

# Hood River Glacier.

Published every Friday by  
S. F. BLYTHE.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1898.

## To the Top of Mount Hood.

After getting out last week's issue the GLACIER force, took a day off and the editor, with his family, hid himself to the woods and went into camp above the clouds at Cloud Cap Inn, where they breathed the invigorating ozone and feasted on the grandeur of the scenery. We left town at 8 o'clock Friday morning with ourselves and camping outfit loaded in one of the Mountain Stage Co.'s easy-riding four-horse hacks, and with Eph Olinger as driver, reached the bridge crossing the East Fork of Hood river at 11 o'clock. Here lunch was had, a change of horses and drivers made, and with Capt. J. H. Ferguson pushing the ribbons the Inn was reached by 4:30, after passing over one of the best mountain roads on the coast. As the stage emerges from the dense forest into the opening surrounding the Inn, situated on the highest point of a spur of the mountain, the sight is magnificently grand. Towering skyward, seemingly but a stone's throw before you, is hoary Hood, with great fields of snow glistening in the sunlight. Craggy precipices, a sheer thousand feet perpendicular, expose to view the fire-worn rocks of this one-time volcano. Spread below you lies a natural panorama of the Cascade mountains from Mt. Hood north to St. Helens and Adams 70 miles distant; to the east the rugged Cascades merge into the rolling hills and plains of Eastern Oregon and Washington until the land blends into the distant blue of the sky. The famous and grain fields of our little valley, scattered in perspective among the green woods, can be traced along the winding canyons of Hood river, as the waters of the melting glaciers seek the waves of the Columbia.

Saturday morning, with Mr. H. D. Langille as guide, the ascent of the mountain was begun, the climbing party consisting of four persons besides the guide. Two of the party rode on horseback to the top of Cooper's Spur, a distance of three miles from the Inn, over the roughest though not the steepest part of the trail. From Cooper's Spur the ascent of the mountain begins in earnest and the trail leads across the great snow field on the north side of the mountain in a direct line to the summit. Alpine stocks, spiked with steel, are found to be of great help in climbing for the next 2,000 feet, the angle being about 45 degrees. The guide leads the way and all follow by stepping in the tracks he makes by digging the toes of his heavy shoes into the snow. Looking neither to the right nor the left but watching the trail ahead for descending rocks, the guide quietly ascended and the party as quietly followed. Within 1,200 feet of the top is an inch rope, fastened near the top to a large boulder. When this was reached the climbers, all but the guide, laid aside their alpine stocks and were tied together by the guide. With the aid of the rope the party by slow degrees climbed to within 600 feet of the top, where we sidetracked on a ledge of rocks and ate lunch. After 40 minutes rest the final effort was made and we gained the summit at 10 minutes before 2 o'clock p. m.; remained on the top one hour and twenty minutes.

Reaching the summit is a feat any one but a mountain climber used to the hard and dangerous work would not care to repeat often. The feeling that you are nearly 12,000 feet from sea level is one of intense awe. The view is grand beyond description. The dense smoke from the burning forests hid the distant mountains from view, but on an ordinarily clear day the snow peaks of Rainier, St. Helens and Adams to the north, and Jefferson, the Three Sisters, Pitt and Diamond peak to the south loom up in the distance. Not only the snow-capped peaks but the whole topography of the state of Oregon, from the waters of the Pacific to the Blue mountains and the lava beds of Eastern and Southern Oregon, and a greater part of Washington come into view.

As the descent is begun and you stand at the top and gaze down the precipitous descent the sight is awful to behold. To any one without a rope a misstep means a fall of thousands of feet. At the bottom lies the broad fields of ice and snow of Elliot glacier, with its great crevasses gaping hundreds of feet into the bottomless depths of the earth.

Holding to the rope and by slipping and sliding we soon reached the lower end of the cable where we again took our alpine stocks. Here the guide ordered us to sit down (we were still tied together with the rope) toboggan fashion, with the alpine stocks braced under our left arms. Though we had nothing between us and the freezing snow but the seat of our pants, we placed our trust in Providence and the guide and reached camp in time for supper.

The slide down the mountain side is something great—well worth the labor of climbing up. Killing space at trolley car rate, and with a thousand foot precipice seemingly straight ahead of you the coast down is excitingly exhilarating.

The ascent of Mt. Hood is fraught with not a little danger and plenty of hard work, but it is something seldom accomplished more than once in a lifetime and well pays anyone who makes the trip. For a summer outing Cloud Cap is an ideal camping spot, and those who wish livery accommodations can find no more obliging gentlemen than those of the Mountain Stage company.

