

MOTHER IN THE WEDDING GOWN.

Here's a picture of my mother in her wedding gown. Ah, me, I wonder if there ever was a fairer bride than she. Not a wrinkle on her forehead, not a line denoting care. Can be traced upon her features; what a wealth of wavy hair. Fell away from her fair temples! And the smile she wore that day. Was the smile of one whose sorrows still were lurking far away.

I can fancy that my father, as he gazed upon her then, Must have held his head up proudly, favoring o'er all other men; And, beholding the sweet beauty of the face depicted here, I imagine I can see him, young and ardent, standing near— I have loved—and I can see him as he caught her to his breast, When the strength of youth was in him and his lips on hers were pressed.

The picture of my mother, taken on her wedding day, Shows the face of one whose sorrows were all lurking far away, And a fairer bride than she has never charmed a man, I trow— Yet there's one whose smile is sweeter than her smile was long ago, One whose brows have many furrows proudly looks sometimes on me, And I see the fondest, gladdest smile a man may hope to see, —Cincinnati Enquirer.

BEST OF THE LOT.

They were sensible, hard-working girls, were the Thurlows, and every one liked and admired them. The two elder ones made quite a nice little sum of pocket money by their poultry and vegetables, which they took into the market themselves, and sold right well, for their things were always of the best and found a ready sale.

It was a brilliant June morning and the pony was waiting with the little cart at the door, stamping his little feet with impatience, for it was Monday, and "Jan" was fresh from his stable.

"Angela," cried a fresh young voice, "hurry up, Jan is at the door and the baskets are in. Do make haste; we shall be dreadfully late."

"I'm coming. Oh, wait a moment, Rita; I must take some of those pink roses from the south wall. I'm sure they'll sell."

It was just eight o'clock and a lovely day. Overhead hung a cloudless blue sky, but it was no bluer than the azure depths of Angela's eyes, and the sunlight was scarce brighter than her glorious hair, which coiled round her head in masses of warm color. She was known as the "best of the lot," and she certainly deserved that position in the family looks on this glorious morning, as she came round breathlessly from the south wall, where she had been gathering a large handful of delicious pink roses, all wet with dew.

"Now, then, my good Rita, as hard as you and Jan like!" said Angela gaily, as she got into the cart.

And, with a flick of the whip across his shaggy shoulders, away went Jan down the narrow avenue, out into the lane which led into the highroad to the town, four miles distant.

Pats of yellow butter set out on a neighboring table, which was presided over by a fat farmer's wife, made a delicious contrast to the piles of vegetables, baskets of brown eggs and the loose bunch of pink roses which the girls speedily set out in their turn; and there was no lack of customers as the morning went on. Strangers glanced curiously at the lovely face of the girl in the blue cotton gown and the sun-bonnet, which half concealed her loveliness; and presently a carriage which was passing stopped and two people—a man and a lady—got out and came slowly into the market.

"They were strangers to the Thurlows. Possibly they were staying in the neighborhood, which was famous for its scenery and its natural sporting advantages. But they had no time to waste in staring idly at passers-by, for they were besieged by customers, and soon their pile of produce had nearly vanished—all but the pink roses and a few eggs."

"Miss Rita, my dear," whispered the fat woman at the next stall, hurriedly, "will you look after my things while I run out to speak to my daughter for a minute? She passed by, and I must see her at once."

"Of course, Mrs. Radley," said Angela, "and I'll have said all you've got by the time you come back!"

"Thank you kindly, Miss Angela, dear!"

And Mrs. Radley hurried off, while Angela took the vacant seat at the stall. It was getting hot, and she leaned back against the wall with a feeling of drowsiness, when she was roused by a voice, saying:

"Joy! Joy! there's a pretty girl I say, Maude!"

She glanced in the direction of the voice, and saw the two strangers she had noticed getting out of the carriage. They were coming toward her, and her eyes met those of the man, who was looking at her with frank admiration in his handsome face.

"My dear Geoff, do be careful!" said the lady, with a laugh; and then she advanced to the stall where, as a rule, the worthy Mrs. Radley presided over the destinies of her butter and chickens.

"Is this Mrs. Radley's stall?" she asked, with a surprised glance at the girl, who rose from her seat.

"Yes, ma'am," said Angela, with the demurest air. "She has just gone out of the market for a moment, but I am looking after the things for her. What can I serve you with, ma'am?"

