released from all obligations to Senator Mitchell.

Much for Strawberries. HOOD RIVER, Jan. 18, 1897.—Editor GLACIER: I cut the enclosed slip from Vick's Illustrated Monthly. It seems to me to solve the problem of the strawberry crop to those who have large patches, few hands to till and no money to hire, and need winter protection. P. G. BARRETT.

A very happy expedient is presented by a correspondent of Connelleville, Pa. Having made a new plantation in spring, he says: "I then cultivate about once a week or as often as I can until the middle of August; there are now plenty of young plants and the rows, or beds, are from eighteen to twenty-four inches wide, leaving plenty of room for a path between. I now take some oats and scatter them among the plants and in the paths, then cultivate, and in a short time you will have a full patch of oats, so that the plants are almost buried from sight. The oats continue to grow until frost comes, then settle down, completely covering the plants which are protected from the frost, and when spring opens the oats have disappeared, having rotted or wasted away, and the plants come through in good shape. I have half an acre and the oats are now eighteen inches tall, and I expect the plants to come out in the spring in good condition. I have tried it three years and I am satisfied with the results."

## Reminiscences of the Cayuse War.

(Continued from last week.)

Lieut. Jeffreys of our company went over in the hills and made arrangements with Capt. Conroy, in charge of a company of mounted half-breeds from French Prairie, to charge the Indians. This company was about the best company of Indian fighters in the command. Pretty soon we heard the French boys yelling, and we could see their flag above the hill. They dashed off as fast as their horses could run. Co. B then charged over the hill, the Indians ran and we captured their rifle pits. They left their tobacco snuffs, gun sticks, and in fact, nearly everything could be found in their holes in the ground. We got into their rifle pits, and I was in one along with Lieut. McAuliff and Jim Beebe. The Indians had made a stand just over the next rise of ground. They would raise their hats on gun sticks for us to shoot at, and occasionally one would dance around, holding his blanket by one corner while he swung it in the air. I made a hole in the ridge of earth thrown up outside our pit, laid a stick of wood on top so that I could not be seen by the enemy, and sat there with my gun cocked. McAuliff and Beebe were lying down. Beebe kept saying, "Why don't you shoot?" I said, "Wait till that rascal swings his blanket again." Presently the Indian made a grand flourish and swept around gracefully with his blanket. It was all done in an instant, but I fired and shot him in the belly. The Indians made a great fuss, and I could hear him crying. He was put on a horse and started across the bottom. Finally they took him off his horse, and about 25 Indians came out of the timber and he was carried away.

While a party of us were sitting on a hill side, eating camas and cove, we noticed an Indian stealing down towards a hollow in the direction of where Choate had gone. We yelled to Choate and tried to tell him to look out for himself, but couldn't make him understand. We then motioned for him to come back. I went over towards the Indian and crawled up behind a badger mound. I looked over in the gully and saw the Indian crawling along. He saw me at the same time and got behind a slight rise in the ground. I laid with my face close to the ground, as the little mound would hardly hide me. Pretty soon the boys shouted, "Shoot him, Amer; he's running!" As I raised up he had started to run out across the bottom. He ran in a zig-zag course, so that I could not take aim till he was about 125 yards off; but I finally downed him.

He laid there in plain view of us, but I could not get to him, as he was too close to the headquarters of the Indians, near a point of timber. We had an old mortar gun that we brought from the fort, which we loaded by filling a sock with pieces of iron, bullets, etc., and then fired several shots into the timber, thinking to oust the Indians. While Capt. Wilson was pouring powder into the tube, a bullet came along and knocked the can of powder out of his hands. About the third time the mortar was fired it burst, and the flying pieces nearly killed Capt. Wilson, who went about with his head tied up for three or four days. The Indians came in the night and dragged my Injun away with horse and lariat, and all I got from him was 16 bullets I found scattered along the trail where they dragged him. A little later a bullet struck the front part of Meigs' glazed cap and tore it nearly off his head. A bunch of cotton bigger than his cap in the first place was knocked out of it. Meigs jumped onto Bill Gates' horse and rode down the hill 50 yards and up the other side of the gulch about 50 yards, and then came riding slowly back. He was a young lawyer from The Dalles.