## NOTES.

The camping party consisted of ye editor and family and Mrs. E. E. Savage. From the bridge up we were accompanied by O. R. S. Gullixson, an employee of the O. R. & N. Co.'s office at Portland, and who was in camp at the bridge with the choir boys of Trinity church. The party climbing the mountain contained ye editor, Clara Blythe, Ned Blythe, Mr. Gullixson and Doug Langille the guide. Coming home, Miss Dehm, bookkeeper for Wolfard & Bone of Hood River, returned with us, after spending a couple of days at the Inn and ascending the mountain to the top of Cooper's spur. Cloud Cap Inn is 28 miles distant from the O. R. & N. depot at Hood

River. The eleven miles of the road from the bridge over the East Fork to the Inn is a pretty stiff grade, especially the last five miles; but with a four-horse team, well used to staging, the distance is covered in a time equal to that when

A six-muled team made plenty of steam for the broadest kind of a gauge.

For six miles of this road just west of the bridge, the country is comparatively level and is known as the Elk Beds. Here, within 5 miles of the snowline, lies some of the best apple land in the state. The codlin moth is never seen in this section, and the fruit is of excellent quality. P. F. Fouts and W. N. Nason have young orchards just coming into bearing that will pay well in a few years.

While on the way up a stop was made at Dallas' spring, at the upper end of the Elk Beds. The water of this spring comes from the melting snow of the mountains and is ice cold and clear as crystal. Mr. T. C. Dallas has filed on a claim that takes in this spring and nine years ago built a substantial two-story log house, but about four years ago his house with all its contents was burned to the ground by a fire started by some miscreant sheep herder.

As the attractions of Cloud Cap Inn as a summer resort become more widely known each year, the travel to the mountain increases, and this year the Inn is doing an extensive business. Mr. Langille, who has charge of the hotel, has the reputation of setting a first class table. The Mountain Stage Co. have arrangements with the O. R. & N. Co. and meet tourists at the depot and carry them in their easy-riding stages direct to the Inn.

The secretary of the interior has appointed six forest superintendents at \$2,000 a year, eight forest supervisors at \$5 a day, and fifteen forest rangers at \$5 a month. It is to be hoped they will assume their duties at once and look after the fires now raging in the Cascade reserve. Several fires could be seen from Cloud Cap Inn, last Saturday, in the part of the reserve occupied by sheep. These fires should be investigated and if it is found that they originated from sheep camps, intentionally or otherwise, the owners of the camps responsible should forfeit their right to pasture in the reserve, as the rules and regulations decree. There should be some way to prevent the smoky season occurring in Oregon and obscuring from view our snow-capped mountains and other scenery, and we believe that if the officials appointed to look after the forest reserves do their duty they will be able to put an end to the smoke in future. If the sheep men or others who needlessly fire the woods need an object lesson the sooner it is given the better.

The Antelope Herald has changed hands. Mr. M. E. Miller retires as editor and is succeeded by Mr. Fred W. Wallace.

Letters from the Boys at the Front.

Dr. F. C. Brosius writes an interesting letter to his wife from the scene of action in the Philippines. The letter was written on board the Australia, off Cavite, Manila bay, June 30th, and is in part as follows.

We have arriv! I rose at 5 a. m. on account of not being able to sleep from the rolling and pitching of the ship. We had a very stormy time from about noon yesterday until we entered Manila bay at 2 p. m. today. Just after passing the point north of the island at the entrance, by the maps, we sighted three German gunboats in a little bay. Our five vessels were in single column, and one of the Germans, a big three funnel boat, shot out after us and trailed us into the bay. About 1 o'clock as we were approaching the entrance, a steamer was seen leaving the harbor and we turned our bows toward her, but after a few minutes we changed back on our course, it being decided that the steamer was a German dispatch boat, probably going to Hong Kong; if so, you will get the news of our arrival in Saturday's morning papers. I presume you have been very much worried at our continued absence. We have been 36 days out of Erizey this evening, and should have made it in not over 28, less if we could have come full speed straight across. But all's well that ends well. We anchored among the American warships at 5 p. m. and can count all the wrecks of the Spanish fleet in sight. Another Spanish gun boat surrendered yesterday. It was driven into the bay by the insurgents. The latter are very aggressive, and a suburb of Manila was on fire as we arrived, having been attacked and burnt by them today. The city is about 7 miles to the northwest of us and looks very large and pretty. I understand it has over 300,000 inhabitants. There are electric lights shining from it tonight. Just like San Francisco or Portland would look. Off to the north of us several miles, is anchored the fleet of foreign war vessels. I understand there are 8 German, 7 English, 3 French and several others. It looks very much like war. Our dispatch boat leaves tomorrow at 4 o'clock for Hong Kong with our letters. Say, subscribe for Harper's Weekly and save them. We have a correspondent for it on board, Davis by name, who is taking pictures for it. One was taken of our surgical operation, June 20th. \* \* \* 5 of our hospital corps boys will be let out tomorrow, and 10 added to make up a new corps. I'm sorry for the boys let out, but it is their own fault. My boys are the best of the lot, and of course will stay. 2 Portland and 3 Albany boys go.

