

White Hand
A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER IX.

Far away, in the depths of the forest, where a deep river ran, and where the cypress trees grew thick and tall, a party of Indians sat down to rest. Only two men were here upon the edge of the cypress swamp, and eight of them repose themselves to sleep, while the other two keep watch. It is near noon for the sun has almost reached its highest point, and these men have been upon the trail since early last evening.

But these Chickasaws are not alone. Close by the side of a huge cypress log, one end of which is buried in the swamp, lies the form of a pale-faced man. The hands and feet are bound, and a cord from the lashings of the hands leads along the ground, and is clutched by one of the sleeping Indians. In those fair features, now shaded by the large log, there is something of the face of Louis St. Julien; but even now the flesh seems sunken, and the beholder would think that many days, instead of only a few hours, of suffering had rested within that frame.

Thus the party rested until nearly four o'clock, and then one of the Indians, who had been placed a little way up the river to watch, gave a low, shrill whistle, and on the instant the whole party were upon their feet, and had seized their arms. On the next instant, a crashing of the bushes was heard at no great distance, and not long afterwards a party of Indians made their appearance. He who led the newcomers was very tall and athletic. It was the Natchez warrior, Stung Serpent.

The stout chief said not until he had seen the pale youth who still slept by the cypress log, and then a grunt of satisfaction escaped from his lips. He looked at the chief of the Chickasaws for some time in his own strange tongue, and then he turned to where the youth slept, and awoke him. The sleeper started up, and with a look of terror, gazed around.

"Where is—where is my sister?" he asked, in a low, trembling voice.

"She has gone on further south while you slept," answered Stung Serpent. "But the daughter of the white man is safe. No harm can come to her, for her life is precious. But you cannot go to her now. You must wait with the Stung Serpent in the village of the White Apple. What can Louis St. Julien fear from his brother?"

The youth gazed into the face of the powerful Natchez, and for awhile he was utterly unable to speak. At that moment a hundred various thoughts and emotions flew wildly through his mind. He saw his father and St. Denis still searching for the hide, and he heard their notes of alarm, and saw their tears of grief. Then he ran over the fearful journey through the deep forest, and he wondered why he was thus separated from his mate.

"Can I not go with my sister?" he at length asked.

"No," was the answer.

"And why may we not be together?"

"Because it is impossible. Remember, the Stung Serpent has spoken." This was pronounced in a slow, meaning tone, and Louis St. Julien knew enough of the Indian character to know that no appeal would move his captors from such a purpose. He looked around once more, and when he saw that half of the Chickasaws were gone, he knew that his companion had gone with them.

In the meantime, Stung Serpent was performing a work that startled the prisoner not a little. After he had given his last answer to Louis, he approached the Chickasaw chief, and gave to him a heavy purse. The latter took it and emptied its contents into his broad palm, and Louis saw that it was gold. The Chickasaw's eyes sparkled as they rested upon the coin. Louis clasped his hands for they were free now—and his frame shook as his former doubts gave to confirmations. Who could have placed that gold in the hands of the Natchez warrior? To be sure, there was a French fort near the Natchez villages; but then Louis knew that they had no gold to spare there. Thankful must the Indian be who could get even a few pieces of silver from the people of Fort Rosalie. Then who could have paid this gold but Simon Lobo? The thought came, and it was fixed. The prisoner's head was bowed, and he looked up, and there was a shade of determination upon the finely chiseled features that contrasted strangely with the dark marks that had before rested there. He folded his hands upon his bosom, and far a single instant his eyes were turned heavenward.

chief like his name?"

"Yes—yes."

The other Indians had stood near at hand, and as they heard the name thus bestowed, they smiled, and repeated it several times. In a little while longer the party prepared for the tramp and set out. For a distance of some miles they followed the stream to the northward and eastward, and finally they left the river, and struck into a narrow, dubious trail. It was dark when Stung Serpent gave the order to stop. They had reached a small lake, or deep bayou, upon one end of which arose a steep bank, directly beneath which they halted. White Hand saw that some one had stopped here before, for the traces of a fire were plainly visible against the face of the rock, and as he walked over the spot beneath it he could feel the dry coals. A fire was soon built, and then one of the party produced some dried venison, and some sort of esculent root that resembled the common artichoke. The prisoner was hungry, and he ate heartily, and then he was allowed to lie down and sleep. Stung Serpent having taken the precaution to secure his hands so that he could not move them without disturbing him.

