

HOOD RIVER GLACIER SUPPLEMENT.

HOOD RIVER, OREGON, JUNE 13, 1902.

JOLLY UNCLE JOSH

INTRODUCES SOME YOUNG RELATIVES FROM THE EAST TO THE PROGRESSIVE BUSINESS MEN OF HOOD RIVER

June 1st witnessed a stir in a little village way down in Pike county, Missouri. Surely nothing but a wedding could make such an excitement among the female portion of the population, or draw such a throng to the little church on a busy week day as gathered there on that bright June morning. And a wedding it was—Miss Polly Summers and Charley —, whom every young man in the church regarded as the luckiest fellow in the country, but decided that this was the best day inasmuch as it was the earliest possible under the circumstances, in which to take each other for better or worse.

But a slight cloud rested upon the groom's brow that morning, even as he stood up beside his pretty bride to receive the minister's blessing. It shaped itself something like this:

"After this little business is over, what am I going to do with this little wife of mine? Where are we going to live and how are we going to subsist?"

After the ceremony, just as Charley was pondering over how he might best pierce the crowd and land his precious burden upon the outgoing homeseekers' excursion train for Oregon, a persistent little youngster sidled up to Polly and slipped an envelope into her hand.

Once on board the train, it didn't take Polly long to discover that the letter was from "Dear Uncle Josh," (the Hon. Joshua Tompkins), an old bachelor and a pioneer of Hood River, Wasco county, Oregon, rich, generous and level-headed, and one of the largest strawberry and fruit grower in the Hood River Valley, who proposed if the young couple would start at once for Oregon and help him harvest his berry crop he would start them out in life as a wedding present.

"By Jove! It's the very thing!" said Charley, and from that moment the question was settled and a load was lifted off his mind.

After a pleasant trip the party arrived in Hood River and were met at the train by Uncle Josh. They were driven at once to his paternal residence on nob Hill where a sumptuous breakfast had been prepared for the newly wedded pair.

"When breakfast is over," remarked Uncle Josh, "I must take you for a drive around town, and then we will proceed at once to get things in shape for your home. To expediate matters I'll have the Transfer and Livery Co., our enterprising liverymen, send up a 'rig.' When the handsome rig, with elaborate trappings and prancing horses, drew up in front of the house Polly declared it a turnout fit for a queen. "Yes sir," replied Uncle Josh, "that's a pretty neat rig, and the three 8's, speed, safety and style are the Transfer and

Livery Co's coat of arms. They take great pride in their fashionable turnouts, and their stock is always kept in the best condition. They have one of the handsomest stables to be found in the northwest, so young folks, when you want to take a drive, either for business or for pleasure go to them for a rig every time and they will treat you right. It was in one of the Transfer & Livery Co's swell turnouts the trip around town was made. "I am ready to buy your outfit; so what's first on the program?"

"Oh, goodness knows; there's lots to buy," remarked Polly.

"Then suppose we buy lots first," suggested Charley.

"Oh, you've got a great head for business," laughed Uncle Josh. "We'll go right over to Friday & Barnes' real estate and insurance office. I can always depend on them for bargains in real estate because whatever they tell us about property may be set down as solid facts. They control a large list of city residence property, ranch and timber lands, and their judgment on the good things is par excellence. They control large tracts of land in Eastern Oregon and Washington, and you can buy anything of them from a ten-acre fruit tract to a ranch covering thousands of acres. Accordingly Friday & Barnes' office was visited and Mr. Barnes was invited to accompany the party on their drive and before returning had sold Uncle Josh for his wards some splendid property including a ranch in the country adjoining Uncle Josh's own place in the Hood River Valley and some choice residence property in town.

"The next thing to see about" remarked Uncle Josh, is the lumber for the house. Davenport Bros. Lumber Co., are the dealers in that line here. We'll find everything there from the sills for the foundation to the shingles for the roof. Davenport Bros.' office was visited and Uncle Josh was soon busily engaged with figures, blue-prints plans, etc. It did not take him long to come to an agreement with Mr. Shere the local manager for the building material. Uncle Josh placed an order for all of the lumber needed for the new house to be erected in town, and for all of the improvements on the ranch. Uncle Josh said that if a man could not get everything he wanted in lumber and mill work at Davenport Bros., he would certainly be hard to please.