The man was still looking at her, but Angela took not the faintest notice of him.

"A dozen eggs, please," said the lady, getting out her purse and looking about her; and—

"Oh, what lovely roses there are on the next stall! Are those yours?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Angela with alacrity. "Will you take some? They are quite fresh this morning."

"Give me half the bunch, will you, please? How much? That is right, I think. Perhaps you could bring them out to the carriage for me?"



The ordinary blue print, or print on ferro-prussiate paper, which is without exception, the most easy of manipulation and quickest made, can be toned to a very rich brown color if as soon as washed the paper is immersed in a solution made up of 5 ounces of water in which has been dissolved a small piece of caustic soda, about the size of a pea. The print upon immersion in this solution will assume a yellow color, after which it should be thoroughly washed and again immersed in a bath made up of 8 ounces of water in which has been dissolved a heaping teaspoonful of tannic acid. The print in this bath will assume a brown color, which can be carried to almost any tone. After having reached the proper tone it should be thoroughly washed and dried.

An amateur sometimes keeps very poor negatives, because they are of subjects he cannot easily duplicate. Such negatives may be much improved, and, if not too poor, converted into fairly good negatives by developing them in old hydrochloric. Make a 10 per cent solution of citric acid and a one per cent solution of potassium permanganate. Make up a solution of two and three-quarter ounces of used hydrochloric developer, one ounce of the citric acid solution, one ounce of the red prussiate of potash solution and two and one-half ounces of water. The ingredients should be mixed in the order given. Place the negative, without washing, in this solution, and develop for from three to ten minutes, keeping the tray in motion, as during development. Handle the plate with rubber finger tips or

"Let me take them, Maude," said the man stepping forward. "There is no need to trouble any one to carry your parcels when I am here. Is that all?"

"Yes. You look rather absurd with that basket of eggs and the roses, Geoff; but have your own way. Good-morning."

The man cast a glance at Angela and lifted his hat, as he followed the lady from the stall; and Angela withdrew to her seat with a mischievous smile curving her red lips.

Of course, he thought she was a farmer's daughter, or something of that sort, and she laughed to herself at the recollection. He was such a nice-looking, soldierly man, too; and she wondered who he was, and where he came from, with that frank interest in the doings of the world in general which was part and parcel of her quiet home life.

"Rita," she said, "I wonder who those people were. Didn't I play my part well? It was quite amusing, and—"

"I should like the rest of those roses you have, if they are not sold," said a voice; and Angela turned swiftly, to find the good-looking man beside her.

He was looking at her with a queer smile, and she reflected that he might have heard her remark.

"Certainly, sir," she said, remembering her role.

"Thanks very much. Good-morning!"

"Why, he has given me too much. This is half a sovereign!" cried Angela in dismay, as the man disappeared.

"Look, Rita! What shall I do?"

"My dear, what can you do, unless Mrs. Radley tell you who the people are?"

"It was late in September when Tom Thurlow, the eldest son, who was just home from the war, arrived home on leave. He had announced in his letter that he was bringing with him one of his friends, a man who had done awfully well at Ladysmith, and who was, according to Tom, no end of a good fellow. This caused quite a flutter of interest in the Thurlow establishment, and great were the preparations made for the reception of Tom and his friend, a certain Captain Lawler.

It was late when they arrived, and Angela was out feeding her poultry.

"Where's Angela?" asked Tom, when all the first greetings were over, and Captain Lawler had been introduced to his friend's good-looking family. "Cribbing in that blessed garden, I suppose?"

The girl is gardening and poultry-rearing mad! By the way, Lawler tells me he has been in these parts before—said he saw the prettiest girl he had ever met in the market. Funny place to come across her, eh?"

Rita almost jumped from her seat. She had thought there was something familiar about the stranger's face, and now it suddenly flashed across her. He was the man to whom Angela had sold her pink roses for half a sovereign!

HEAT FROM THE EARTH.

