Hood River Glacier.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1900.

The proceedings of the meeting of the McKinley club of Hood River, held last Saturday and published in another column, show that many new voters, young men, are taking an interest in politics. This is as it should be. Young men should align themselves with a political pary, join political clubs, make themselves conversant with politics, vote at the primaries, go to conventions, and get nominated and elected to office. Every voter should be politician enough to keep the run of politics and help to make purer the "filthy pool." The best men are not always nominated for office, and one reason for this is the antipathy of many voters to mixing in politics. It is not so easy for a few schemers to fool all the voters of a party in a precinct or district when all the voters take part in the caucuses.

The latest war news from South Africa is not encouraging to the British. Gen. Buller is making slow progress in his advance to the relief of Ladysmith, and the lack of definite news causes much anxiety in London. A dispatch from Pretoria, Jan. 23d, telling of the "big battle" last Sunday and operations since, says: "Four or five times during the day the British replaced their wearied soldiers by fresh ones. The Boer casualties to date are one man killed and two slightly wounded. Our men are in excellent spirits. There is a large slaughter of the British."

The political pot begins to simmer. Hood River will compete this time for some of the important county offices in the gift of the republican majority. We have good timber here for either sheriff, clerk, county judge or commissioner, and the delegation from here to the county convention will go prepared to capture a fair share of the offices.

Thanks to Secretary of State Dunbar, the GLACIER has received a copy of the Election Laws of the State of Oregon, completed and published by the secretary of state, 1899.

Has a Better Job.

The editor of the Oregonian settles the question of his candidacy for the U. S. senate in the following paragraph in his paper of Jan. 22d:

To those persons who have been kind enough to "mention" H. W. Scott for the United States senate, the Oregonian will say that he does not desire it, is not, nor will be, a candidate for it. Neither that nor any other official position lies within the sphere of his ambition. He has no desire to undertake the labors of the position, and his modest estimate of his own abilities would not justify him in seeking it.

A Pomologist Gone.

Others have spoken of the late Dr. Barrett as a neighbor, a doctor, a Christian and a philanthropist, but little has been said about the services he has rendered this community by his experiments and research in testing and fruiting new varieties of fruit. He spared no pains nor expense in his endeavors to ascertain just what apples, pears and other fruits combined the most good qualities as to hardiness, flavor, size and keeping qualities. Shortly before his death he made out a list of a dozen or more of the best winter varieties of pears yet originated and sent it to several nurserymen to see how many he could get. He wanted them to test in this locality to see if some would not supersede the Winter Nellis, of which he had a large orchard. He was the first one to introduce in this vicinity many of the large, red winter apples, such as Springdale, Stark, Senator, Arkansas Beauty and Babbitt, which are now becoming better known. At the last Hood River fruit fair several of these new varieties were exhibited here for the first time, from his place, and if the fair is held again this fall, there will doubtless be an exhibit from the Dr. Barrett place that will open the eyes of some of us.

The doctor was always very willing to tell his experience with different varieties, and that saved others much expense and trouble in going over the same ground. He always kept a chart of his orchards and also made memoranda as to the hardiness of varieties. It is to be hoped the future owners of this ranch will continue the work so well started by the doctor, and not allow these new varieties to become neglected or destroyed.

H. C. BATEHAM.

The Remonstrance.

HOOD RIVER, Or., Jan. 23, 1900.—Editor GLACIER: A remonstrance against the granting of a license for a saloon in the town of Hood River is being circulated by the W. C. T. U. and their friends. I am authorized to say that if any are overlooked, who would like to sign the remonstrance, that a copy may be found at Mr. Crowell's store.

I have noticed one peculiar thing: those who want to establish the liquor traffic in our midst do not sign the remonstrance. Another thing also is true, that some who are not total abstainers feel it to be their duty to oppose the establishing of a "public school of vice" in the form of a saloon. If on account of such an institution a few lives shall be wrecked—whose we cannot predict—how much money paid into the town treasury will make good the loss? Is this an arithmetical problem? Is it "business?" I fancy that in the great book of accounting not a single item will be found entered in the language of figures and dollar marks.

I propose a working organization of "home guards" to be composed of all persons who are willing to protect the community against saloons or other means by which traffic may thrive while we furnish the victims.

"The law of liberty" permits all of us to eat and drink what we think best—or what we know is worst, so long as we do not injure any one else. The law of charity does not permit us to judge another harshly. The law of unity compels us to work together harmoniously in order to accomplish any good thing.

Let us recognize these laws and organize. Let us first put out the fire then argue the fine points of the temperance question afterwards.

