See Barnes,

The Real Estate Man,

AND LIST YOUR PROPERTY

With him before April 5. This space will be used by him to advertise places listed for sale. Descriptions will be sent to all parts of the country. List your property in time to get it in next week's issue of the Glacier.

HOOD RIVER 50 YEARS AGO

(Continued from 4th page.)

out the long winter evenings in the dark.

In the latter part of November a few inches of snow fell and a slight skum of ice covered the river, but this soon passed away and our winter was done. New Year's day we accepted an invitation to eat a chicken at Mr. Joslyn's. Such a glorious day and such a glorious dinner! The mountains were covered with grass and the ground blooming with bluebells and buttercups.

The month was spent in clearing up land, and one-half an acre of land was spaded up ready for garden. The first of February seeds were planted, which came up, and there was no frost to damage anything that spring.

A trip was made to Portland, and work cattle, cows, farming implements, etc., procured. Those were busy days for us. Early and late were the watch words, and well were we repaid for our labors. The earth yielded bountifully, and fall found both the barn and cellar full to overflowing with the results of our toil. So our first year passed.

An orchard of peaches, plums, cherries and a few apple trees had been started and grew nicely. Nature seemed to smile on us as if to attone for its severity to our predecessors. But with the fall came uncomfortable rumors of trouble with the Indians in various distant portions of the country, causing anxious thoughts. Our dusky neighbors, though professedly friendly, were as yet untried, and in numbers were fully able, had they so desired, to have exterminated our little colony without very much exertion or trouble. So the winter passed, and as the early spring came the rumors came to be facts, and we found ourselves face to face with the horrors of an Indian war.

My pen can but faintly portray the incidents of that dreadful year. It seems as if but yesterday that I stood with little Woodburn Hawks on the brow of the hill that now overlooks the town and watched with bated breath the little steamer Wasco, as with a handful of soldiers and a few settlers it crawled, snail like, up the river to do battle with the hordes of yelling savages that lined the opposite shore. I will here copy a letter written to the Glacier of November 7, 1897, describing many incidents that occurred during those trying times:

Midnight Flight From the Indians.

The year 1856 was one of anxiety to the few and scattered inhabitants of Eastern Oregon and Washington. Rumors of an impending Indian outbreak filled the air—came with the winter's snows, but did not go with them. For a year the columns of the Weekly Oregonian had been filled with accounts of the barbarous tortures inflicted upon helpless immigrants who fell into the hands of the hostile hordes in the eastearn part of the territory. The question then with the wretched prisoners was not how long before a ransom or exchange would set them free, but how long before death would release them from the infernal tortures inflicted by their captors. Once in their clutches few escaped to tell the awful tale.

The powerful Yakima nation, led by the noted Chief Kamiaken, were practically on the war path, and their emissaries were everywhere urging the Columbia river tribes to join in a war of extermination against the whites. The Klickitats, an important branch of the Yakimas, withstood for a time the importunities of their inland brothers and gave up their arms to the authorities without a word; but the magot of unrest was industriously working in the "military brain," and the arrest of three of the principal chiefs of the tribe was decided upon. Mr. Joslyn, the pioneer settler of White Salmon, a warm-hearted Christian gentleman and an earnest friend of the Indians, protested in vain against the outrage. The unsuspecting chiefs were easily trapped, loaded with chains, sent to Vanconver and placed in charge of the regular army. They soon found means to evade the vigilance of their guards and returned to their tribe, who, with a few notable exceptions, at once joined the hostiles.

This occurred during the latter part of February, 1856. Mr. Joslyn, satisfied that trouble would follow the arrest of the chiefs, had removed with his family to Portland, leaving a hired man named Galentine and a boy named Hawks to look out for the place. An attack was at once planned by the angry chiefs, but the friendly Indians notified them of the plot and they left the place and crossed to Hood River, after being chased all night by the hostiles. For this act of friendship to the whites the friendly Indians were compelled to leave their homes and with their wives and little ones also came to Hood River. There were at that time but two families living here—William Jenkins and wife and two brothers-in law, making with our family and the man named Galentine seven men, two women and two boys, composing the entire white population between the Cascades and The Dalles.

Our farm work thus far had been done very much as the Jews had rebuilded Jerusalem, with implements of war in one hand and a trowel in another. Many a day have I urged on the tardy oxen with a goad in one hand and a rifle in the other. These were troublous times. The hostile Klickitats made themselves very conspicuous along the bluffs on the Washington shore above White Salmon. For days the war drums had beat continuously, filling our hearts with forebodings of trouble.

HOWLING INDIANS GATHER ON THE BLUFFS.