Scientist Tells How, He Thinks, Steam May Be Obtained Underground. Certain scientific men now believe that the enormous internal heat of the earth may be utilized for some practical purpose. Prof. William Hallowell of Columbia University expresses, in the World's Work, the opinion that the plan is feasible. He says:

"It is not merely a question of getting steam; it is a question of the quantity of steam that can be had. Near Boise, Idaho, hot water is now drawn from a well, and used to heat a dwelling. The Pittsburgh and Wheeling wells are capable of heating the water left in them overnight; but even if their depth were sufficient to turn the water to steam, it would require so many hours' waiting as to rob the process of all commercial value. In other words, there would not be the slightest difficulty in obtaining steam from the interior of the earth, because that involves only a little extra labor in boring into the hot area, and it is almost as easy to bore ten thousand feet as six thousand; but in order to give the steam commercial value, a method must be provided for dropping the water to the hot area, allowing it time to heat, and yet having it returned to the surface as steam, without interrupting the flow.

"Two holes might be bored into the earth, twelve thousand feet deep and perhaps fifty feet apart. There would be a temperature far above the boiling point of water. Then, if very heavy charges of dynamite or some other explosive were lowered to the bottom of each hole, and exploded simultaneously, a sufficient connection might be established between the two holes. The rock would be cracked and fissured in all directions, and shattering it thus around the base of the holes would turn the surrounding area into an immense water-heater. The water poured into one hole would be heated and turned into steam, which would pass through the second hole to the earth's surface. The pressure of such a column of steam into it just before the exposure is made, thus giving variety to what would otherwise be a perfectly unbroken expanse of water. Exposure in such cases should be full, and development directed to the bringing out of all details, care being taken, however, not to develop so far as to produce an over-dense negative.

At that moment the door opened and Angela came in.

Tom always declares that both she and Geoffrey Lawler looked as if they had been suddenly struck motionless images, but that may be taken as a slight exaggeration of the affair.

"Well, I'm blessed!" said Tom. "You two don't need an introduction, evidently; and, since you both seem to have so much to say, you'd better get it over. I shall be in the stables when you want me. Come on, Rita."

And as the others vanished, and Geoffrey Lawler found himself alone with the "best of the lot," his tongue was suddenly unloosed, and he spoke. They were still talking an hour later; and Tom Thurlow was very eloquent on the subject when he came back from a walkabout tour of the stables, and found the two of them still talking, as he expressed it.

Geoffrey Lawler and Angela are likely to talk for ever and a day, for he declared that Fate had brought them together in such a wonderful manner that it would be ungrateful, to say the least of it, to allow themselves to part again. And Angela quite agrees with him. She always does.—New York News.

POET, LINGUIST, MUSICIAN.

Now the Head of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

One of the most popular and prominent club women of America is Mrs. Dimties T. S. Denison of New York, who was elected president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at the recent convention in Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Denison possesses all the qualifications needed in such an office. She is an excellent public

Mrs. Denison, a speaker and has a charming and magnetic manner. She once served as president of Sorosis, being elected by unanimous vote. As a member of the Patrice Club of New York, and of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, she has done much active and effective work in feminine clubdom. She is an accomplished linguist and a practiced musician. She also possesses the poetic fire and many of her poems are charming and inspiring. In New York society she is very popular.

"I'm supporting him," a father said to his wife, concerning their worthless son, "and you can afford to be patient with him."

Unless a man is satisfied with himself he is not in the self-made class.

A ONE-MAN TORPEDO BOAT.

The man who has perfected this offensive and invisible destroyer is Thomas J. Moriarty, for many years the mechanical expert in the employ of the United States Government at the torpedo station at Newport.

Mr. Moriarty was long ago impressed with the idea that the only way by which to make the action of the torpedo actually certain was to put an experienced operator inside it; for, while his automatic machinery operates with almost human intelligence, there is no certainty that it will on long ranges do exactly what is required of it. From the idea of putting a man inside it to that of placing a man outside it, the transition was easy; and it then became a problem to give him a safe shelter, means of locomotion, of submerging and of discharging the projectile.

To accomplish these essentials he has devised a cigar-shaped boat of bronze plates, about ten feet long, three feet deep and five feet wide. Beneath this is suspended the Whitehead torpedo in a frame, and it is propelled by compressed air when the operator has approached near the mark.

When in the boat the operator lies on a cradle astride of its support. Padded prongs on the cradle curve over his shoulders and hold him in place, providing also a purchase for his arms when operating the lever in front of him. He wears a walcot made of two thicknesses of air-tight material, to which is attached a small mouth tube by which it is inflated. It serves as a padding for the body while the operator is in the boat and also as a life-preserver in an emergency.