When White Hand was aroused he started quickly up, and at first he thought the day had dawned, but as soon as his senses were fairly at work he found that the moon shone so much light.

It was informed that the party were now to start on, and he was soon ready. The moon was nearly at its zenith, and he judged that it could not be much past midnight. For two or three hours the trail was dubious and difficult. They lay through a deep growth of oak, and the ground was uneven, and in some places wet and boggy from the late rains. In the morning they stopped for breakfast. During the forenoon a deer was shot, from which they took the skin and as much of the meat as they wanted; so at noon they built a fire and had some venison steak; only White Hand would have liked it much better could he have had a little salt with his meat.

Another night came, and again the youth slept with his hands confined, and this time he was allowed to sleep until morning. Another meal from the fresh deer meat was made, and then the trail was resumed. During the next day the prisoner came several times near falling for want of strength, for however strong may have been his close-knit frame, he was not used to this kind of labor. However, the Indians helped him some, and he managed to move along without much show of pain or complaint. He knew that if he would expect kind treatment at the hands of his captors he must be careful of complaint and trouble, and he resolved that he would stand up under the trial as unflinchingly as possible. When they had stopped for the night again he asked his captor how much further they had to travel.

"Not much," Stung Serpent replied. "One more day will bring us to the village where we are to stop. Does it please the White Hand, eh?"

"It will surely please me to rest, for I am weary and faint, and had we much further to travel I fear I should be a burden to you."

The Indian shrugged his shoulders, but made no further reply, and shortly afterwards White Hand lay down to sleep.

In the morning they were once more in motion, and before noon they struck into a broader trail that gave evidence of much travel. The sun was some two hours high when they reached the top of a gentle eminence, and upon looking down into the valley beyond, White Hand saw quite a village of Natchez huts. There were some fifty or sixty dwellings, built in a sort of circle, with within the circle stood four buildings of larger dimensions.

"Does the White Hand see yonder village?" asked Stung Serpent, as the party stopped upon the hilltop.

The prisoner answered in the affirmative.

"That is the village of the White Apple, the home of the bravest warriors of the Natchez, and the abode of peace. There lives my brother—the Great Sun, and the chief of all our people. That is his dwelling next to the temple. But the White Hand see where those trees seem to break away, as though the fire had run through the deep forest up a wide trail? Look—away towards the setting sun. Do you mark it?"

"Yes," replied the youth, looking in the direction pointed out.

"There travels the great Father of Waters in his way to the great salt lake. And do you mark that point? Ah! you can see a piece of cloth fluttering in the breeze. Do you not see it away off there?—like a red playing in the wind?"

White Hand looked, and he saw what his guide had pointed out. It was just visible over the intervening trees just.

"It is," he said.

"That is the village of the white man. He has built a fort there, and he calls it Rosalie. They tell me it is called so from a woman's name. Is it so?"

"It is."

The Indian watched his prisoner with a keen glance while speaking of the fort, and a simple "yes" was his only reply to the youth's last answer.

In a short time they started down the hill, and just as the sun was sinking from sight they reached the village. The men and children came flocking out, and while Stung Serpent was receiving with lively demonstrations of joy, looks of the most eager curiosity were fixed upon White Hand. But his captor did not stop to exhibit him. He pursued his way at once to a long, narrow building near the temple, the walls of which were formed of close-fitting timbers driven into the ground, while the door which swung to and fro on wooden hinges, was uncommonly stout and strong, being formed of a succession of heavy logs secured together by cross-bars, to which each upright piece was pinned. This door was opened, and the youth was led in, and with the simple remark that he would remain there for the night he was left to himself.

As soon as the heavy door was closed upon him the prisoner gazed about. A little light came to the place through the small holes in the wall near the roof, and by this means he could see somewhat of the nature of his prison, for that this was a prison, and built for such, he had no doubt. The only floor was the earth, and that must also serve for chair, bed and table, for nothing save the bare earth and the paked earth met his gaze. He soon satisfied himself that he should never escape from this place by force, and he soon threw his worn and weary frame upon the ground. In the course of half an hour the door was opened and Stung Serpent entered and set down a wooden tray and an earthen drinking cup, and without speaking he retired. The youth found the contents of the tray to be boiled corn, and the cup was filled with water. He ate a little and drank a little, and again he lay himself down upon the hard earth.

