

A Trip to Oregon in 1853-4.

I have often been requested to write up the early history of Hood River, and as a preliminary article, will tell of our trip from New York via the Panama route to Portland.

opposite end, and any one wishing to go through, footman or rider, should fall out to know if the way is clear. A head on collision meant trouble, as each animal of one train or the other would have to be backed out, as it was impossible to turn or pass on. Passing this point we came to the worst mud hole that I ever saw. There were mules and mules stuck in this bog-hole, some freshly immersed to their ears, and some in the process of being swallowed up. Patering carcasses filled the humid air with a fearful stench. Whenever a mule once got stuck in this awful place every effort was made to save his pack, but the poor brute was abandoned to his fate. There was no avoiding it, and pack animals would go lagging through it. Utterly over the bodies of sunken animals, I heard a man tell our party that he had actually walked across this villainous bog on the heads of dead mules.

Observations by Verdant. Hood River, Oregon, January 27, 1903. Editor of the Oregonian: Straws show which way the wind blows. The inaugural address or message of the newly installed mayor to the newly organized city council is a document of high rank and much above that class of documents usually sent in to cities of this size. It contains a sentiment from start to finish of economy, prudence, improvement and democratic government. Suggesting and recommending a policy in harmony with the central idea of the issue upon which he is elected, "majority rule, referendum of important matters back to a vote of the people—developing a very marked contrast with subsequent acts of the newly installed members of the council at the same session.

any danger from the mountains. They merely served to form a beautiful background to his possessions. Why, they weren't even in the same county his land was in. "What reliance could you put in the testimony of a man—no matter how honest—and Mr. Shipley is certainly honest? Your honor has been West, and I am glad for it, but will be in a better position to accept as true the following incident in my own experience when I was doing the West as a tenderfoot.

Circumstantial Evidence. Herbert E. Clark, who has charmed thousands of readers under the nom de guerre of Arthur Field, was seen trudging along the streets of New York in the rain the other day without an umbrella. "Just suspicion has driven me to this," said Clark, as he wiped away the raindrops that were running into his eyes. "Yesterday morning I brought over my wife's umbrella and my own and left them to be re-covered. Having umbrellas on my mind, when I took my Monday luncheon at Dennett's, I accidentally picked up one belonging to an old maid who sat next to me and was halfway down to the cashier's desk, near where they 'brown the wheat' when she came after me shouting: 'Hey, young man, I'll trouble you to return my umbrella!'

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