T. R. COOS.

We read a great deal in the newspapers about the terrors of modern warfare. The Boers seem to be the real terrors of modern warfare. It has been stated that the diving war ship, and the war balloon, are terrors of modern warfare, but they are not to be compared with the Boers. Modern war is not so destructive of life as were the wars of the olden time. The modern man goes to war for a picnic, or for the privilege of holding a government position, but the men of old went to war to fight, and the Boers have the same old fashioned notion. The Boers have had no military schools, and have had no military training, but they are whipping the soldiers of a nation which spends millions of dollars annually on military training. This little blow to the graduates of military colleges should be remembered in the clamor in the United States for more costly schools to teach young Americans the art of war.—Yamhill Reporter.

J. J. Berry, Loganton, Pa., writes, "I am willing to take my oath that I was cured of pneumonia entirely by the use of One Minute Cough Cure after doctors failed. It also cured my children of whooping cough." Quickly relieves and cures colds, coughs, croup, grippe and throat and lung troubles. Children all like it. Mothers endorse it. Williams & Brosius.

McKinley Club.

In pursuance of a call published by the president, a meeting was held at the office of Geo. T. Prather, at 3 p. m. Jan. 20th, for the purpose of electing officers and delegates to the league convention. In the absence of the president, the meeting was called to order by M. P. Isenberg. A. S. Blowers was elected temporary chairman and H. D. Langille temporary secretary.

The election of officers resulted as follows: H. D. Langille, president; Geo. Stranahan, vice president; Geo. T. Prather, recording secretary; D. M. Gibbons, corresponding secretary; G. E. Williams, treasurer.

Executive Committee—A. S. Blowers, Chris Dethman and J. H. Shoemaker.

Committee on By-Laws—Harry Bailey, J. B. Hunt and H. D. Langille.

Committee on Membership—W. M. Yates, H. D. Langille and W. S. Gregory.

Committee on Rally, Entertainment and Reception—A. Winans, E. S. Olinger, Wm. Isenberg, J. R. Nickelsen, Howard Isenberg, D. M. Gibbons, Grant Evans, Wm. Edick, Chris Dethman and L. N. Blowers.

Proceeding to the election of delegates, the ballot resulted in the election of Chas. Castner, J. B. Hunt, W. R. Winans, E. S. Olinger, M. P. Isenberg and H. D. Langille as delegates to the republican league convention to be held in Portland February 6, 1900.

The secretary was instructed to present a copy of the minutes of the meeting to the Hood River Sun and the GLACIER for publication.

There being no further business before the meeting, a motion to adjourn, subject to the call of the president, was carried.

H. D. LANGILLE,
Secretary pro tem.

Lewis Dennis, Salem, Ind., says, "Kodol Dyspepsia Cure did me more good than anything I ever took." It digests what you eat and can not help but cure dyspepsia and stomach troubles. Williams & Brosius

Local Teachers' Association.

Following is the programme to be rendered at the Hood River public school building at 2 o'clock p. m., Jan. 27, 1900.

Opening music.
Discussion.
Variety versus Uniformity in Methods of Recitation. Led by F. B. Barnes.
Recess.
Class exercise from Miss Isenberg's department.
Methods in teaching Geography. Led by S. C. Sherrill.
Closing music.

Prof. Daut, the well known optician of The Dalles, was in town Monday.

Size doesn't indicate quality. Beware of counterfeit and worthless salve offered for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. DeWitt's is the only original. An infallible cure for piles and all skin diseases.—Williams & Brosius.

H. S. Soule, piano tuner, who succeeds W. S. Geary, was in town during the week. He will make visits to Hood River every six months.

L. T. Travis, Agent Southern R.R., Selma, Ga., writes, "I can not say too much in praise of One Minute Cough Cure. In my case it worked like a charm." The only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Cures, coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles. Williams & Brosius.

The Market.

CORRECTED BY BAND & STEWART.

Flour, Goldendale Diamond, per sk	75
Flour, Peacock, per sk	80
Flour, Dalles Diamond, per bbl	3 40
Bran, per 100 lbs	90
Bran and Shorts, per 100 lbs	95
Shorts, per 100 lbs	1 00
Barley, per 100 lbs	1 25
Bacon,	9c to 12½
Hams,	12½c to 16
Lard,	5s, 55c; 10s 1 10
Potatoes, per 100 lbs	80c to 90
Onions, per 100 lbs	1 25
Cabbage, per 100 lbs	75c to 85
Squash and Beets, per 100 lbs	90c to 1 00
Carrott and Turnips, per 100 lbs	1 00
Lemons, per dozen	25c to 30
Apples, fall, per box	50c to 1 00
Apples, winter, per box	$1.25 to 1 50
Cranberries, per gal	40
Butter, fancy	25c to 45
Eggs	15c to 17½
Coffee, fancy blended roast	20
Coffee, choice roasted	16½
Coffee, Arbuckles and Lions	15
Sugar, dry granulated, per sk	5 65
Sugar, extra C, per sk	5 15

F. B. Thirkield, Health Inspector of Chicago, says, "Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cannot be recommended too highly. It cured me of severe dyspepsia." It digests what you eat and cures indigestion, heartburn and all forms of dyspepsia. Williams & Brosius

Apropos of Paint & Wall Paper.