Next day was the last day of the fight. An Indian came out some distance from the main crowd and said he wanted to talk with our commander, Lieut. Jeffreys and I went out to meet him. The Indian also had a man with him. When we got within about 200 yards the Indian asked that only one of us come to him, so I stopped and the other Indian did the same. Jeffreys and the Indian met and shook hands; their talk lasted about five minutes, when each man turned and started for his own command. The Indian was on horseback, while Jeffreys was afoot. When they got about 50 yards apart about 50 Indians on horseback came yelling towards us. Jeffreys ran till he came to me. I drew my gun up to my face. The Indians came on to within about 200 yards, when one-half of them turned to the right and the others to the left. What they wanted to do was to kill one of our officers, but they saw our boys running down the hill to meet them, and they were too cowardly to come nearer.

It was rather quiet on the hill for awhile in the forenoon. We could see a big Indian riding up and down a ridge across the hollow. He seemed to be waiting for something. John Pulp, better known as Oregon John, and myself stole down the hill, across the flat and up a little gulch. The Indian came back down the ridge, and as he turned to go up our boys called to us, "Now is your time, boys." We ran up the hill a few yards, and there he was, riding along in plain view not over 100 yards away. Both of us were

so tired out from running that we could not hold on him, but being anxious to shoot, bang, bang! went our guns. The Indian wheeled his horse and came riding toward us. Our guns being empty, we took to our heels and ran. The Indian did not follow far, but turned and rode back up the hill. I have since been told that it was Stock Whitley, chief of the Des Chutes, and that he was on a strike. He and his band were fighting for revenue, and they had concluded they wanted more pay. And while riding back and forth on this ridge he was waiting for an answer to his demand for a rise. In the afternoon the fight was more lively all along the line till about 4 o'clock. The volunteers that Mountain Robinson met came in sight on the hills towards Umatilla, and there was one continuous stream of soldiers kept pouring over the hills till after dark.

Next morning no Indians were on the battle ground; we could see one here and there on the high points, acting as spies. It was 9 o'clock before we discovered that the Indians had left. We then started up the road, and in about four miles came to their town. They had taken the roofs off their houses, which consisted chiefly of skins of animals. There was about 500 houses in the village. In some of them were large ricks of provisions of all kinds. We took some and set fire to the balance. We then followed their trail over to the Coupee, 15 or 20 miles, where we camped for the night. Some of the officers went to the French barracks, where all the French of the valley and some friendly Indians stopped all fall and winter. They reported that the Indians passed there in great confusion, saying they could have stood us off, but that a new crowd had come, a string of white soldiers reaching from The Dalles to Walla Walla, which they considered too much for them. The Frenchmen said the Indians had their children tied on top of the packs on their horses, and that while traveling in the night, one woman discovered that a horse was missing with her baby lashed on the pack. She went back and found the horse feeding on a hill side. She was only three or four hours ahead of us.

Next morning it was snowing, and our horses were not fit to follow the retreating Indians after standing so many days without food. We returned to camp, and next morning the snow was 15 inches deep and the thermometer 27 degrees below zero. We went into winter quarters in factory cotton tents, and wintered on beef straight, but it was good beef, captured from the Indians, and we had plenty of it.