The flames began to gather about the dreamer he started up in affright. A sharp cry escaped from his lips, for a glare of flame was really flashing in his eyes. He would have started to his feet, but a light hand held him down.

"Let the White Hand not fear," pronounced a soft, sweet voice, in gentle tones, "for Coquilla means him no harm."

The youth gazed up, and he saw an Indian girl standing over him with a small torch in her hand. She was a beautiful creature for one so dusky in hue, and the sweet smile that rested upon her lips was peculiarly grateful to the prisoner. As soon as she saw that she had quieted his fears, she removed her hand and stepped back. And now White Hand had more opportunity to survey her. She was young—not more than sixteen—very slim and straight, and like as the willow branch. Her features were faultlessly regular, and her eyes large, black and brilliant. The youth had never seen many of the Natchez, and he thought quickly came to him that she was one of the royal blood, for all others were bent and hardened by work and drudgery.

"You do not fear me," she said, gazing upon him with a look in which inquietude was about equally blended with a warmer feeling.

"No—no. Why should I fear one like you?"

"I knew not but that your coming might disturb you. But I came for your good. I knew my father had brought a prisoner from among the sons of the white men."

"Your father? Is the Stung Serpent, then, your father?"

"Yes."

"And your name—"

"Is Coquilla."

"And you are the next heir to the throne of the Natchez?"

"Next after my father."

"I have heard of you often," she said, "but the princess did not seem at all anxious to know what the youth had heard of her. She remained for some moments in silence, and during that time she seemed to be studying every line of the prisoner's face."

"The White Hand is not a great man in his day," she at length said, thoughtfully; "but yet he must be a brave man, for my father says he slew six of the Chickasaw warriors."

"Not alone, Coquilla. His friend was with him."

"So my father said. And yet you must be brave, and so I would have you."

"Save me?" uttered the youth, starting now to his feet.

"—ah! Speak not too loud, for no one knows that I am here. I would save you."

"But what danger threatens me?"

"I cannot tell you surely; but yet I think I can save you. If you have any thing to fear, it must be from my father. Therefore, promise him whatever he may ask. If he means you ill, or wishes your death, and if he has his own life, you must accept it. I have come to assure you that he never speaks idly. If he makes you an offer he means it, and you must speak truth with him."

(To be continued.)

WHAT TRADE-MARKS COST.

They Are Cheaper Here than in Many Other Countries of the World.

The registration of trade-marks has become a necessity of late years, for unless an article of merit is protected by such means or by letters patent it is sure to be imitated by some unscrupulous person.

It is only within a few years, however, that the question of protecting trade-marks has assumed great importance. This is due to the enormous increase in advertising of health foods, cereals, patent medicines and athletic novelties. The tariff of charges for registering trade-marks in the various countries seems in some instances to be based upon the idea that authorized labels and the like are as much a luxury as a coach and four. In Zululand, Peru, Uruguay, Hong Kong and Granada the tariff fixed by law for each trade-mark is \$145 in gold, the highest on the entire list.

In this country trade-marks are filed with the patent office, and the price for registering one is \$55, which is the lowest rate charged anywhere. Canada charges \$60 for a general or a special trade-mark. There are some countries of Europe that demand \$100 for registering a trade-mark, but in Great Britain, Germany, Austria, France and Spain the fee in each case is \$75. This is the rate asked in the majority of the English colonies, including New South Wales and New Zealand, but in Cape Colony it is \$115, and in South Africa \$125. The latter price is also demanded in Costa Rica. Some of the bargain-counter sales of registry for trade-marks are obtainable in the Leeward Islands, Jamaica, British Guiana, Mauritius, Argentina Republic, Bolivia, Chili, Guatemala, Sierra Leone and Bulgaria, each with their charges \$115. Little Venezuela is content with \$100 for the privilege of recording the existence of a patent label.

