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G. W. DAVIES

The Old Pioneer Blacksmith of Redmond

Night Train Service Daily

THROUGH BETWEEN

Central Oregon and Portland

BEGINNING SUNDAY, JUNE 22, 1911



TOURIST SLEEPING CARS AND FIRST CLASS COACHES

This service is in lieu of the day trains run heretofore. The train will leave Bend 8:30 p. m., Deschutes 8:48 p. m., Redmond 9:10 p. m., Terrebonne 9:24 p. m., Culver 10:02 p. m., Metolius 10:20 p. m., Madras 10:30 p. m., Mecca 11:08 p. m., Maupin 12:40 a. m., Sherar 1:08 a. m., arrive Portland 8:10 a. m. Leave Portland 7:00 p. m., arrive Sherar 3:03 a. m., Maupin 3:26 a. m., Mecca 5:18 a. m., Madras 6:00 a. m., Metolius 6:13 a. m., Culver 6:28 a. m., Terrebonne 7:08 a. m., Redmond 7:23 a. m., Deschutes 7:43 a. m., Bend 8:00 a. m. Connections made in Portland to and from Willamette Valley and Puget Sound Points. Fares and schedules and details will be furnished on application or by letter. W. C. WILKES, Asst. Gen. Frt. & Pass. Agt. R. H. CROZIER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.

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BIG PROGRAM AT SPARKS THEATER DAY AND NIGHT

On 4th of July the Sparks Theater will present a big program of attractions. The performance will begin at 9 o'clock a. m. and continue all day and up to 11 o'clock in the evening. Following are some of the principal pictures that will be exhibited:

"The Millionaire Cowboy," a rattling good western two reel picture. "Alkali Ike's Pants," one of the most amusing pictures ever shown, will be repeated.

There will be an entire change of program for July 5th.

GODDESS OF LIBERTY VOTE

The vote for Goddess of Liberty for the 4th of July parade, which closes Saturday night at 8 o'clock, was as follows up to yesterday noon: Marie Austin 1145 Elizabeth Froebe 1014 Mildred Whitney 330 Evelyn Smith 227

GOT THE TOP MARKET PRICE FOR HIS HOGS

Geo. Russell, the cattle and hog man living 18 miles east of Prineville, who shipped a carload of hogs from here last week to Portland, received the top market price for them, \$8.30. The hogs were of the Poland China breed and of extra fine quality.

FAIR HELD IN SEPTEMBER

Word has been received here that the coming Crook county fair will be held September 23 to 27. It was the purpose of the fair management to hold the fair early in October, but this could not be done without duplicating the time already announced by some of the neighboring fairs.

SHIP SHEEP TO PORTLAND

J. N. Williamson of Prineville, expects to ship a carload of sheep a week to Portland this summer, if the prices for the mutton are high enough to justify it. He shipped a carload last week to Portland.

METOLIUS A POPULAR RIVER

There are few places in Oregon, outside of the Ocean Beach resorts, that attract the number of pleasure seekers as does the head of the Metolius river, says the Sisters Herald. For the past three or four weeks from the head of the river to the Allen place, 8 miles below, has been a lively place, there being many campers from all parts of the state, most of whom came by auto, bringing all necessary camping outfit with them. The principal attraction is the fishing, which has been very good for some time, several having reported that they were compelled to wait their turn in order to get room for their hook. Everyone reports all the fish they can eat, and many have plenty to take home with them.

BAND STAND DEDICATED

Sisters Herald: The Sisters Cornet Band held their first concert in their new band stand last Sunday, the music being greatly enjoyed by all those fortunate enough to hear it. The stand is located at the corner of Cascade and Pine streets and was built by the members of the band, the lumber and other material being donated by the four sawmills and the business houses of Sisters.

THE LARGEST NUGGET FOUND

Solid Gold Find Worth \$1500 Causes Big Rush to Susanville

A Baker, Ore., dispatch of the 20th says: Probably the largest nugget ever found in the Northwest was panned yesterday by George Armstrong and Richard Staunton, on their Dutch Gulch placer claim, three miles from Susanville and 60 miles from Baker. The nugget was of solid gold, worth \$1500. It weighs six and three quarter pounds and is worth \$17.50 an ounce.

News of the find reached here this morning and there began a rush to Susanville. The men were mining with hydraulic pressure when the big lump of richness was unearthed. They brought it to Baker this evening. They have mined irregularly the claim for about four years and have had a handsome profit. The largest nugget previously taken out in Eastern Oregon was worth \$725 in the same district a few years ago. The Humbolt placers in the Mormon Basin two years ago uncovered a \$720 nugget.

Orator—Now, then, is there anybody in the audience who would like to ask a question?