I was said to be the best shot in the whole regiment. I shot away 60 bullets in the battle and was known to kill only five Indians. Lots of the boys did good work, among them Mr. Hald, now a resident of Hood River valley. One evening, after the cold spell had ended, two half-breeds rode into camp and reported that Governor Stevens would be there next day by 10 a. m. So next morning we made ready to receive him and fixed a platform for him to give us a speech, at which business he was second to none. We formed in hollow square, fired a salute from our guns and gave him a royal reception. The little Indian had taken Colonel Kelly's letter and delivered it to Gov. Stevens some where in the Nez Perces country, and that was the first intimation the governor had received of the war. Everything was so agreeable when he passed up in the spring that he never thought of war. He then got 100 Nez Perces braves to accompany him and was not molested. The governor mounted the platform and spoke for an hour and a half. I was standing in line, with two or three lines back of me, when one of the boys in the rear rank gave me a nudge and said a gentleman wished to speak to me. I turned round, and there sat the little Indian on his horse. I went to him and he leaned over and grabbed my hand and held it quite awhile. I asked him how he knew me among so many. He smiled and said, "Me always know you." I have since learned that he joined the hostiles the next summer and was killed in a fight across Snake river, along with Ow High. The Nez Perces all went to The Dalles with the governor.

I suppose some will say we were wicked in our treatment of the Indians, but while we were fighting them they would snipe the scalps of white men, and sometimes of white women, at us, and we naturally wanted to retaliate.

One of the most excitable instances of the whole campaign happened the first night of the battle, while we were lying in the fence corners. The Indians set fire to a house about 600 yards from us. It made a big blaze and lighted up the surroundings as plain as day. About 1,000 Indians circled round and round the fire, every one yelling his best.

George Montane was our guide, and a good one he was, too.

Well, Mr. Wood, this ends the story of the battle as I saw it and as I recollect it. Yours truly,

AMOS UNDERWOOD.

P. O., Hood River, Or.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Oregon. Salary \$700, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago.

## SPREES AT A CHURCH FESTIVAL.

Contracted for by Subscription in the Rhine-land Village of Oberringelheim.

It is a custom of the country in Germany to get drunk at the consecration of a new church. This custom has been regarded as unlovely and un-Christian by many influential Germans of the new school, most notably by Emperor William II., but still it remains unreformed, and the comic weeklies do not tire of depicting the scenes, in and out of the police court, that follow the consecration sprees and fights. Some three weeks ago the festival of a new church was celebrated in Oberringelheim, in the Rhine country. In anticipation of the usual trade in exhilarating liquors a saloonkeeper who does business near the sacred edifice advertised thus in the Rhine-land Observer: "Jacob Muller herewith pledges himself for a subscription price of three marks (75 cents) to serve every one of his guests with as much wine as he can drink on the occasion of the church consecration."

"Inviting my friends and patrons to visit me in response to this request, I remain, respectfully yours, "Jacob Muller."

Within an hour after the newspapers containing this advertisement appeared, 39 citizens of little Oberringelheim bought subscription tickets from Muller. At the current price of ordinary loose wine in the Rhine country, each of the 39 and their colleagues in this speculation had to drink 16 large glasses before he could begin to benefit by the subscription tariff. The final results of the speculation cannot be known until the police court reports of the Oberringelheim district arrive with the newspapers from the continent.

## LIFE IN THE GREAT CITIES.

Its Tendency Is Not to Enervate Nations.

And as to the tendency of the growth of great cities to enervate nations there is no proof of it at all unless we identify the life of great cities with the passion for idleness and pleasure and self-indulgence, which sometimes, but by no means universally, accompanies their growth, says the London Spectator. When you get a large proletariat living, as that of ancient Rome and possibly of Nineveh and Babylon did, on the aims of the rich and powerful, then no doubt you have the conditions of a thoroughly unnatural and unhealthy life, and no one can wonder at the rapid decay of such cities and of the nations which gloried in them. But where the honest working class far outnumber the proletariat; where the middle classes of distributors and manufacturers and professional men are laborious and energetic, and even the class that lives on its accumulated wealth contains a considerable sprinkling of serious and disinterested workers, we do not believe that there is the smallest evidence of any greater danger in the life of the city than in the life of the agricultural village of the pastoral tribe. Indeed, we should regard Olive Schreiner's picture of the life of the modern Boers as indicating a condition of things more prolific of morbid elements, with its almost complete absence of any stirring or active intelligence, than any kind of modern life that is honestly laborious at all. The Boer life is too sleepy, too destitute of stirring thought or effort, to be altogether natural. It needs at least the old element of danger and necessary vigilance to render it even bracing.