There are thousands of trade-marks that are never heard of by the great masses, because they are not properly advertised. The majority of trade-mark lawyers realize big profits fighting infringements of private marks rather than in registering new ones. One of them has just settled a case that was in the courts for four years. The single word "favorite" was at issue, and the courts have decided that there is no exclusive proprietary right in the word as a trade-mark. One of the most successful lawyers, who represents the interests of a big cereal firm and a cracker establishment as well, says that it costs more clients than \$15,000 annually to protect his clients from those who twist the names of brands in every conceivable way.

Grim Humor.

"Do you wish your missionary steak rare or well done?" asked the most high chef, with an obsequiousness.

"What was the 'it' in your occupation, in life?" replied the cannibal chief, wearily.

"He was a collector, your majesty," responded the chef.

"Well done," concluded the chief, who enjoyed his own jokes hugely. The court attendants broke into a labored guffaw, for whoever did not laugh did not live.—Ohio State Journal.

He Wanted to Know.

Minister to Sunday cyclist—Young man, you are on the path to perdition. Cyclist—That so? How are the roads?—San Francisco Examiner.

There are ordinarily from thirty to forty varieties of fish in the Honolulu market. A large percentage of the natives make their living by fishing.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Will the Panama Canal Pay?

AN attempt has been made by Colonel George Earl Church, in the journal of the Royal Geographical Society in London, to show that the Panama Canal will not pay. He begins by asserting that the projected waterway could not hope to gain any of the commerce now passing between Europe, on the one hand, and Asia and Africa on the other. The figures seem conclusive on this point. The distance from the English seaport Plymouth to Yokohama in Japan is 1,725 miles less by Suez than by Panama. Even by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, Plymouth is nearer to Shanghai by 745 miles than it would be by a Panama canal. As regards the trade between Europe and Australia, there is a slight difference in favor of Panama on some of the routes, but this, according to Colonel Church, would be more than counterbalanced by the canal tolls. With reference to the west coast of South America, we are reminded that the most valuable part of its freight traffic comes from the nitrate deposits of Chile. It is, in the first place, uncertain how long the nitrate traffic will last, owing to the doubt concerning the depth of the deposits; and, even as things are now, it is questionable whether the sailing vessels, would take the Panama route, owing to the fact that an extensive region of nitrate adjoins the western terminus. The value of the trade of our own Pacific slope is not disputed by Colonel Church, but he believes that the greater part of it will continue to be conveyed across the continent by rail. There is no doubt that our transcontinental railways have superseded the Cape Horn route, which used to employ a huge fleet of clipper-ships, and they have practically absorbed the trade which used to cross the isthmus by the Panama Railroad. In 1890 the traffic between New York and San Francisco via the Panama Railway was valued at \$70,000,000, but ten years later it had shrunk to less than \$5,000,000.—Harper's Weekly.

New Names for Old Vices.

THE tendency of the age is to find excuses; to persuade ourselves that an action which at first sight looks detestably bad is in reality not one which the community ought to punish severely and swiftly, but one for which we should try to find "extenuating circumstances"; to persuade ourselves, in fact, that black is seldom anything more than at worst dark gray, and that in some cases it is white to all intents and purposes. If a financier organizes a gigantic swindle, or a clever woman ruins a hundred men, no vindictive punishment follows; it is decided to be inconvenient to prosecute, or men find themselves laughing that there are still so many fools in the world. If a woman kills her paramour, or a man in a passion stabs a nagging wife, the first thought may be of the rope, but the second is of a petition to the Home Secretary. Last, if the marriage tie is broken—especially in high places—there is an immediate tendency to invent some mixture of romance and pretext finding what is nothing better than weakness and vulgarity. Is the tendency good or bad?

If the people decide that they are only going to hang men and old or ugly women, you come pertinently near the doctrine that before a woman commits a murder she must look in the glass. Murder and swindling are ugly words, but no nation has ever been, or ever will be, the better for using pleasanter synonyms for crime.—London Spectator.

Railroad Accidents and Their Causes.