The Hood River Indians had been, so far, very pronounced in their friendship toward us, and in conjunction with the friendly Klickitats, had captured and brought to the Oregon side every canoe or boat that could be found which was in reach of the hostiles. So far so good; but the Polala Illahe (sand land) Indians under old Chief Wallachin, living on what was afterward the Haynes ranch, about two miles west of Hood River, were known to have a very decided leaning toward the hostiles. We at once appealed to the military authorities at The Dalles for protection, and Lieutenant Davidson was sent down with a company of cavalry. How well I remember them coming! The hostiles had been unusually active that morning, and the boy Woodburn Hawks and myself had been sent out to gather up the cattle and drive them home. We did not much like the job, but could not help it; but before we the found the cattle we saw the smoke from Joslyn's house and barn and hurried home as fast as our feet could carry us. We found the cavalry had arrived, and their coming was the signal for the burning. The valorous lieutenant marshaled his forces on the sand bar, and hailing the steamer Wasco on her way to The Dalles, started for the seat of war. My two brothers and the two Bensons had gone with the troops, also Amos Underwood, who was on his way to the Cascades, was one of the party. How the Indians did yell! The cliff were alive with them, and their war whoops echoed and re-echoed across the river. The valient lieutenant, ere he reached the landing, suddenly remembered that he had orders not to molest the Indians in Washington, but merely to protect the settlers and their property at Hood River, and ordered the boat to land him again on the Oregon shore. Discretion in this case was certainly the better part of valor, for it undoubtedly saved him his scalp and that of every member of his party that was to have landed on the hostile shore.

HOSTILES ATTACK FRIENDLIES' CAMP.

That night, by some means a band of hostiles crossed the river and attacked the camp of friendly Klickitats near where the section house now stands, and after a sharp exchange of shots, in which one of the invaders was seriously wounded, the friendlies left their camp and came trooping up to the house. Soon after the hostiles came across some of the cavalry picket guard and opened fire on them, which sent them scurrying to camp. These men were posted on the brow of the hill near where my house now stands, so that evidently the Indians were reconnoitreing and unexpectedly ran across the guards. Everybody was of course up and under arms, but nothing else occurred during the night.

The next day all was quiet across the river. The Indians had gone; not a squaw, papoose nor puppy was left. They had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up. Even the friendly Klickitats were at a loss to account for their absence. Ah, but the Cascade massacre was the dreadful sequel of their vanishing.

A few days later the cavalry returned to The Dalles, and the daily routine of farm work was resumed, undisturbed, until the awful horror of the 26th day of March. What a bright beautiful day it was! The broad bosom of the Columbia was like mirrored glass. My two yoke of oxen were yoked to the wagon, and brother Charles was deputized as special guard for the day's trip to Rail gulch for a load of rails. Just as we were ready to start a faint hellos was heard from over the river, near the mouth of White Salmon. Again and again it came. Finally, two figures were made out, waving their blankets. The Indians collected at the house, hesitating, fearing a trap, but finally, fully armed, a party started over to investigate. Before their return we had gone for our day's work. About two o'clock, when on our way home, my brother Eugene came riding up on horseback with the news that the Cascades had been attacked and that the battle was then raging, and told us to hurry home as fast as possible. The appalling news fell like a thunderbolt from the clear skies. The battle going on, or possibly over, and an elder brother there, perhaps dead.

(Continued next week.)

Milk for Sale.

At the cottage on Paradise Farm. Milk delivered. Apply by phone to Dr. Adams' house. D. J. TREIBER.

Early Rose Potatoes

For sale at $1.00 per 100 lbs, at my place, or will deliver in town. Also, Milk Early Fortune Potatoes. H. A. HACKETT.

Strawberry Plants.

100,000 first-class Strawberry Plants wanted by IKE M. WILSON, m27 Hood River, tir.

Wanted.

Healthy, clean, industrious, trustworthy boy under 18 to assist with light work. Home and wages. Apply any day except Tuesday or Friday to MRS. MEHRER, Formerly Carl Ross place.

Spring Has Come,

AND

Geo. F. Coe & Son

On and after April 1 will occupy the brick store room in the Masonic Temple annex, opposite the post office, with our general line of goods.

JUST RECEIVED, a crate of plain white Crockery, fancy shapes, UP 2 DATE.

Aldon Chocolates, the best on the market. A customer said they left bad taste. Why? Because he wanted another piece. Oranges, Lemons and Bananas, the BEST. Phone 531.

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And all Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.

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Stages to Cloud Cap Inn.

Ticket office for the Regulator Line of Steamers—Telephone and have a hack carry you to and from the boat landing—If you want a first-class turnout call on the

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The largest list of Fruit and Berry Lands in Hood River valley and White Salmon to select from. Honest treatment will award you by placing your property in our hands. Loans negotiated. Insurance.

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10 acres, 2½ miles from town; 2 acres in strawberries, balance in apple and prune orchard in full bearing; free water.

7½ acres, 3 miles from town; 3½ in berries; balance in cultivation. Flumes ready for irrigating.

80 acres, 9 miles from town; 30 in cultivation; good improvements, good farm and apple land. All can be irrigated.

20 acres, 6 miles from town; all in apple trees 2 years old.

40 acres, 4½ miles from town; 33 in cultivation; good apple and clover land; can all be irrigated.

For prices and terms call on or address

H. F. JOCHIMSEN, Hood River, Or.