

Davidson Cannery Starts Up. The ware house of the Davidson Fruit cannery resembled a bee hive as a glacier man gazed in Monday morning. A hundred women, children and men were busy stemming berries, cooking and soldering cans of preserved fruit.

A Trip Up the Columbia. What a picture this conveys to one who has ever seen this grand river of the West—a majestic stream of blue waters sweeping past wooded isles, picturesque walls of rock, moss-covered crags and the grandest of cascades! It is like a plunge in fairy land.

On up the river we wound our way until we pass the beautiful mountain stream of White Salmon and in a few moments more our boat whistles for Hood River, the famous berry town. A crowd of people are gathered on the bank and to add to the picturesque scene, Indian squaws and papooses clad in blankets of the most brilliant red, green, yellow and blue, with stripes and plaids both large and small.

Wanted, Fruit Lands. List your Fruit Lands with us in the Home-seekers' Guide if you want to sell them. We advertise the guide in over 225 Eastern and Middle West papers. Send for the Home-seekers' Guide.

BIG Second-Hand STORE IN HOOD RIVER. Buys Sells and Exchanges New and Second-Hand Household Goods of every description. Come in and look around. We can save you money. O. B. DABNEY & CO.

W. R. HARDMAN DEALER IN Groceries, Bakery Goods, Confectionery, Hams and Bacon LUNCHES SERVED SOFT DRINKS. HOOD RIVER HEIGHTS. J. T. HOLMAN, HOOD RIVER HEIGHTS. Cottage Market, DEALER IN Fresh and Cured Meats, GREEN VEGETABLES. FREE DELIVERY. Bicycle Department. Repairs made and supplies constantly on hand. J. B. Fletcher & Co. DEALERS IN GROCERIES, FLOUR and FEED NOTIONS, GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, Etc. HOOD RIVER HEIGHTS.

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A pleasing picture the whole landing presents, where graceful cottonwood and willows waving to the gentle breeze, almost touch the boat, the gang plank is thrown out and of our 350 passengers, over 300 stop at this picturesque and prosperous little city.

The town, half hidden by spreading oak, is charmingly situated on the hillside with a background of sweet-scented pines and graceful oaks. Below through a vista of green the blue waters of the Grand old Columbia lie in smiling in the sunlight, while beyond lies those silent fir-clad mountains. Still further back and towering above all Mount Adams rears its snowy head, and just below, the stream of White Salmon like a silver thread emerges from the dark, cool forests and empties its clear waters into the Columbia.

It is a lovely, fascinating scene long to be remembered. With a delightful climate and cool, fresh air, surely nature has poured her wealth upon this spot with lavish hand. We go on farther. What a panoramic view meets our eyes! Before us like a lake of green, basking in the sunlight lies the beautiful, fertile valley of Hood River, fairly glistening with its weight of fruit.

The valley seems alive with the hum of busy workers. Acres of delicious red strawberries peep out from among the green leaves. Tents are pitched in every direction. Beside the white pickers and packers who are employed, hundreds of Indians from the reservation bring their tents, dogs and ponies, and remain during the berry season. Lazy hives, may often be seen lying in the shade smoking, while the squaws, with their little sun-burned papooses on their backs labor in the fields.

Nestled in the lap of the valley beyond are orchards loaded with green fruit, and, as if to add beauty and freshness to the scene, winding around among the green, Hood river comes foaming and dashing over the rocks in its mad rush to reach the Columbia. Stretching away in the distance, in their soft, blue smoky caps, the hills fade away against the blue sky like the sweet, half-faded memories of the years behind us. Beyond, at the head of the valley, like a grand old white-haired sentinel stands Mount Hood as if guarding the little valley at its feet.

The setting sun throws its golden tint on his snowy robes—words fail to describe the grandeur and beauty of the scene, and as the sun sinks and the shades of night are closing softly, gently over the now quiet valley below and the gray shadows are creeping up the mountain sides, we bid good night to grand old mountains and beautiful valley and wind our way back among the murmuring pines.