DURING the past year on all the railroads of the United States, 167 persons were killed in railroad accidents (collisions, derailments, boiler explosions, etc.) and 3,596 passengers were injured. During the same period on British roads not a single passenger was killed and only 476 were injured in railroad accident. If it be argued that we have nearly 200,000 miles of track in this country as against 22,000 in Great Britain, it must be answered that the liability to railroad accidents increases with the density of traffic. That is to say, the risks of collision, etc., are greater the greater the number of

trains that pass over a given stretch of line in a given time. Now, here again statistics prove that the density of traffic over English roads is far greater than that over our own, so that when we have taken this into consideration, we find that the difference in safety of travel is even more marked than the mere statement of the relative total number of persons killed and injured would suggest.

Two of the most prolific causes of accident are the use of single track for trains traveling in opposite directions (it was on single track that the recent collision occurred) and that most unreliable system of safeguarding a stopping train by sending back a rear flagman. The first condition we can only hope to remove gradually as the increase in density of traffic warrants the laying of double track; but it is obvious to the most unobservant passenger upon our railroads that, half the time, rear-flag safeguarding is worth very little in protection against rear collisions.

If American railroad men are asked to explain the difference in results between the two countries, they point to the fact that in Great Britain signalmen, and railroad employees generally, remain in the service of the company and at one particular class of work for many consecutive years of service, and, consequently, attain remarkable skill and accuracy. Traffic conditions in Great Britain, moreover, are less variable, whereas in this country the volume of traffic varies greatly with the season of the year, and during the rush attendant on the moving of Western crops, for instance, it is necessary to take on a large number of temporary employees whose services are discontinued when the rush season is over.—Scientific American.

Great Future of Corn.

CORN is the great American crop. It is to become the world's king of cereals. There is some reason for believing that corn has entered upon a career unexampled heretofore in the history of grain production and consumption. A recent report based on the latest developments in this direction notes the significant change that has come about. Until within a few years Europe had little use for corn, but now is buying and eating it freely. There is so great a demand from all parts of the world that last year's crop, enormous as it was, is likely to be pretty thoroughly consumed. Of course this sustains prices, and the corn grower profits accordingly. The belief is now expressed that the American farmer can never again raise corn enough to congest the market, and that prices are likely to be sustained at a high level. This must stimulate corn production, and there is plenty of ground where it may spread. The "corn belt" is a wide one, extending across the continent, and new methods of cultivation, the utilizing through irrigation of millions of acres now unutilized and the increased yield coming from more skillful farming can add enormously to the output.—Troy Times.

More Indians than Ever.

THE removal of 3,000 Choctaws from Mississippi and Louisiana to the Indian Territory, which is now in progress, need inspire no eloquence about red men's wrongs and "palefaces' broken treaties." The treaty breaking was on the other side; these members of the tribe are descended from those who failed to move West in 1830 as they agreed, and they are exchanging a precarious and hard existence for comparative affluence.

Our Indians do not now fare badly. Far from dying out, they are increasing in number. The census of 1890 reported 249,000 of them; Secretary Hitchcock's recent report shows an increase to 283,000. Allowing for Indian admixture in men reckoned as whites, there is more Indian blood in the country to-day than when the Pilgrims landed. Then the tribes were decimated by disease and wasted by wars; great tracts of uninhabited forests lay between them, and they could not hold lands so much wider than they used. Now their descendants mainly dwell in compact communities, usually civilized and prosperous.

The rise in value of their lands has made most of the Indians white-to-do, the richest tribes being three or four times as wealthy as the same number of average whites.—New York World.

ESCAPED A SPY'S FATE.

Georgia Congressman Had a Close Call for His Life in War Times.

One of the most popular members of Congress is Representative Livingston, of Georgia, a former Confederate soldier. He was there on a "reconnaissance" soon after the last gun of the conflict had been fired, writes a Washington correspondent. He was telling in the Appropriations Committee room at the Capitol, the story of his narrow escape from Yankee soldiers during operations at Atlanta. He and a Texas scout were sent on a perilous mission in citizens' clothes. "I knew every path leading to the city and the streets as well as I did the hog paths around my own farm, and General Hardee directed me to ascertain information about the enemy, which I believed I could do from a woman living in the city," said Mr. Livingston.

"We rode up to the back gate, but to our astonishment the Yankees were in her house. I sprang back into my saddle and we galloped away, the Yankees hot after us. Years afterward, the late General Cogswell, of Massachusetts, and I met here in this capital room, and I happened to learn that he was the military commander at Atlanta at that time. Then I told him my story.