Voice—Yes, sir; how soon is the band going to play?

"I want some sort of a present for a young lady."

"Yes, sir—fiancee or sister?"

"Er—why, she hasn't said which she will be yet."

THE MAN HIGHER UP

By HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

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CHAPTER XXV. ATONEMENT.

THESE were one matter to be settled before Bob might begin to work out his own and his city's political regeneration. Two good friends took this burden from his shoulders.

Hardly had his convalescence begun when Sanger's newspapers began to hint, at first vaguely, then more boldly, at possible criminal prosecutions, even impeachment proceedings, on the ground of Bob's fraudulent nomination. Haggin went to District Attorney Martin.

"We got to stop it," he said anxiously. "We got to stop it—now. But I dunno how. I don't want Bob to know nothing about it till it's all settled one way or nuther. He's got troubles enough of his own without botherin' with mine."

"I should think that this is his trouble more than yours," Martin suggested dryly.

"An' that's where you're dead wrong," Haggin answered eagerly. "It wasn't him I bought up those delegates; it was me!"

Martin sprang to his feet excitedly. "What! You did it? But his confession—Remington's affidavit! Haggin, you're lying to save him!"

"No, I ain't lyin'. It was Bob lyin' when he told Remington that he done it. I tell you I done it. It was this way, Martin. They comes to me—I s'posin' it was MacPherson all the time, but it was Sanger really—an' tries to buy me an' my votes in the convention. I jolies em along till I knows all they've got up their sleeves. Then I tells Bob. He ain't feazed. There ain't time for him to see all the Hemenway delegates, so he gives me some of em to handle an' he takes the rest. An' he tells me: 'Mind you, Tom, use no money now. That's straight. I've got to come out of this with clean hands. He sees his men an' bluffs em—he's got the goods on em, you know—an' dines em up right under Mac's and Sanger's noses. I sees my men. Some of em I bluffs an' some of em I can't. I gets cold feet on the clean hands proposition an' buys 'em off—uses my own money, an' he don't know nothing about it—does it spite of his orders."

"But Remington said—"

"I'm comin' to that. Afterward—about two weeks before election day—he finds out about it from that skunk Malasse. He ought to kick me out, but he don't; just sits down, writes out a check fer what I spent an' makes me take it; never says a word except 'somebody' about there not being enough soap an' water in the world to wash his hands clean. Then when Remington accuses him of buyin' the delegates he takes all the blame an' never says a word about me. I wish to God," Haggin concluded miserably, "somebody 'd kill me! Say, Martin, why can't you prosecute me fer it? I'll plead guilty an' tell everything up to where he paid me back my money."

"You'd go to jail. I couldn't protect you."

"I don't care," Haggin answered desperately. "I'd like to. It'd serve me right fer bein' such a fool as not to do what he told me, an' it'd clear him."

Suddenly Martin pushed a book toward Haggin.

"Haggin, put your hand on this Bible. The 'Bible' happened to be a dictionary, but Haggin knew no better. "Do you swear on this book that what you have said is the truth?"

"I swear," Haggin answered steadily, his eyes not flinching before Martin's searching glance.

"Upon my soul," Martin dropped limply back into his chair. "I don't know whether you're lying or not."

Haggin swore in his misery. "Course I'm tellin' the truth. Do you think I want to go to jail fer nothin'?"

Martin wrinkled his brow over the problem.

"Haggin," he said abruptly after a few minutes' thinking. "tell me all you know about that convention business."

And Haggin told him a tale of wholesale corruption such as he was with the devious and foul methods of our politics, to experience a quain of disgust.

"We'll see," he said when the account was finished. "I don't think you'll have to go to jail, Haggin."

It was reported next morning that District Attorney Martin had left the city for a two weeks' vacation. As a matter of fact, he was quietly at work ferretting out certain facts in connection with the convention bribery.

The end of his two weeks' work was marked by a series of meetings between him and certain lesser politicians who had been prominent in Haggin's campaign. These were followed by a conference with MacPherson, at the conclusion of which the latter left, white and shaking.

Then Martin called on Henry Sanger, Jr. The two were closeted for an hour. When Martin rose to leave he remarked:

"It is understood, then—your papers are muzzled or I publish these affidavits and begin proceedings myself. You understand, too, that the statute of limitations runs two years on these offenses? That is clear, I hope?"

"Perfectly," Sanger answered coolly. "For two years you have me tied. After that we shall resume hostilities on an equal footing. You're a smart lawyer, Martin."

"And by the way, Mr. Sanger," Martin added, "you will be surprised to learn that McAdoo did not bribe those delegates and knew nothing about it until weeks after the convention. You are now fighting an honest man."

"Indeed!" Sanger answered indifferently. "I stood after noon, Mr. Martin."

