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March 15 to April 15, 1913
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THURSDAY, FEB. 27, 1913

LEGISLATURE VS. GOVERNOR

The State Legislature, or its majority, has adopted as a war measure the extraordinary plan of remaining in session beyond the constitutional limit of forty days so as to consider immediately any possible vetoes of Governor West.

The basis of the Legislature's action is wholly the expectation that Governor West will again abuse his great trust by a wanton display of his executive prerogative in a summary disapproval of many legislative measures.

WILL DONATE A SHETLAND PONY

THE PORTLAND UNION STOCK YARDS COMPANY DONATE A PONY FOR A PRIZE IN THE JUVENILE INDUSTRIAL CONTEST

The State Superintendent of Public Instruction has sent out the following circular letter to newspapers, schools and school children: Every school boy and girl in the state will be delighted to know that they are going to have an opportunity again this year to win a Shetland pony at the state fair.

This pony will be given to the boy or girl who makes the best exhibit of livestock at the state fair next fall. That exhibit must consist of at least one trio or pen of chickens or ducks, two pigs and a sheep.

ELECTRIC HEADLIGHTS ORDERED BY LAWMAKERS

Impressed with the features of Senate Bill 47, by Neuner, providing that all railroad companies shall equip their locomotives with electric headlights, the House has passed the measure and it is now ready for the Governor.

DESCHUTES BILL PASSES 2 HOUSES

AS MONEY IS USED GATHERING DATA, INVESTORS ARE TO PAY IT BACK

The Deschutes water power bill, as it has become known, House Bill 73, which carries \$50,000 to be spent by the state in conjunction with \$50,000 expected to be appropriated by the United States government, for complete investigation of power projects for irrigation in the state of Oregon, was passed by the Senate last Thursday afternoon with only two dissenting votes.

While attention is primarily directed to irrigation projects which it is expected will be developed on the Deschutes, the bill is of general scope and is regarded as one of the most important steps in development of water resources ever taken in the state.

The bill was briefly explained by Chairman Perkins of the ways and means committee, and the roll called developed only two negative votes—Dimick and Wood.

FEDERAL SUPPORT GIVEN

A Washington, D. C., dispatch of Feb. 22nd says: Upon being informed by J. N. Teal of Portland, that the Oregon Legislature had appropriated \$50,000 to pay half the cost of a survey of the Deschutes river basin to determine the possibilities of irrigation and power developments, Secretary of Interior Fisher said he would carry out his bargain made with Mr. Teal last fall and recommend that \$50,000 additional be set aside from the reclamation fund for this purpose.

MILITARY FORCE TO RESTRAIN WEST URGED

A Salem dispatch of the 26th has the following to say along the line of Gov. West's favorite stunt of making threats to call out the militia whenever something don't just suit him: Calling attention to the fact that when a newspaper man was assailed by an official of Klamath Falls, Gov. West demanded an explanation of the affair, and that when it did not reach him he threatened to suppress such lawlessness with the National Guard, citizens of Klamath Falls yesterday sent the following wire to Mayor Steeves of Salem, in relation to the Governor's assault on an Evening Telegram correspondent last Friday night:

OFFER IS MADE BY KLAMATH FALLS CITIZENS TO INVADE SALEM AND GUARD NEWSPAPER REPORTERS

"We wish to know what steps you, as mayor of Salem, expect to take to secure a better enforcement of the law; otherwise it may be necessary to enroll a company of volunteers here to take charge and place the city under military control. The offense is the same as occurred here when a policeman assaulted a reporter, and we propose to see that the law is enforced in Salem, the same as in Klamath Falls."

JURY DUTY IS STILL OPTIONAL

House Refuses to Pass Law Compelling Women to Serve

Women in Oregon do not have to do jury duty unless they wish to. The House last Saturday afternoon refused to pass a bill by Reames amending the law so that women would be compelled to serve on a jury when summoned, the same as men.

The Root of Evil

By THOMAS DIXON

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The door of the great house only closed and he was gone. A few moments later the servants found the limp form lying in a swoon on the floor. Strangers no longer live in the cottage Stuart built on the hill.