"When I finished telling it General Cogswell put his arm on my shoulder and said:

"Let us be friends through life. I am mighty glad the boys did not catch you. As a soldier, you know what would have been your fate under the circumstances, and we never would have met under such delightful conditions."

"From that day until his death General Cogswell and myself were as fast friends as any two men who ever wore the blue and the gray. I was one of his pallbearers and saw him laid to rest among the people he served so well."

Congressman Livingston comes of good fighting stock, his grandfather, who was born in Ireland, having served under Washington in the revolutionary war. Before entering public life he followed the pursuits of a farmer and was vice president and president respectively for eleven and four years of the Georgia State Alliance. For many years he has been a power in the Democratic politics of Georgia. He was elected to the Fifty-second Congress and has sat in that body ever since.

THE OLD WOOD FIRE.

How It Was Built and Kept Alive by an Expert.

After the evening chores were done my father would appear in the doorway with the big black log coated with snow, often of ampler girth than himself, and fully breast-high to him as he held it upright, casting in one way and another, and walking it before him on his wedge-shaped end. He would perhaps stand it against the chimney while he took a breathing spell and planned his campaign. Then, the androns hauled forward on the hearth, and the bed of half-burnt brands and live coals raked open, the log was walked into the chimney, where a skillful turn would lay it over, hissing and steaming, in its lair of hot embers, says a writer in the Atlantic Monthly. It seemed a thing alive, and its vehement sputtering and protesting made a dramatic moment for at least one small spectator. The stout shovels and tongs, or perhaps, a piece of firewood used as a lever, would force it against the chimney, then a good-sized stick, called a "back-stick," was laid on top of it, and the androns were set in place. Across the androns another good-sized stick was laid, called a "fore-stick," and in the interspace smaller sticks were crossed and thrust and piled, all quickly kindled by the live coals and brands. In very cold weather a fire was kept burning all night, our father getting up once or twice to replenish it. Even in summer the coals rarely became extinct. A good heap of them, covered with embers at bedtime, would be found alive when raked open in the morning.

Blunders of Public Speakers.

Those persons who would really like to talk with us are always going the other way.

SAGE DROVE BARGAIN.

Then Made Neighbor Pay for Ride in Work of Hired Man.

Russell Sage has not squandered very much on clothes and personal luxuries during his long life, still he has spent some pretty large sums on horses, his love of which has amounted to almost a passion. Some time ago he paid \$10,000 for a team of trotters for use at his country place on Long Island, and the first time he was to drive them he asked Frank Tilford, who was a neighbor of his, to go with him. How Uncle Russell made the round Tilford pay for his outing is still told with great glee throughout the countryside.

After driving a little way a team was seen approaching drawing a load of salt hay out from the meadows along the shore. Immediately said Sage:

"I am paying too much money for bedding for my horses. Now we'll see what this man wants for his load of hay."

So the stranger was stopped and the aged financier began negotiations.

"What do you want for that load of hay?"

"Five dollars," was the reply.

"Five dollars?" said Sage. "Why, it is not worth a cent more than three. It does not cost you anything; all you have to do is to cut it."

"Well," replied the farmer, "it takes a good half day's work, and the use of my horse and wagon."

But Sage would not pay \$5, so a compromise was made for \$4 for the load delivered.

"Where shall I leave it?" said the farmer.

"At Frank Tilford's," said Uncle Russell, and, turning to Tilford, as they drove on he said:

"You see, Frank, if he knew that he was for Russell Sage he would not let it go for less than \$7. And, by the way, when he leaves it at your place, just let your man bring it over to my barn.—Mail and Express."

A Doubtful Compliment.

He brought her a present. It was a dream of a little teapot—no china with pink roses and gold banding all over it.

"Oh, you dear!" she cried, holding it up from its wrappings. "Isn't it just the prettiest thing?"

"Yes," he said absently; "it's a pretty teapot. It reminded me of you when I bought it."

And she didn't know whether to throw it at him or not.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The School for Scandal.

Look at the crowd of women going into Mrs. Gabbie's house. What's the attraction?"

"Detraction. The sewing circle meets there to-day."—Philadelphia Press.

We don't believe we ever knew any one who was not all right in theory.

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