To Residents of Hood River and Vicinity,

GREETING: The house renovating season will soon be here, and I take this method of calling your attention to the fact that I shall also be here, ready and anxious to assist you in every possible way.

Fresh paint and pleasing tones in Wall Paper are like unto a "mantle of charity," inasmuch as they hide a multitude of defects, and when properly applied will cause the incongruent room of the house to become pleasing to the eye and satisfactory to the artistic taste. To obtain that usual desired result in my special business, I cannot warrant ten dollar effects for a one dollar expenditure, but I do guarantee satisfactory work and results at live and let live prices, or no pay. If you desire I shall be pleased to call at your home with samples of Paper, measure your rooms and make you prices. (ESTIMATES GRATIS.)

With many thanks for past patronage and a respectful solicitation for a share of the same in the future, I am very truly yours,

E. H. PICKARD,
Painter and Decorator, Hood River, Or.

Land for Rent.

Land and a large orchard to rent at
129 PARADISE FARM.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Vancouver, Wash., Jan. 23, 1900.—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 F. W. Kale, Clerk of the Superior Court of the state of Washington for Skamania county, at Stevenson, Wash., on Thursday, March 15, 1900, viz:

WILLIAM A. WENDORF,

Hd. No. 8855, for the southwest quarter section 35, township 3 north, range 10 east, W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

William Kellendonk, James Hanes, Charles Moore and Henry Olson, all of Hood River, Or.

1261m W. R. DUNBAR, Register.

Dr. Adams on Deck Again.

HOOD RIVER, Jan. 24, 1900.—Editor GLACIER: I see in the GLACIER of Jan. 12 an article wholly devoted to me and signed C. A. Wyman. Who this C. A. W. is I know not—or of what sex. After a careful reading of the article I place her among the soft sex. A lance that I would break on a wild boar of the forest, a "whiskered Pandour" or a "fierce hussar," I would scorn to use on a tender female who traces her pedigree back to a "rib." I would hardly dare disturb her waving curls by "Summer evenings latest sigh, that shuts the rose." I always

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young and so fair!"

Now, sister, I want to examine you a little. Don't scream so! It's only your GLACIER article that I am going to place on the dissecting table—not you; no, darling, not you! I regard you as a second Joan of Arc—a fine specimen of a female warrior. What other woman in Hood River would have dared to walk on the stage, pick up Bro. W.'s 4-ounce gloves that he had thrown down in disgust and returned to his "corner" to sulk—as did Achilles, when refused the embrace of the fair captive Briseus? (See Homer's Iliad.) The gloves were too heavy for your predecessor, my dear—they don't fit your litue delicate fist. Your wild swings, never getting in on the ribs or even a left hook on the jaw, show it. I do not believe, I cannot believe, owing to my respect for the intelligence of my friend "in the corner," that your wild air beating swings have even dushed his face with a crimson of satisfaction. I know it hasn't to anybody else. But I promised to be gentle with you. I have a very tender feeling for a woman, and I will say without causing jealousy in the family that I *love* all such women as Paul describes in 1 Timothy, 2:9-10 (turn to it and read it, my dear), and even now, in my old age, I, like Byron, "wish they had one rosy mouth that I might kiss them all, from north to south." So if you possess those characteristics that Paul and I so much admire, just consider yourself kissed "at long range." You cannot get a short range smack from me till you shed those 4-ounce prohibition boxing gloves. They are not included in Paul's inventory of heavenly adornments for a lady. If she wears his sparkling jewels, I don't care a cent whether she is a Jewess, Mahomedan, Catholic, heathen, or even a Methodist—just bring her along and see me hug her. But now to business.