Thereafter newspaper discussion of the nomination was dropped.

When Bob was strong enough to be allowed to receive visitors Martin went to him and told him all these things. Bob listened without interrupting the flow of the tale.

At its conclusion he said simply, "You're a good friend, Martin." And Martin somehow felt very happy.

"I owe you an apology, Mr. McAdoo," he said after a moment's silence. "When Haggin told me that you hadn't known of the bribing I thought he was lying—until I had other evidence. I'm ashamed that—"

"Don't!" Martin thought he caught a note of pain in Bob's voice. "You had no reason to think me above it. I had done things as bad—or worse. My hands aren't very clean, Martin. And Haggin was my agent in the matter. He did it for me."

"Clean hands or not, Mr. McAdoo," Martin exclaimed impulsively, "I'd rather fight under you than under any other man in the country."

He went away wondering at the new McAdoo he had found.

Others, too, saw and wondered. For there was a new McAdoo indeed. The lesson had sunk deep, Kathleen, watching closely, in real dread lest with returning strength the old spirit should return, saw that the change was complete and permanent. The old Bob, arrogant, self-aggrandizing, hard, lay dead amid the fragments of his shattered self-god. Something more Kathleen saw—that he bore the burden of a profound sorrow and shame.

None the less, however, his old certainty and forcefulness remained with him, as his enemies soon discovered.

And his was no easy task, to keep his people's interest in him and his work at effective heat. He had need of popular support. The old corrupt methods were forever discarded.

His enemies had much material with which to work. Although he had been elected, they had succeeded in electing a slight majority in the city council. Their forces were carefully organized to fight him. Yet the advantage was all with Bob, for Sanger's ring, bound only by the ties of self-interest, must needs foster many corrupt measures in the city's legislature. Bob, looking only to the people's needs, was free to veto these measures. Each successive election saw his organization, both in his party and in the city government, become stronger.

Nor were Bob's political activities confined to the Steel City. Moreheil, although he amazed his friends and physicians by the tenacity with which he held on to life, grew steadily weaker. Under his guidance Bob and Dunmeade together fought against the railroad steel interests, with whom the open break had at last come. It was a tremendous struggle that stirred the commonwealth to its uttermost limits.

Bob's part in the state campaign took him often to the capital, where he was received frankly into the beautiful home life of the governor's family.

Sometimes he found himself alone with Mrs. Dunmeade. From her he received his only news of Eleanor Gilbert during all those long months.

"You have Mrs. Gilbert's address?" he asked abruptly one evening when, after a long conference, they had induced him to remain overnight at the capital.

"Yes. She is in New York doing settlement work. From her letters I know that in her work, the first real work she has ever had, even though it is small, she is happier than ever before."

"I'm glad she is happy. Will you write to her," he added immediately, "that we have found no trace of Paul Remington, but that I am still searching?" Mrs. Dunmeade did not ask why he himself should not write.

This was just before the famous "gas franchise war," which finally gave Bob's enemies into his hands. The Steel City's homes were dependent for heat upon natural gas, supplied by a company operating under an exclusive franchise from the city. This franchise provided for an extortionate maximum charge, the enforcement of which had worked great hardship on the consumers. But when the McAdoo administration was a year old the monopoly's rights had almost expired and an extension under the old terms was demanded by the gas company. Bob immediately in a public message declared that he would oppose the extension unless it provided for a reasonable rate to the consumer. His message was hailed with ruzzas by the long suffering public.

MacPherson led the fight for the ordinance. His genius for corruption never so shamefully brilliant, was given free play. The measure passed both houses of council.

When it was presented to Bob for approval he vetoed it with a clear explanation of his reasons for so doing.

The bill was reintroduced into council in the hope of securing the two-thirds majority necessary to pass it over the mayor's veto.

The councilmen found themselves between two hot fires. On the one hand was MacPherson and the mayor saw more than one supposedly staunch follower caught in his enemy's net. On

RABBIT METAL
The Spokesman has about 4000 pounds of old type metal that is just the thing for rabbit metal, packing for boxes, etc. Same will be sold reasonable. Large quantities sold at a discount.
"And so you are married?"
"I told you I was going to be."
"But I thought it was a joke."
"It isn't."



DEAR FRIEND:
July 4th will soon be here, and won't you be glad. We will have picnic then. Mama told me to morning to go down to the grove and get a whole lot of things for 4th, and I went and got them. I got lots of good canned goods, biscuits, fruits, and all kinds of things that will taste good on the 4th.
Your friend
JACOB
P. S. We don't trade any more but at

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A Directory of each City, Town and Village, giving descriptive details of each place, location, population, etc. Also Classified Directory, complete business and professional.
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