Air is admitted through the rear mast and circulates throughout the boat. This air tube is, however, automatically closed when the boat is beneath the surface of the water, and the conning tower is completely covered by means of a hydrostatic piston, open to the water at the bottom of the boat, the pressure of the water at the increased depth forcing on the piston, which acts as a lever to force a valve over the air-tube opening, thus preventing the entry of water through it.

The same motion of the piston operates levers connected to a valve in the compressed air tank in the bottom of the boat, and thus allowing a fine stream of air to issue therefrom into the boat, and supplying the operator with fresh air. As the boat again reaches the surface the pressure on the hydrostatic piston is released because there is less depth of water and the air tube is again opened and the air tank valve closed.

The torpedo is fired by compressed air, but on leaving its casing the propelling mechanism of the projectile is set in motion, and it starts off under its own power for the mark.

WONDERFUL IRON ELEPHANT.

Designed for Great Exposition by a Chicago Man.

Mr. Joseph Husak, of Chicago, is prepared to out-Ferris Ferris at the St. Louis exposition, or at any other exhibition which may come along and make room for his "iron elephant," 300 feet long and 250 feet in height, or for his "Jonah's whale," 50 feet long and big in girth in proportion.

The "iron elephant" is the chief feature and creation of Mr. Husak's inventive faculty, and he purposes to adapt the metal beast to more uses than the Indian beast is capable of in the flesh. The body of the animal is to be four stories in height, the floors to be reached by elevators running in the legs of the creature. The first floor is to be used and rented for small show rooms; the second floor for a cafe and restaurant, and furnish entrance to the

ing for that reed and harness when if she only had them she could make such good progress with her web. Her husband owned the "smartest 4-year-old colt in town," and this lively animal, nothing daunted, she mounted with her baby in her arms, taking the other child on a pillow behind her.

"Soon after her arrival," writes her great-granddaughter, "there were signs of a coming tempest, and she had to hasten. The reed and harness, at least four feet long, were bound to the colt and she turned toward home.

"My Great-uncle Cate said that when she passed his house she was going like the wind, the sky was black with the coming storm, and the thunder and lightning were terrible. As soon as she cleared off he saddled his horse and followed, expecting to catch 'old Tabitha and the children dead in the road. But I went clean over all the way, and there she was, getting supper and singing, as lively as a cricket!"

She was not even wet; for the smart 4-year-old, urged to the utmost, had succeeded, in spite of his queer and cumbersome load, in racing the shower and beating it. Supper over, Mrs. Sanborn, with a tranquil mind and the proper implements, was able to resume her uninterrupted weaving.

Men Stenographers Scarce. "There is one feature of the government service that puzzles me," said a chief of division in the Treasury Department, "and that is the lack of men stenographers. I don't see why men who have ambitions to enter government work don't equip themselves along this line. I do not mean to disparage the efficiency of women typewriters, for they do all that is expected of them, and more, too. But there is a limitation to their usefulness, no matter how expert they may be. There are certain confidential relations which a superior must always have with his assistant, which cannot be shared with a woman. Oftentimes we have to rely on the judgment of an inferior, and are not always willing, and, in fact, would be afraid, to trust to the discretion of a woman.

"To my mind the scarcity of men typewriters is largely due to the fact that women have bluffed their masculine rivals or would-be rivals from the field. The latter evidently think that the craft has been monopolized by the women. To tell the truth, there is no field so much open to men, as far as the typewriter is concerned, as that of the typewriter, and in few is there held out such prospect of advancement. For instance, Secretary Cortelyou is an extenographer, and not so much of an "ex" at that, for he was, and always will be, a skillful hand at the typewriter. But he is a Cabinet possibility, and he rose from the opportunities held out by his calling."—Washington Post.

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"Dear people," wrote the boy, "I don't believe I shall be able to send you many letters while I'm here. You see when things are happening I haven't time, and when they aren't happening I haven't anything to write. You'll understand how it is, won't you, father? And, mother, you just ask father to explain to you how it is. So now I will say good-by, with love to all. In haste, George."

The world is improving. There are more sudden deaths every year, and fewer cases of long suffering. Everyone has a kin problem he can't solve.



One man and a deadly torpedo floating about beneath the surface of the water. The torpedo charged so that it will blow a great warship to destruction; the man provided with means by which to discharge his dangerous weapon in a way to do the most harm. Such is the latest of all torpedo boats—a one-man affair, not larger than a large fish, and yet as effective in its purposes. If the theory of its inventor is correct, as one of the Holland submarine boats.