Dear sister, you evince a small shaking of the knees when you start out with the hazard of encountering a doctor but console yourself with the worn-out saw, "when doctors disagree," &c., and conclude those who doctor the body having disagreed on diagnosis, remedies and treatment, there is a good opening for the good old mother to slip in with her bag of herbs—her catnip tea might reach the spot, where quinine, calomel and opium had failed. You are right there, sister; it possible, *more* than right. But has it never suggested itself to you that the advocates of curing "their rheumatiz" by carrying a horse chestnut, a potato or an onion in the *left* breeches pocket have raised a storm of remonstrance from those who insisted these cure-alls should be put in the *right* back-action pocket to do any good? Do doctors of divinity, who are trying to keep the sickest patient in the world alive, all agree as to just what will longest keep breath in its body? The patient seems to be passing away with slow consumption. He has fallen off several tons in flesh since I visited his bedside some 70 years ago. The more light of science the world gets the sicker the old gentleman becomes. In the course of time—I don't know just how long, but some time in the future, the old gentleman will be gathered to the tomb of his father Moses, and posterity will gaze upon his embalmed remains as I, in 1899, reverently looked upon the shriveled skin that still clung to the bones of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, down in a subterranean vault in Lima, Peru, one of the most religious yet bloodthirsty savages that ever dyed the virgin soil with innocent blood. Yet Pizarro kissed a crucifix, received extreme unction, and went to glory to toot a golden horn alongside of Duran who was hanged with the "benefit of clergy." Some doctors of divinity have located these saints in one place, some in a warmer climate. Great is the mystery of Godliness! The "natural man" cannot see its beauties, but to an *unnatural* man they are as clear as mud. So you see, dear sister, doctors of all shades will differ. Now, what are we going to do about it? Is there any better way than to use what little brains we have—think a little, read all sides with an honest desire to reach the truth, and reject all that does violence to every noble principle within us, whether it be a pretended "revelation" from some god or some devil? If we cannot do this, we are already sidetracked on a railroad that leads down to barbarism, the throttles are pulled wide open, the air brakes are removed, and down we go, till at the foot of the hill our mangled remains lie there to rot and stink, till our bones are gathered up and hauled off in a dung cart by the "coming race." Before the whistle announces "all aboard," I walk along the sides of the "caboose" hall filled with the "sanctified" crowd. I notice their cadaverous faces with noses flattened against the windows, with faces wreathed in withering scorn, which say, "Thank God, I am too good to belong to the crowd outside; I wish I had you by the hair of the head long enough to pull you into the caboose." They want a clean bill of health before starting on their downward trip. I walk into the caboose to examine them. I find them all afflicted with monomania, harder to cure than the bubonic plague. I put my ear to the place where the heart ought to be—no systolic or other sound audible except that of the low murmurs of a faintly grinding gizzard. I examine the pulse, which indicates approaching dissolution. The tongue shows a terrible nervous prostration bordering on a softening of the brain. Abdomen expanded so it needs hooping. Cause, too much diet of one kind and intemperance in chewing catechisms and prohibition literature, with no sensible reading to neutralize the poison. Prognosis—death at the foot of the hill. No use for argumentative medicine. "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone." (Hosea 4:17.) Dear sister, if you are already on board this prohibition caboose this article is not for you. If it falls under the eye of some of our intelligent youths and prevents them from gormandizing on prohibition and catechism literature till they look as though they had been confined to a dried apple diet, I am content. Prohibition literature looks all right to you, sister; so does Mahomedanism and every other ism to those who look at it through goggles with glass stained just the right color to make its deformities look like little angels flopping their wings—while one having a level head looking with a naked eye or through an uncolored glass is very likely to take what you call an angel for a young, pinfeathered devil just out of his hatching nest. We are all apt to see things through glasses our grandmothers put on our noses, or some person has placed there with a warrant that we could see God, heaven, hell and the devil, just as he saw them.

After I quoted passage after passage from the Bible to show that neither God, Christ, Paul or Timothy were prohibitionists but only advocates of temperance, and was kind enough to tell you just where to find them, you turn up your little nose, and waving your boxing glove at me, shriek out, "Oh! all your reading is outside of the Bible"—an old saw you had probably heard your grandmother use, or some yellow-legged chicken eater with about three months schooling, when cornered in an argument by some bright boy that knew more than he did. I hardly think your friend in the "corner" was satisfied by that left-handed swing—and I almost see him now moving his knees as if in the act of springing up to snatch away his gloves. I thought I had driven the nail and clinched it, but I see there is no use in clinching a nail after driving it through a handful of sawdust.

You say that all the world was drunk before the flood and Noah was the only one sober enough to build the ark. Did you learn this in the Bible? You cannot find one word in the Book to show that wine was ever known before the flood. We infer it was, because Noah planted [cultivated] a vineyard as soon as he left the ark. Nothing more natural than for him to go straight to his old home and scratch a little around those choice grapevines. As to where he got the wine to get drunk on, theologians differ. My opinion is that one of his "sons," knowing the old gentleman's fondness for it, had stowed away a few demijohns under the loose hay in the ark, which according to my figures was about 2,127 tons—and even then the animals had to be put on short rations before the grass started.