## MIXTURE OF STRANGE BLOOD.

Few Reigning Families of Same Nationality as the People Governed.

There is hardly a reigning monarch in Europe whose family is of the same nationality, absolutely, as the people governed. The house of Austria is really the house of Lorraine, and even in their origin the Hapsburgs were Swiss. And if Emperor Francis be not strictly speaking, an Austrian, still less is he a Hungarian, although he is a king of Hungary, says London Tit-Bits. The king of Belgium is a Saxe-Coburg, the king of Denmark a Holsteiner, the infant monarch of Spain is a Bourbon, the king of Italy a Savoyard, the king of Rumania and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria are both foreigners, the founder of the Bernadotte dynasty in Sweden was born at Pau less than a century and a quarter ago, the czar is a Holstein Gortorp, and the king of the Hellenes is likewise a Holsteiner.

Even in England's royal family there is very little English blood left. The Hohenzollerns were originally Saxonians, and, therefore, partly Bavarians and partly Swiss. Neither was the historic house of Orange, in which patriotism has nearly always been the first instinct, Dutch to begin with.

## Making War Balloons.

Women make the aerostats, or war balloons, used by the British government, and also do some part of the roping of the balloons. They work in sheds built specially for the purpose. There are about 25 women engaged, and all earn good wages. They are mostly the wives and daughters of soldiers, and have all been carefully trained by the superintendent of the balloon department. The making of the balloons requires a very delicate touch, one thin film of bullock's skin having to be laid over another with the greatest care. The ends of the ropes have also to be woven into each other with extraordinary dexterity.

## Isolated Weather Station.

Rockall, a desolate granite rock; rising only 70 feet above the sea, between Iceland and the Hebrides, is to be made an English meteorological station. It lies 250 miles from land, the nearest point to it being the little island of St. Kilda, 150 miles away, and itself nearly 100 miles from the main group of the Hebrides. Rockall is in the path of the cyclonic disturbances on the Atlantic, and the station there would give timely warning of storms approaching the British coast.

# FINE Flavoring Extracts.

Have You Tried Our Fresh PURE Baking Powder? 28 or 30c. per lb.

In line with our policy of offering nothing but the BEST, we ask you to note these prices and test the QUALITY of these Extracts.

They are put up by us in FULL 1 ounce, 2 ounce, 4 ounce and pint packages, each bottle full, measured, so there is no guess work.

Extract Vanilla.....	1 oz.	2 oz.	4 oz.	1 pint.
Extract Lemon.....	10c	15c	25c	\$1.00
Extract Orange.....	10	15	25	1.00
Extract Pineapple.....	10	15	25	1.00
Extract Raspberry.....	10	15	25	1.00
Extract Strawberry.....	10	15	25	1.00
Extract Ginger.....	10	15	25	1.00
Extract Peppermint.....	10	15	25	1.00
Extract Sassafras.....	10	15	25	1.00
Extract Rose.....	10	15	25	1.00

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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 democracy, devolves upon the latter the duty of reconciliation 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 monopolistic tendencies 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 a comprehensive and enterprising, serving 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 literature.

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164-166 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

The Glacier BARBER SHOP, GRANT EVANS, Prop'r, Post Office Building, Hood River, Or.

## 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. Criddlebaugh, in The Dalles County building, at The Dalles, Oregon. Dated this 24th day of December, A. D. 1896. Administratrix of the estate of David K. Ordway deceased. FANNIE A. KENNEDY. 02565

## To Lease on Shares.

Five acres of No. 1 strawberry land to lease on shares for a term of five years. Land plowed, harrowed, leveled ready for planting in spring with refusal of five acres more in spring of 1897. Plenty water free. References required. Apply at this office. 027



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