Clarence English, of Co. E, writes from Manila harbor to his mother, Mrs. Geo. P. Crowell. He tells of the rousing demonstration given the boys as they left Honolulu harbor, and gives a vivid description of the capture of the Ladrone islands, June 20th.

When the Charleston entered the bay she fired on Fort San de Cruz. After firing about 13 shots she quit, as the fort was apparently unoccupied. The health officer and captain of the fort and another man, a native, who was born on the island but educated at Chicago and a naturalized American citizen, came out in a small boat and asked Capt. Glass to see his health report, but he told them to come on board. They did not care to do so, but as he insisted they came, and Capt. Glass pumped them about their soldiers

finding out that they had 54 Spanish and 54 native soldiers, and that the governor of the island was back at the capitol city, 4 miles back. The palace is called Agana (pronounced Aganza). They did not know Capt. Glass had been firing at the fort—thought it was a salute, and said they were sorry they could not return the salute sooner, but were having some cannon loaded, and would fire a salute upon returning to shore. Whereupon Capt. Glass told them he had fired no salute, but as the United States and Spain were at war he had fired on the fort as he came in, and that they were prisoners of war. They threw up their hands in astonishment and said that they did not know that war had been declared. They had faces as long as your arm on them when they heard that. Capt. Glass told them he would parole them long enough for them to go ashore and tell the governor to come on board at once. You see these islands are not in the course that ships take and do not get news for six months sometimes.

Capt. Glass paroled them and told them to send out a pilot and a boat with the governor at 4 p. m. The pilot came out at 9, but said the governor was forbidden to go aboard a foreign man-of-war by the Spanish government, but would make arrangements to see the captain ashore the next morning at 9 a. m. In the morning a lieutenant and 4 marines went ashore armed to the teeth and met the governor. They gave the governor just 30 minutes to surrender unconditionally. He protested some, but as we were sending 5 boat loads of our boys and marines ashore and 2 more boats were loading at the time, he went in and wrote it in just 29 minutes. It was delivered to the lieutenant and when the lieutenant got it he told the governor to write an order for all of his soldiers and their arms and ammunition, to be brought to the wharf by 4 p. m. He kicked some, but as he had surrendered unconditionally he had to do it. He was then taken aboard the Charleston and at 4 p. m. the lieutenant went ashore again with 40 marines and found the 54 Spanish and 54 natives lined up with their guns. They had their ammunition all stacked up on the wharf behind them. The lieutenant made them come up one at a time and hand their guns to a sailor, who put them in a sack and when they were all disarmed he took the ammunition and 4 flags and put them into the small boat, and the sailor took it out in the bay out of their reach. He then told them they were prisoners of war and took the swords from the officers and turned the native soldiers free. They at once tore the Spanish buttons off their coats and threw them away, and seemed to be delighted to be free from the Spaniards. The lieutenant brought the 54 Spaniards out and put them and their officers on the Sydney. They had 54 Mauser rifles and 7500 cartridges for them. The native soldiers were armed with Remington rifles and had 11,000 cartridges. Our boys did not go ashore. When they saw the governor coming out they turned around and came back. I did not get ashore on the island at all. It was a beauty, like all these islands. We could see the big cocoanut trees all around, and the natives brought out lots of fruit.

We left the old native chief in charge of the island and the American, whom I spoke of, as his advisor. The Americanized native said there would be no trouble, as the natives are a very quiet and religious people. They were horribly treated by the Spanish, and jumped up and down with delight when they found they were free. Some could speak a little English. The Spanish taxed them 25¢ a head for every pig they killed; 75¢ for a buffalo; for every child born, \$6; for every death \$11; \$1.50 a year poll tax for every man, woman and child, and 25¢ church tax a month.

Mattie Dukes, a member of the hospital corps of the Oregon regiment, in a letter to his mother gives an interesting account of soldiering for Uncle Sam on the other side of the Pacific.