You say, sister, that God saves a drunkard now and then if he repents, or he would probably lack subjects to fill up his "hereafter." Will you please point to me your proof that Noah even repented of his debauch? If he slipped in as an unrepentent drunkard, why not let a few more like him slip in while the gates stand ajar? You say that the flood destroyed the world because they were all drunken. Were the sheep and the doves, canary birds and all the innocent animals that God said he would drown—and did drown—all drunk? But there is another animal, the serpent, that was "more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made." Gen. 3:1. What became of him? Was he stored away in the ark because he, like Noah, was temperate? Or was God so "merciful" as to overlook the little slip he made in tempting Eve to involve the whole human race, including all animals, in everlasting ruin? He and his wife must have been taken in by Noah, or else crawled in and hid themselves under the hay alongside those demijohns; either this or they were mighty good swimmers. We certainly have no evidence that they ever got drunk—the reason why the flood was sent.

Now, as to this wine business before the flood, people differ. Cruden, the greatest Bible reader of his age, treats it thus: "Several of the ancients were of opinion that wine was not in use before the deluge, and that Noah was the first who used the liquor. If wine, say they, had been known before the flood, Abel would not have failed to bring an offering of it to the Lord, and Noah would have been on his guard so as not to have drank of it to excess. But on the other hand, it is maintained by others that it is much more probable that the first men were not ignorant of the use of wine, which is a liquor so generally useful and agreeable that it could scarcely have been unknown to Adam himself." I have traced the use of wine from Adam down through succeeding ages—nowhere condemned, often recommended till we come to a little squad haunting a prohibition flag, and carried by a little blue-bellied Yankee down in Maine—on a soil so poor and rocky as to produce little else than Canada thistles and social monomaniacs. But it seems you have found a passage in Hab. 2:15 that you think disproves all passages I have quoted in favor of the temperate use of wine. It means as you read it: "Woe to him who offers his neighbor a drink of wine," but you put your foot in it by quoting the passage in full: "Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him and maketh him *drunken*." In your blind struggle to find Bible arguments to contradict my quotations in favor of *temperance*, you fire a passage at me denouncing *drunkenness*, and yet you boast of being a careful reader of the Scriptures(?) Don't you think, dear sister, it is about time for you to throw up the sponge and retire to your "corner?" You are sprawling on the floor, "knocked out" by that terrific left swing intended for me, but which you landed squarely in your own eye. Let us look a little further at samples of your learning and logic. You say that the passage in Prov. 31:6, "Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish and wine to him that be of heavy soul." You say that is all right. Very well. Then why does your little clan wish a law to "prohibit" us from doing either? Do you clamor for a statute law to repeal one of God's laws! Again: You think that wine and strong drink are not synonomous—that strong drink is fermented, and wine unfermented grape juice, and you conclude so because they had no distilleries then. Do you know of any distillery now making wine? Do you not know that *oinos*, the Greek for wine, meant either wine or strong drink, and the translators who furnished us the Septuagint use the two expressions merely to avoid a tautology? Doesn't every classical writer always avoid the use of the same word twice in close connection? You "say we are told" that there was "two or three words" in the original that make this distinction. You have been "told so" by your aunt, perhaps, who found the statement in the little tract, "Poor Blind Sarah," a converted squaw, which I read and cried over 75 years ago. I cannot find the "two or three words" in the Septuagint, cannot find them in the Hebrew Bible, or the Koran; they are absent in the Chaldean Targums; they are conspicuously absent in the writings of the Buddhist "St. Satya, the 9th incarnation of Wisdom;" they are not in the writings of Confucius (Kungfutze), born in China, Jan. 19, 551 years before Christ, and who taught the same doctrines Christ did and gave us the "Golden Rule," word for word, as Christ gave it. I cannot find your "two or three words" in the Mormon Bible," the Westminster confession of faith, or even in the "Methodist Discipline," where it ought to be if there is any truth in it. But you yourself seem to be in doubt whether you have been correctly informed about your "two or three words in the original that make the distinction between strong drink and wine." For you innocently proceed to tell us that the translators made no distinction but translated both as one—wine.