"Having provided a cage for the bird" remarked Uncle Josh, "the next thing to look after is the furnishings for it." Hereupon Polly energetically declared that she had heard so much about S. E. Bartmess' big store that she had decided to go there. The result was that they were ushered into such a bewildering display that the girl was at a loss as to how to select. But she soon yielded to the seductiveness of a magnificent parlor suite, dressers, chiffoniers and a handsome brass-trimmed bed for such room.

To this she added an easy rocker for Uncle Josh and didn't forget a most convenient and ornamental writing desk for "hubby." After the furniture had been selected, Bartmess showed them carpets, wall paper, picture frames, etc. Polly ordered linoleum for the kitchen, Brussels for the parlor and an Axminster for the library and everything necessary to furnish the house from collar

to garret. Get everything you need," suggested Uncle Josh, for Bartmess' prices cannot be equalled, and there is no need of sending to Portland for anything as long as we have such a house in town.

A pretty good start, says the old man, "and now we'll visit J. E. Rand's big general merchandise store, your introduction to Hood River would be incomplete without an introduction to my old friend J. E. Rand. He is one of our oldest merchants and there you'll find everything under one roof. You'll find everything there from a barrel of flour to a paper of pins."

Polly was soon busily engaged in selecting the kitchen utensils for the new house. "You can get just what you want" commented Uncle Josh. "There is not an establishment in this county that carries a more comprehensive stock of cooking machinery." Every possible piece of kitchen furniture from a tin dipper to a cooking range is here in all styles and variety. If Polly fails to accomplish wonders in the culinary art it will not be for the want of superior cooking utensils for she purchased a Superior range and a Perfection, wickless, blue-flame quick meal oil stove with all other equipments needed in a well regulated kitchen, while Charley ordered two Bridge & Beach celebrated air-tight wood heaters for the library, coal heater for the parlor, all of which Uncle Josh paid for with delight, because he knew that Mr. Rand had treated him right, just as he always treats everybody.

"You can't do much housekeeping without dishes, crockery and such," suggested Uncle Josh. J. E. Rand has one of the biggest stocks of crockery and glassware found in Wasco county, and I warrant that his prices are as low as they can be purchased in Portland, or elsewhere, for that matter. So pick out what you want, and I'll foot the bill." Polly was soon busily engaged in selecting a complete outfit of household crockery, from dishes to glassware, and she declared that the quality of the goods was superior and the prices lower than could be purchased "back east."

All of a sudden Polly's inquisitive eyes fell on the shoe department. "Oh me! Oh my!" she ejaculated, "what a perfectly lovely slipper." "Yes," said Uncle Josh, "J. E. Rand's stock of foot wear can't be equalled in style and extent in this section, look it over." It might have been policy not to have extended that invitation, had not Uncle Josh known what wise economy it is to trade at J. E. Rand's, for Polly found goods and prices so seductive that she purchased an outfit from a pretty slipper to a handsome, walking boot. Charley invested in gent's walking shoes, while Uncle Josh indulged in a stout boot, with rubbers for the crowd. With an eye to cold weather, Uncle Josh suggested to Charley that they would need German socks. So a supply of this comfortable foot wear was purchased.

At this point somewhat to the confusion of Charley, the old man indulged in a half serious criticism of his personal appearance. "You are decidedly off style for a townsman," said he, "and we'd better have a talk with Rand about some new duds." After Charley had fitted himself in a new suit of clothing from the piles of fashionable garments that covered the tables of this extensively stocked department, Uncle Josh declared: "Now you look like a newly married man. That suit is a beauty and the clothing sold by Rand cannot be equalled for style, fit and quality. Their \$7.50 and \$8.00 suits which they are at present offering, are attracting attention all over the county." Before leaving, having found goods and prices irresistible, Charley also invested in a complete outfit of gent's furnishings, from the late style hat to a dozen shirts, and he readily admitted that Uncle Josh took him to the right

place when he took him to the leading gentlemen furnishers of Hood River.

"You might as well lay in your groceries while you are at it, never neglect your larder said he. "That important adjunct to housekeeping controls masculine temper. To that end you must patronize a grocer upon whom you can depend for honest goods. Through a long term of years I have found J. E. Rand, the grocer and provision dealer, perfectly reliable. You will find his store always fully stocked with every possible thing in the line of staple and fancy groceries; fresh and first class, no shelf worn goods there; while the prices are down to brass tacks. You will also find there the best brands of teas and coffees to be found in Hood River, and always fresh cream, butter and ranch eggs and feed. To keep peace in the family get all your groceries of J. E. Rand, 'cause he keeps many choice delicacies not to be found in every grocery you run across."