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HOOD RIVER GLACIER

Published Every Friday by S. F. BLYTHE.

Terms of subscription—\$1.50 a year when paid in advance.

THE MAILS. The mail arrives from Mt. Hood at 10 o'clock a. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays; departs the same days at noon.

For Clatsop, leaves at 8 a. m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; arrives at 6 p. m. For White Salmon (Wash.) leaves daily at 6:45 a. m. arrives at 7:15 p. m.

From White Salmon leaves for Priddy, Gilmer, Trout Lake and Greenwood daily at 9 a. m. For Blingee (Wash.) leaves at 3:45 p. m.; arrives at 5 p. m.

SOCIETIES. ORDER OF WASHINGTON. — Hood River Union No. 12, meets first and third Mondays in each month. G. L. COOPER, President. DR. H. L. DUMBLE, Secretary.

LATREL REBEKAH DEGREE LODGE, No. 47, I. O. O. F.—Meets first and third Mondays in each month. MISS LETTIE ENRIKSON, N. G. H. J. HERRARD, Secretary.

CARBY POST, No. 16, G. A. R.—Meets at 8 o'clock each month at 2 o'clock p. m. All G. A. R. members invited to meet with us. W. H. RUBY, Commander. C. J. HAYES, Adjutant.

CARBY W. R. C. No. 16—Meets first Saturday of each month in A. O. U. W. hall at 2 o'clock p. m. Mrs. E. P. SHORCKEE, President. Mrs. O. L. STRANAHAN, Secretary.

HOOD RIVER LODGE, No. 105, A. F. and A. M.—Meets Saturday evening on or before each full moon. Wm. M. YATES, W. M. C. D. THOMPSON, Secretary.

HOOD RIVER CHAPTER, No. 27, R. A. M.—Meets first Friday night of each month. A. N. HAHN, Secretary. E. L. SMITH, H. P.

HOOD RIVER CHAPTER, No. 25, O. E. S.—Meets second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. Visitors cordially welcomed. Mrs. MOLLIE C. COLE, W. M. Mrs. MARY B. DAVIDSON, Secretary.

OLYMPIA ASSEMBLY No. 103, United Artists.—Meets first and third Wednesdays, work; second and fourth Wednesdays social; Artistic hall. F. C. BROSIUS, M. A. FRED COE, Secretary.

WAUCOMA LODGE, No. 30, K. of P.—Meets in A. O. U. W. hall every Tuesday night. SW. A. FERRASSER, K. of R. and S. C. E. MARKHAM, C. C.

DIWESIDE LODGE, No. 65, A. O. U. W.—Meets first and third Saturdays of each month. E. BRADLEY, F. M. E. BRADLEY, F. M. E. CHRISTIE SHUTE, Recorder.

DIWESIDE LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F.—Meets in Fraternal hall every Thursday night. W. H. HENDERSON, Secretary. J. E. MOORE, N. G.

HOOD RIVER TENT, No. 19, K. O. T. M.—Meets in A. O. U. W. hall on the first and third Fridays of each month. WALTER GERKING, Commander.

DIWESIDE LODGE, No. 40, DEGREE OF EL HONOR, A. O. U. W.—Meets first and third Saturdays at 8 p. m. Mrs. E. R. BRADLEY, C. of H. LENA EVANS, Recorder.

HOOD RIVER CAMP, No. 7202, M. W. A.—Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Wednesdays of each month. E. R. BRADLEY, Clerk. F. L. DAVIDSON, V. C.

W. B. PRESBY, Attorney-at-Law and U. S. Commissioner. Goldendale, Wash.

Makes a specialty of land office work. Final proofs in timber and homestead entries made before him.

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C. H. JENKINS, D. M. D., Dentist. Specialist on Crowns and Bridge Work. Telephone: Office, 281; residence, 91. Office in Langille bld. Hood River, Oregon.

D. R. E. T. CARNS, Dentist. Gold crowns and bridge work and all kinds of Up-to-Date Dentistry.

HOOD RIVER OREGON H. L. DUMBLE, Physician and Surgeon. Successor to Dr. M. F. Shaw. Calls promptly answered in town or country, Day or Night. Telephone: Residence, 81; Office, 83. Office over Everhart's Grocery.

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