It requires a great deal of patience for a scholar (more than Job ever had) to follow an ignoramus through all his bassless assumptions and serpentine windings. When he tries to go into the field of science he crawls through a theological fence so crooked that he always comes out on the same side he started in at. The worst form of drunkenness in the world is ignorance. This monster of drunkenness called in the Bible a "subtle beast of the field," and by some ignorance, superstition or bigotry, has devoured more unfortunates than all other causes combined. As to the fountain of this kind of intoxicants I am a prohibitionist all over. I would plug up the hole of the spring that feeds it all at once—but I cannot. It will be plugged up, however, long before any one plugs up the source of the Columbia river with a corncob, or prohibitionists stop the flow of human liberty by stuffing in a few drunkards' shirts. Watch the slow moving hand of eternity as it slowly moves through the cycles of ages and marks the progress of the race under the laws of evolution up to date, and then tell me if you can how long it will take to carry the race to enlightenment, starting with the "first pair," that dwelt in a cave, eating raw meat killed with a bludgeon or stone hammer, down to a modern prohibitionist. The tall structure that has reared its lofty top to the heavens and extorted the praises of the gods is a graded school for God's children—Christ said it consists of "many mansions," or stories. In the basement are savages, where Adam and Eve resided; in the second story are semi-savages; in the third story are the civilized; in the fourth story are the Christianized; in the fifth story are the enlightened, where Confucius, Christ, Tom Jefferson, Franklin, Lincoln, Howard, Humboldt, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Henry Ward Beecher, and a host of earth's brightest jewels have climbed up on "fire escape ladders" placed outside the walls of the tenth story "mansion." No prohibition ist ever reached there or ever will. The heavenly atmosphere hasn't enough divine oxygen in it to keep him alive—self hurtited hydrogen is best suited to his lungs. When all the race reach the upper story, then the millennium—not before. The man who lies to you, the man who will not pay his honest debts; who fails to pay the printer for his paper; who cheats his neighbor in a horse trade; who puts little potatoes in the bottom of the sack and big ones on top; who misrepresents his goods; who starts a saw mill or a store to break up with money in his pocket, defrauding his creditors; and every man who doesn't look out for his neighbor's interest as clearly as he does his own, is down in the fourth story, which is literally crawling with them. We are glad they are not in the fifth story. We dislike their society. They are only tolerated in such places as are accustomed to "pass the hat."

You complain that I impose a grievous burden on a woman by asking her to give a whisky seller notice to sell no more liquor to a drunken husband. I always believed that when that "rib" was taken from Adam's side there was a small slice of backbone chipped off with it, for some women seem to be all backbone, and others all rib. To meet just such cases as yours, I stated in my article that any of her friends could serve the notice. If she is unfortunate enough to have no friend, just consider me as such and see if I don't plaster his saloon outside and in if necessary, not neglecting to hire at my own expense a bill poster to plaster them all over his back. McKinley's wife had backbone enough to head the W. C. T. U. ladies in raiding the saloons in Canton, Ohio, while her husband and Mark Hanna were at home laying plans for getting to Washington and figuring out just how many thousand barrels of whisky it would take to flood the country and raise revenue enough to carry on the government. Bryan was doing the same thing, while the poor old, lonesome prohibition candidate was sobbing at home because his professed friends were mostly going over to the camp of the enemy.

When you located me in the back room of a drug store, prescribing wine for my patients and "rubbing in the remedy," you thought you had got off something funny. Wit, my dear girl, isn't your strongest hold; you would shine more conspicuously in domestic affairs—such as slinging dish cloths or ironing didies.

Now, my dear sister, I am done with you, and done forever. I gently lay my hand on your badly disheveled hair and bid you go in peace and sin no more. Go with my blessing. I will trouble you no more. World without end. Amen! Next.

W. L. ADAMS.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Vancouver, Wash., Jan. 10, 1900.—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 U. S. Land Office at Vancouver, Wash., on Tuesday, February 27, 1900, viz:

JOHN P. SISSON,

Homestead Entry No. 9453, for the lot 4 and east ½ of southwest ¼ section 7, township 3 north, range 11 east, Will. Mer.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Jonah B. Turner, Abe Groshong, Frank Groshong and James J. Buller, all of White Salmon, Washington.

1262 W. R. DUNBAR, Register.

Wagon for Sale.

A two-horse wagon for sale, or will trade for a lighter one-horse rig. C. L. COPPLE.

Reciprocity's

BIG INDUCEMENTS FOR CASH TRADE.

We take the liberty of sending you a card, which we kindly ask you to bring with you or send, when making cash purchases at our store, and have the amount of such purchase punched out until all the amounts represented on margin are cancelled. We will then present you FREE, a large three-quarter life size, (bust) crayon or water color portrait of yourself, or any member of your family or dear friend, whose memory you may wish to perpetuate.

Knowing the very general desire among our customers for family portraits, we believe that there is not a family in this section but what would take a GOOD portrait in preference to anything we could offer as an appreciation of their cash trade.

These portraits will be made from any photograph or tintype you furnish (same will be returned to you). Remember you are not required to buy a frame, we are presenting the portrait as an appreciation of your patronage. However, we shall carry a large line of frames which we will sell to portrait customers at the lowest possible price, but if you can buy a frame cheaper elsewhere it is your privilege to do so.