Before leaving J. E. Rand's Polly laid in a full supply of dresses, gloves, hosiery, corsets, etc. "The stock you'll find here," remarked Uncle Josh, "is seldom seen outside the largest metropolitan cities, and you are sure to be guided right in your selections. You will find J. E.'s a pleasant place to trade, while the prices cannot be duplicated." It did not take Polly long to tell a bargain when she saw one. She got a handsome dress with all necessary trimmings, a pretty jacket and fur colarette, besides several other articles of "fantastic disarray" so dear to the heart of every woman.

"Halt!" commanded Uncle Josh, as the party came in front of Williams' Pharmacy. "Walk right in."

"Why, Uncle, we're not sick, and—"

"Guess I know that, but I suspect that it won't be long until this young man begins to take an interest in matters of paragon and—" "Uncle!" "We'll go in anyway. Polly will find a good many toilet articles she wants, and you want to get acquainted at this drug store for here you'll find all the standard patent remedies stationery, writing materials, etc. Before leaving, Polly was loaded down with combs, brushes, face powders and several bottles of fine imported perfumes. "Don't forget," added Uncle Josh, "to come here with your prescriptions, as Mr. Williams is a competent pharmacist, and pays particular attention to that department and don't use anything but pure and reliable drugs, for he buys only the best and gets them direct from the manufacturers in the original packages. "You'll need spraying material, too," suggested Uncle Josh, "and will find everything here in that line, and also one of the best stocks of cigars in town."

"Yum, yum!" laughingly escaped Polly's rosy lips as she sized up the candies, chocolates and bombons in the windows at Cole & Wright's confectionery and tobacco store.

"Uncle Josh, you know I've got a sweet tooth, and those candies look so nice I just can't resist the temptation."

Charley here objected, because he knew if Polly once got started on

candies here's where she'd want to stay. He relented, however, when Uncle Josh said "They are all home-made, fresh and pure, my boy." So, after regaling themselves on delicious hot taffy, the girl loaded up on chocolates and bombons enough to make every tooth in the city ache.

Uncle Josh called the party's attention to the soda fountain. Cole & Wright's is the best place in town for soda water," said he, "and the ice cream made by this firm cannot be surpassed."

"We'll just have some now," pleaded Polly. So the whole party indulged in ice cream and ice cream soda. Polly was a splendid judge of sweetness, and she indulged in profuse compliments to what she found at Cole & Wright's.

"Great smoke, Charley. Where in the name of creation did you get that snipe? That's about the worst weed that ever came in contact with my olfactory nerve," laughingly remarked Uncle Josh, you must have bought that cigar back in Missouri. Mr. Cole give the boy a Schiller, and then he'll have a gentleman's smoke. Cole & Wright's cigars are proven and they take great pride in keeping up this brand to the highest standard, and consequently they grow more popular every day. Charley was so well pleased with the Schiller that Uncle Josh treated him to that he bought a whole box and advised his uncle to do the same. The matter was compromised by Charley taking a box of Schiller.

While Uncle Josh with an eye to economy and a good smoke at the same time selected a box of the celebrated Pareola 5 cent cigar, not forgetting to make notes of the Cole & Wright's fine display of other cigars, tobaccos, pipes and smoker's articles.

"While we are about it," said Uncle Josh, "we may as well get an equipage for taking in some of the beautiful scenes and pleasant drives throughout the valley and the place to buy a carriage is from Mr. N. W. Bone, who handles the finest line of vehicles ever brought to Hood River. There you will find just what you want." After a brief inspection of the handsome traps carried by Mr. Bone, (one of which is illustrated on this page,) an order was placed for one of the best that money could purchase and Polly rejoiced in the anticipation of many delightful trips through the beautiful Hood River valley, while Charley, with a more practical turn of mind, and with a view to future needs made a careful survey of the wagons and implements which Mr. Bone sells, and decided that he had found just the place for future purchases along this line.

Upon summing up the wonderful events of the day Polly began to volubly express thanks. "You have bought us every thing," she exclaimed.

"Only one thing, replied Uncle Josh reflectively, but I can remedy that, S. E. Bartmess, the furniture dealer always has a nice line of them, and you can get one whenever you want it; I'll pay for the best.

W-h-y! exclaimed Polly with great surprise, Uncle, what can it be?

Well it's a baby carriage for the baby, and— But Polly had fainted.

RACINE BUGGIES AND HACKS

Bain
Wagons
and
Harness



Farming
Imple-
ments
Etc. Etc.

For Sale by N. W. BONE.