Every day at noon and every night at mid-night since we left Camp McKinley I have been on guard at the hospital or the dispensary, four hours at a clip; but I'm getting used to it now and don't mind it. I think perhaps it will cure me of lying in bed of a morning when I get back to "Oregon, sweet Oregon." \* \* \* I suppose you will be anxious to know something about the climate. The 15 hours that I have seen of it is nothing to be dreaded—it is but precious little warmer than at Hood River. As nearly as I can find out the mail will leave here about every ten days, but of course that is only hearsay. They say a soldier is not supposed to know anything and the most of them fill the bill. \* \* \* We are anchored about midway of the harbor, on one side is Cavite, on the other is Manila. Manila is a city about the size of Frisco, with her electric lights sparkling along the water front. But how insignificant they look when the Olympia throws her search-lights over the city. The cruisers keep their search-lights flying over the harbor all the time to protect themselves from torpedo boats. You should see the lads of Dewey's fleet, they are tanned until they are as brown as bacon. Dewey came aboard the Australia yesterday and had a confab with Gen. Anderson and his staff, and so I got a good square look at the old boy. And you would know to look at him he wouldn't Dewey thing to Spain. You may be surprised to hear that I had the small pox but I did all the same. I was vaccinated along with the rest and it took so hard it gave me the small pox, but only in a very light form, leaving no pox marks. I helped vaccinate 900 men on the trip. We had over 60 cases of measles after we left Presidio, but they have run out now and we only have six men in the hospital at present, and none of these dangerously ill.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Capt. O. S. Waud writes to his family from Dawson under date of June 24 that at that time he was in charge of a boat running between Dawson city and White Horse rapids, a distance of 125 miles. He says the fare for passengers is \$30 and freight is \$60 a ton.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible establishments in Oregon, Montana, Idaho and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Inclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. Y, Chicago.

HOOD RIVER EMPORIUM.

CLYDE T. BONNEY wishes to inform the public that he is in the butcher business to please his customers, and that he at the best market prices. He has added to his business a complete line of staple groceries, hay and grain, and now his wood business is growing beyond all reasonable proportions and brings many dollars in Hood River that would never otherwise reach here.

Call around at the Hood River Emporium and get your money's worth. Terms are cash or its equivalent, but no accounts will be allowed to run over 30 days. On all over-due accounts interest at 10 per cent will be charged. The urbane and affable Mr. Henry C. McGuire stands behind the counter and does the act to turn, while the energetic and enthusiastic Mr. Walter B. McGuire scours the country to see what he may devour, and all in the interest of the Hood River Emporium.

Seventeenth Annual Session.

State Normal School, MONMOUTH, OREGON.

Strong Academic and Professional Courses. Well equipped training department of nine grades, with 200 children.

Regular normal course of three years; Senior year wholly professional. Graduates of accredited high schools and colleges admitted directly to professional work. The diploma of the school is recognized by law as a life certificate to teach. The graduates of the school are in demand as teachers. Light expenses—the year for \$120 to \$160. Beautiful and beautiful location. No saloons. The first term will open

Tuesday, September 20th.

Catalogues, giving full details of work, cheerfully sent on application. Address

P. L. CAMPBELL, President.

Or W. A. WANN, Sec'y of Faculty.

M. S. & L. CO.'S

Livery and Feed STABLES

Of Hood River can furnish comfortable conveyances to all parts of the valley and vicinity. Heavy draying and transferring done with care and promptness.

FISHER & HANNA, Chenoweth, Wash., manufacturers and dealers in Red Cedar SHINGLES. Correspondence solicited.

G. D. WOODWORTH,

(Successor to A. S. Blowers & Son)

—DEALER IN—

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Merchandise,

HARDWARE,

STOVES AND TINWARE,

Also, Agent for OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS.

Second door East of Glacier office.

Hard Times Prices.

Hereafter I will sell for CASH only or its equivalent. Regarding prices, will say that I defy competition. I am not afraid to meet competitive prices at any time. Meet me on Portland lines and I will meet you with Portland prices. Call and see

S. E. BARTMESS.

CANDY CATHARTIC

**Cascarets**

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

ALL DRUGGISTS

BOTH

For little more than the price of one. This is the best offer ever made by any newspaper. We will give to the subscribers of the Twice-a-Week Republic, as a special inducement, the new and superb

Republic Sunday Magazine.

62 complete numbers, 18 pages of the choicest illustrations and miscellaneous reading that money can buy. The regular price of this paper is \$1.25 a year. We offer both publications, the Twice-a-Week Republic, which alone is \$1 a year, and the Sunday Magazine for

Only \$1.50 a Year

for both.

When you renew your subscription do not lose sight of this splendid offer. Address all orders to

THE REPUBLIC, St. Louis, Mo.