To enable you to understand more fully the value of this offer, we invite you to call at our store where samples of the work and frames can be seen.

We hope you will appreciate our endeavor, and favor us with your patronage, and in return we will assure you courteous attention and the best goods at the lowest prices.

Yours very truly,

CLYDE T. BONNEY.

Removed.

We are now located in our new store, and while we do not claim to have the only good stock in town, WE ARE PREPARED TO MEET ALL COMPETITION. We have paid cash for every bill of merchandise that we have bought for the last ten years and believe we can buy as cheap as any other concern in the state. Call and see us; if we cannot suit you do not buy. We are here to do business and are doing some.

A. S. BLOWERS & SON.

For Sale or Trade.

Will sell on time or trade for anything of equal value—
5 acres good strawberry land near town.
15 acres near Tucker, partly improved.
Cash buyers need not apply.
9 acres, 4 miles from town, partly improved
20 acres, 7 miles from town, improved.
J12 W. A. SLINGERLAND.

—NOTICE TO—

Water Consumers.

Notice is hereby given to all persons desiring water for the coming season from the Water Supply Co. of Hood River, Valley, that they must file their applications for the same with the secretary on or before the first Saturday of February next.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Dated this the 17th day of January, 1900.
H. J. HIBBARD, Sec'y.

80 Acres.

Well improved farm; 40 acres in cultivation; near school; good roads. Price $1,500. Best bargain in Hood River. FRED HOWE.

Silverware.

Quadruple Silverware sets; a new lot of Alarm Clocks, just received by
CHAS. TEMPEL.

Seed Corn Wanted.

I want 100 pounds Early Seed Corn at Paradise Farm. Also, horses to rent.
J12 W. L. ADAMS.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

The public are invited to call at my gallery and inspect my work. I aim to give satisfaction in all cases where work is intrusted to me. Prices reasonable. Outside views a specialty. CHAS. RIGGS.

Spray Pumps.

When using a Spray Pump you want one that agitates the spraying material instead of yourself. THE "POMONA" is the only one that fully answers this purpose. We are anxious to have the orchards receive better spraying, and to encourage this we offer the "best for the money," "THE POMONA."
J19 DAVIDSON FRUIT CO.

Notice to Voters.

Under the provisions of the Registration law all persons when registering are required to furnish to the registering officer the following information:

If naturalized, the time, place and court of naturalization. In this connection it is necessary to produce naturalization papers, or declaration of intention.

Residence must be specific, giving precinct, section, township and range; if within town or city, the street; number, if any, and number of lot and block. If in any building where rooms are numbered, the number of the room and floor must be given.

In order to avoid unnecessary delay and inconvenience, every person desiring to register should be prepared to furnish the above information.

Facilities will be furnished in every precinct in the county by either justice of the peace or notary public. A. M. KELSAY,
J12 County Clerk.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Jan. 6, 1900.—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 Oregon City, Oregon, on March 2, 1900, viz:

HORACE H. PHILLIPS,

H. E. 9827, for the northeast ¼ of northeast ¼ of section 28, township 1 north, range 3 east.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Isaiah James, Frank Derroy, Virgil Amend and John Whitsel, all of Bridal Veil, Oregon.

1245 CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

[Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.]

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, Jan. 2, 1900.—Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory,"

JAMES IRELAND,

Of The Dalles, county of Wasco, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 159, for the purchase of the south half north west ¼ and north half southwest ¼ of section No. 21, in township No 1 north, range No. 9 east, W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at The Dalles, Oregon, on Saturday, the 17th day of March, 1900.

He names as witnesses: W. R. Winans, L. Winans, A. Winans and E. T. Winans, all of Hood River, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 17th day of March, 1900.

1245m13 JAY P. LUCAS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Vancouver, Wash., Jan. 17, 1900.—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 U. S. Land Office at Vancouver, Wash., on Tuesday, February 27, 1900, viz:

LOUIS CLOQUET,

Homestead Entry No. 9483, for the east ½ of northwest ¼, southwest ¼ of northwest ¼, and southwest ¼ of northeast ¼ section 15, township 3 north, range 12 east, W'ill. Mer.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land viz:

James O. Lyle, Thomas J. Whitcomb, Franklin R. Reynold and Thomas M. Whitcomb, all of Lyle P. O., Washington.

1262 W. R. DUNBAR, Register.

LIST OF LANDS for Sale AT THE EMPORIUM.