Though the beautiful scenes have faded from sight, their memory remains, and as the tide of years drifts by, floating us far upon the great swells of life, may it sometime bring us gently again up the Columbia to Hood River valley. JESSIE D. BELKNAP. Worst of all Experiences. Can anything be worse than to feel every minute will be your last? Such was the experience of Mrs. S. H. Newson, Deatur, Ala. "I endured insufferable pain from indigestion, stomach and bowel troubles. Electric Bitters was the only medicine. Only 50c. It's guaranteed by Chas. L. Clarke, druggist.

That Throbbing Headache. Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for sick and nervous headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25c. money back if not cured. Sold by Chas. N. Clarke, druggist.

Leaving the dock at Portland the 12 miles on the broad, quiet Willamette, decked on either side with green clad hills, is soon passed. At the mouth of the Willamette lies Sauvie's island, a labyrinth of green foliage. Here, under the swaying branches of the cottonwoods, surrounded by the blue sweeping waters, Indian legends tell us the great chief, Multnomah, once called together the greatest council of Indian warriors ever known.

Our steamer now points up the Columbia. The bright waters, the green foliage, with the deep, dark forests in the distance and occasional glimpses of snow-capped mountains is a scene never to be forgotten. We pass the old, historic fort of Vancouver, islands fringed with cottonwoods, pastoral scenes and rugged hills. To our right rises Rooster Rock, a large, rocky pillar crowned with firs, while here and there on its steep sides moss and shrubs have found a resting place.

Soon we are rounding the beetling cliffs of Cape Horn, perpendicular walls tower high above us. Wind and water hand in hand with Father Time, have cut fantastic shapes in those grim old rocks, which are brightened up with the silvery spray of falling waters. Out in the river the black head of Lone Rock stands grim and silent in its loneliness.

We go on past high rocky crags, where behind a screen of green foliage we catch a glimpse of bright, sparkling waters tumbling down over the moss-covered rocks, over hanging cliffs where verdure clad walls echo the wild, wild music of the cold mountain torrent as it rushes from its narrow bed into the broad Columbia.

And now we see the far-famed falls of Multnomah, a roaring river drops over a precipice 800 feet. The somber gray rocks and dark evergreens in the background, the white spray of falling waters, the light green foliage of the trees and shrubs and moss-covered rocks below, forms a most enchanting picture. Many pretty and tragic legends are connected with these charming spots of nature.

Further up we pass St. Peter's Dome, the jutting terraces of rock leaping up to it are softened by the vine and shrub. Castle Rock, standing like an old deserted castle of ancient times, next meets the eye. As we come nearer we see that Mother Nature has kindly placed sprays of green and red and yellow mosses in the niches of its rough, rugged walls. We pass fish canneries and numerous fish wheels where the unwary salmon, for which this river is famous, is scooped up, canned and shipped all over the world.

Now we are out in mid stream. On either side new beauties await us. The strangely wrought domes and peaks whose sides are draped with fleecy clouds, perpendicular rocks towering skyward, worn and weatherbeaten by the winds and storms of hundreds of years, then again we creep along the shore almost brushing the willows bending over the waters.

Away in the distance the hills wrapped in misty blue, are outlined against the sky. Now the Cascades are before us and here we have a fine view of Table Rock. An Indian legend says it is one of the abutments of the bridge of the Gods, that long, long ago a wonderful stone arch spanned the river where now are the falls. Mysterious and pathetic is the legend of the beautiful Cascade. Long before the white man came, that great arch, under which flowed the wild dark waters, rang to the hoofs of mounted warriors with plumed head and rude lance.

Now the roaring, foaming waters guard well the fallen bridge. Our steamer is now flowing into the roaring waters that are whirling down over the Cascades and in a few minutes rides quietly into the locks ready to be lifted through them and sent on her way. Millions of dollars and over 20 years were required until this boat-way through the Cascades was completed.

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Get your Spray Material of CLARKE, THE DRUGGIST, And you can depend on it being GOOD. STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AND EXPERIMENT STATION. CORVALLIS, ORE., April 13, 1904.

Dear Sir:—The sample of white arsenic which you sent me has been examined and I find that it is exceptionally good. For all practical purposes I would call it absolutely pure. The chemical analysis shows that the sample contains .08 of one per cent moisture and 99.77 per cent white arsenic. So you see that the sample is of an exceptionally fine quality. Very truly yours, A. L. KNISELY, Chemist.

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