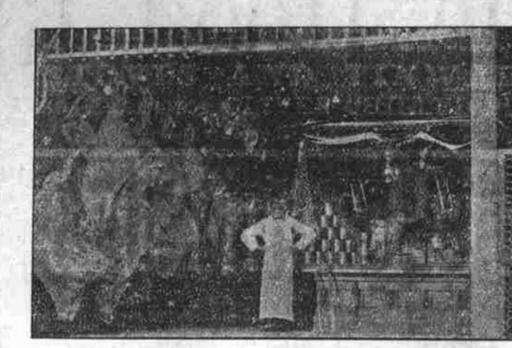
4 Acres, Well Improved.

For sale, 4 miles west from town; 50 bearing fruit trees; balance in garden and strawberries; fine spring of water for house use; plenty of water for irrigating. This is one of the earliest strawberry places in the valley, well protected from late frosts. It is 1/2 mile from graded school. Will sell cheap for cash only. Apply to P. F. CYRLES, Hood River.

Horses for Sale.

One span of horses 5 years old and one 7 years old. One span well broken and gentle, the other broken to drive. L. D. BOYD, Hood River, Or.

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One span of horses 5 years old and one 7 years old. One span well broken and gentle, the other broken to drive. L. D. BOYD, Hood River, Or.

# Mt. Hood Saw Mills,

TOMLINSON BROS., Prop'rs.

PIR AND PINE LUMBER

Of the best quality always on hand at prices to suit the times.

Fresh Milk, Acreated and deodorized, 5 cents a quart. F. H. BUTTON.

The Glacier

BARBER SHOP,

GRANT EVANS, Prop'r,

Hood River, Or.

Fruit Ranch for Sale.

40 acres, 2 miles from town. All kinds of fruit; 2 acres in strawberries; natural water privileges; bearing orchard. Terms reasonable. W. J. CAMPBELL.

DR. M. A. JONES.

See Dr. Jones for best cures at most reasonable prices. He is permanently located at corner Fourth and Washington sts., Portland. Will be at Hood River 15th of each month.

160 Acres of Land

1/2 miles from town of Hood River. Will sell all or part, or trade for city property. Terms part cash, part on time. J. H. FERGUSON.

5 Acre Tracts.

Some of the most desirable places in Hood River have been placed in my hands for sale. Sixty acres for sale in five-acre tracts. If you wish to buy or sell lands in Hood River valley, call on or address

M. H. NICKELSEN, Real Estate Agent, Hood River, Or.

Skin Diseases.

For the speedy and permanent cure of tetter, salt rheum and eczema, Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment is without an equal. It relieves the itching and smarting almost instantly and its continued use effects a permanent cure. It also cures itch, barber's itch, scald head, sore nipples, itching piles, chapped hands, chronic sore eyes and granulated lids.

Dr. Cad's Condition Powders for horses are the best tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. Price, 25 cents. Sold by Forsale by Williams & Brosius.

Bids Wanted.

For grubbing and burning about 2 1/2 acres and for slashing and burning the brush on about 6 acres of land on my place. A. E. CURTIS.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, July 11, 1898.—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 the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on Tuesday, August 20, 1898, viz:

JEROME WELLS,

Of Hood River, Homestead Application No. 4063, for the west 1/2 northeast 1/4, southeast 1/4 northeast 1/4, section 31, township 2 north, range 11 east, W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: F. M. Jackson, Peter Kopke, David Boardman and Hans Lage, all of Hood River, Or. Jy15-19 JAS. F. MOORE, Register.

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CONRAD REPP,

Of Hood River, Homestead Application No. 4063, for the northwest 1/4 southwest 1/4, south southwest 1/4, and lot 1, section 31, township 2 north, range 10 east, W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: James M. Chitty, Viento, Or.; H. Prigge, R. J. Ellis and J. O. Kaufman, all of Hood River, Or. Jy15-19 JAS. F. MOORE, Register.

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JAMES M. CHITTY,

Of Viento, Homestead Application No. 4671, for the west 1/2 southwest 1/4 and northeast 1/4 southwest 1/4, section 35, township 3 north, range 9 east, W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Conrad Repp and H. Prigge of Hood River, Oregon, and Frank Lapier and R. F. Hardrick of Mosier, Oregon. Jy15-19 JAS. F. MOORE, Register.

20 Acres of Land

To give away for work and other small consideration.

W. G. CLELLAND.

FOR SALE.

Lumber Wagon, 2 1/2 inch wheels, \$50.00. Milch cow, \$25.00. Will sell part or all of my ranch. E. E. SAVAGE.

Notice to Creditors.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Wasco County, in the matter of the estate of Elizabeth J. Smith, deceased. Notice