1. Four acres at Frankton, improved; good spring; only $550.

2. S. E. ¼ of S. W. ¼ sec. 12, Tp. 2 N., R. 10 E., unimproved; $50.

3. John Sipma farm, in lots from 5 to 20 acres, and from $50 to $60 per acre. Terms easy.

4. S. E. ¼ sec. 32, T. 3 N., R. 10 E. for only $700. Some improvements; 160 acres.

5. S. ½ of S. W. ¼ of N. W. ¼ S. 12, T. 2 N., R. 10 E.; 20 acres; some improvements. $700.

6. N. ½ of N. W. ¼, S. W. ¼ of N. W. ¼, and N. W. ¼ of S. W. ¼ S. 8, T. 2 N., R. 10 E.; 160 acres, $600.

7. Barrett-Sipma Addition; $45 per lot; ten dollars down and five dollars per month; no interest.

8. The Chas. H. Rogers 5-acre Homestead, Frankton; good cottage and barn; spring water. Price $700.

9. The old Rogers Mill property at Frankton, with falls and water power on Phelps creek. Price 500.

10. The Dr. Barrett Improved Fruit Farm, 4 m. southwest of Hood River; 120 acres; 10 acres in cultivation; 40 acres in fruit; fine spring; 50 inches irrigating water. Price $8,320; will be sold in parcels.

11. T. R. Coon's 80 acres in Pole Flat, 7 miles southwest of town; 4 acres cleared. Price $10 per acre.

12. The L. Neff Home; 40 acres on Hood river; 2 miles; good water; plenty of fruit; a beautiful home. Price $1,000. Ten acres and house for $550.

13. Chas. W. Gilmer Homestead, at Gilmer, Wash.; 160 acres; fine saw timber; good soil; well watered. Only $500; a rare bargain.

14. The Weidner Homestead, 160 acres, near Mosier; 50 acres cleared; 2 springs; 400 fruit trees; good improvements. Only $1,000.

15. The W. H. Bishop Home in Hood River, lot 6 and part of lot 7 block 1, Waucoma addition to Hood River; a pretty home. Only $1,100.

16. Five acres cleared and in clover, 1½ m. southwest of Hood River. Only 425.

17. The Hansberry home, 2½ miles south, west of town; 10 acres. Everything complete and handy; good fruit, good water. Only $1,800.

18. The Chesty Welds home, in the hills one mile east of town; a pretty home; good fruit and water; 40 acres. Only $1,400.

20. The Dr. Morgan house and lot in ood River; new barn. Only 800.

21. The Frank Chandler improved fruit and grain farm; 8 acres; 45 in cultivation; 1,000 bearing apple trees; large house and barn; fine water and plenty of it; house and farm furnished. Price $5,000; terms easy.

22. The J. Wicknam farm, 7 miles southwest of town; 80 acres; good buildings and improvements; spring water and 50 inches free for irrigating. Price $1,600.

24. John Sweeney's place; 1,000 bearing fruit trees; 18 acres—5 acres in cultivation; 2 miles from Hood River; good well and spring. Price twenty-seven hundred dollars; after March 1, 1900, three thousand dollars.

24. The Buskirk place, 1 mile west of town; 4 acres; good spring water; good orchard; new frame buildings. Only $900; one-third cash, balance at 8 per cent per annum.

25. The Emerson homestead, only one mile east of town; fine range; $1,500.

26. E. C. Morner's 5 lots north of armory cleared and in fruit; well, and fence, only $300.

27. The Swan homestead at White Salmon; only 2,500; will be sold in separate forties.

28. The Berger place, 140 acres; 40 acres cleared; 10 acres grubbed; free water. 2,000 half cash; 1,400 spot cash.

29. The Grant Evans home, lot 5, block 4, Hood River, $800.

30. Wilkens fine farm at White Salmon falls; 240 acres; 25 cleared and in grass; good improvements; fine water power. Price $8,500 stocked, or $2,750 for land.

31. 2½ acres at Hard Scrabble, all cleared and in fruit; on county road. Price $250.

At the Emporium is kept a first-class surveyor's transit, and the proprietor being a practical surveyor, is well prepared to do the work of laying out acreage property in lots and blocks.

N. B.—Terms are easy on all the above lands, with interest at 6 per cent. Persons desiring locations on homesteads and timber claims should apply at The Emporium.

Keep your eye on the Barrett-Sipma Addition.

Davidson Fruit Co.,

Shippers of
Hood River's Famous Fruits.
Packers of the
Hood River Brand of Canned Fruits.
Manufacturers of
Boxes and Fruit Packages.
Dealers in
Fertilizers and Agricultural Implements.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, Dec. 18, 1899.—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 Friday, February 2, 1900, viz:

THOMAS L. ROBERTS,

Of Hood River, Ore., H. E. 5388 for the lots