"You don't know how it helps me to have you near, Jim, old boy. I'm lonely. Nan I guess is ill and broken down. I've lavished millions on her. I've given her all I possess in my will, but somehow we never found happiness. If I could only have been sure of the deep, sweet, unselfish love of one human soul on this earth! If I could only have won a girl's heart when I was poor. But I was rich, and I've always wondered whether she really loved me for my own sake. At least I've always thanked God for you. You've been a real friend. Our hearts were young together and you stood by me when—I was—poor!"

An hour later when the covering was turned back from the dead body Stuart saw that the smooth little cold hand had gripped the key to his treasures in a last instinctive grasp.

He looked again at the lump of cold clay and wondered what was passing in the soul of the woman who was now the heir of all his millions. Why had she shown such strange and abrupt terror over his death—an event she had foreseen and desired? A horrible suspicion suddenly flashed through his mind. He determined to know at once.

As he had feared, Nan refused point blank to enter the death chamber and asked him to come to her boudoir. He found her standing by a window, apparently calm. Stuart looked at her a moment with a curious detached interest. Suddenly aware of his presence she turned.

"At last, at last!" she cried in low broken accents. "Oh, dear God, how long I've waited and despaired! At last we may belong to each other forever—body and soul! Nothing else matters now, does it? We shall forget all the blank hideous years; you'll forget it, won't you, dearest? You'll forgive me—now—say that you will!"

"I've long ago forgiven, Nan, but tell me about this sudden attack. You were with him when he was stricken?" "Yes, I took the nurse's place at midnight; I couldn't sleep."

"How long did you stay with him?" "Until I called you."

"And you gave him the medicine in the absence of the nurse?" "Only one," she answered, hesitatingly. "A particular kind the doctor had not prescribed, but which he asked for to relieve his pain."

"He asked you for medicine, Nan?" he went on remorselessly. "A poisonous powder—and you gave him one?" "Yes."

"And you're sure you gave him but one?" "He was begging for two—I might have given them both—it's possible, of course."

He gazed at her with a look of pity. "I know that you did, Nan, know it as certainly as if I stood by your side and saw you press it to his lips."

"You know, Jim?" she cried feebly, her head drooping low. "And you feel no remorse?" "Why should I? His death seemed only a question of days."

"From the bottom of my heart I pity you!" Stuart broke in softly. "The state will never reach your act with the law. But the big thing is you have no consciousness of guilt and feel no remorse because you have no soul. You have only desires and impulses. That's why you couldn't wait for me to earn my fortune honestly and so betrayed me for gold. I can see it all now. Your beauty has blinded me."

"For God's sake, Jim," she cried fiercely, "don't—don't talk like that! I can't endure it! You don't mean, you can't mean that you are going to turn from me now. Just when I've found your love! I did it for you!"

Stuart looked at her through a mist of tears. "The spell is broken, Nan, dear; our romance is ended. I don't say it in pride or anger; I say it in sorrow—a great deep, pitying sorrow that cuts and hurts!"

The woman understood. She had at last passed out of his world. Only the memory of a girl he had once loved and idealized remained, and that memory was now unapproachable. The living woman was no longer the figure in the mental picture. The struggle was over.

He extended his hand, clasped hers, bowed and kissed it, turned and walked quickly toward the door. With a half smothered cry she followed. "Jim!"

He paused and turned again, facing her with a look of infinite sadness. "Remember," she said brokenly. "I never expect to see you again—we cannot meet after this. I am looking into your dark face now with the anguish of a broken heart strangling me. You cannot leave like this—we have been too much to each other."

He took her in his arms and held her close. "Forgive me, dear," he whispered, reverently kissing her as he would have pressed the lips of the dead. "I didn't mean to be cruel—goodby."



DEAR FRIEND:

Papa works so hard that he gives him ham and sausage for breakfast. The ham we used to didn't taste good, and papa wasn't the right kind. So we changed grocers and now we get the kind of ham and all other things the grocery and bakery line at

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