

BOMBA

By MARGARET BARR

Hollingsworth had views as to industrial questions, financial matters and principles of government. He read the newspapers regularly and was much interested in strikes and methods used as auxiliaries. He lived on a street at the end of which was a large mill property and when one day a strike was declared did a great deal of talking as to the merits of the case. At first he took sides with the strikers, but when they became somewhat militant he changed about and favored the mill owners. Nothing pleased him so well as to go out into the street where knots of people were discussing the situation and make it all clear to those who were disposed to listen to him.

One day while he was thus showing a party of strikers just where they were wrong and how easy it would be to set themselves right his wife, who was at the window, noticed—that he was ignorant of—that he was rubbing his listeners the wrong way. Instead of benefitting by his diplomatic advice their scowls indicated that they were considering him an enemy. His wife beckoned him to come into the house. He obeyed and received a scolding for his rashness.

Two or three days after this, when Mr. Hollingsworth came home from business in the evening, as soon as he opened the door he was greeted by a plaintive wail.

"Oh, Fred!"

"For heaven's sake, what is it, darling?"

"Why did you talk so to those Italians?"

"What have they done?"

"Left a bomb at the back door."

"You don't mean it?"

"Oh, I'm so glad you've got home! I've been afraid it would go off before you came."

"Why didn't you telephone the police?"

"I didn't know what to do. The bomb was left about half an hour ago. Susan came upstairs and told me that she had found it at the back door just inside the shed."

"What did she say she found?"

"A basket. How she knew it was a bomb was that she heard a grating sound like rusty machinery. She didn't wait to hear any more, but came right upstairs to me and told me about it."

"I'll have a look at it."

"Oh, don't go near it! Please don't!"

Notwithstanding this appeal, Mr. Hollingsworth went through the kitchen to the back door. His wife caught him by the coattail and held him to prevent his examining it. Making a virtue of necessity, he stopped and listened. There was a succession of small sounds which Mr. Hollingsworth attributed to the moving of some mechanism.

"Do come away!" cried his wife, tugging at his coattail.

"There's something going inside, but I can't make out what it is," said the husband.

The top of the basket was covered with a thin woolen cloth, and at that moment the latter was raised as if something were passing under it.

"By Jove," exclaimed Hollingsworth, "it looks as if the mechanical contrivance underneath were rubbing against the cover—a concentric wheel, maybe."

Mrs. Hollingsworth shrieked and dragged her husband back into the hall. The occasion of her action was a tiny puff as if a few grains of gunpowder had exploded.

"This is all nonsense," said the head of the house. "I'm going to make an examination."

At this Mrs. Hollingsworth slammed the kitchen door and locked it. For some time no threats or pleadings would induce her to open it, but finally she gave way, and the door was opened. The cover of the basket had been pushed off, and a pair of baby legs were mingled in confusion, the cover being wrapped around the legs, which were kicking in a lively manner.

"By thunder!" exclaimed Hollingsworth. "It's a baby!"

"The dear little thing!" cried the wife as she ran toward a child a few weeks old lying on its back, its chubby fists crammed in its mouth and making all sorts of noises, from the turning of a rusty cogwheel to the crowing of a young rooster. The explosion they had heard was an infantile sneeze.

"Lucky we didn't send for the police," said the husband, "till we found out what it was. They would have laughed at us. What in the world are we going to do with it?"

"I'm going to keep it," said the wife. "Going to keep it?"

"Certainly."

The couple, having been married four years without children, had begun to think that they would never have any born to them, and after a good deal of discussion it was decided to take the little stranger in and give it a home. Being a girl, they called her Bomba, which is the Spanish for a bomb.

Mr. Hollingsworth is still interested in the labor problem, but is more cautious in the expression of his opinions to the laborer. True, his experience with a bomb did not turn out as dreadful as he expected, but it taught him a lesson as to the might have been. Little Bomba has been adopted by the Hollingsworths and, strange to say, is beginning to take great interest in labor questions.

An Episode of the Balkans

By ALBERT KENYON

When the Balkan states had expelled the Turk and were anxious lest the powers should intervene and inflict their ancient enemies upon them the two powers most able to help or harm them were Germany and Russia.

At this time Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria sent a young man in his service to the emperor of Germany to offer certain inducements for him to restrain Austria. This person was Boris Meloff, a very determined young man, who, so far as strength and bravery were concerned, was well adapted to get the message through to Berlin. Austrian spies were on the watch to checkmate any move Prince Ferdinand might make, and Meloff was liable to be attacked and his dispatch taken from him.

On the day of his departure he went to his home and told his wife that he was to go on a journey and the object of it, directing her to get out his pistols and a couple of short knives which he intended to take with him for defensive purposes.

"Fighting is but half the defense you will have to make," said Kristina, his wife. "You will be in greater danger of losing the dispatch by stratagem. Where will you carry your dispatch?"

"Where would you suggest?" asked Boris.

"I will think it over and let you know later."

Boris gave her the dispatch that she might know its size, and before he left her she opened his valise, which she had packed for him, and showed him the dispatch, addressed to his imperial majesty the kaiser, on top of his other clothes, where every one could see it.

Boris was astonished at this and was about to take the package to put elsewhere when his wife stopped him.

"Boris," she said, "leave it where it is. No one will look for it in your valise. It will be sought for on your person. Keep your weapons on your person and the dispatch in your valise."

The young husband concluded to humor his wife. He kissed her and the children goodbye and sailed forth.

There is a railway running north-westward from Sofia, and Boris went by train, his route lying through Serbia and Austria. There were traitors and spies everywhere, and he had not been long on the train before he knew that there were Austrians aboard who had been informed of his errand. He dare not go apart from the others lest he be attacked. So he kept his seat in the train. He had a letter in his pocket from his wife, which he was tempted to read to while away the time, but he dare not. Besides, she had distinctly charged him not to do so unless he should lose the dispatch. In that case he would find in it a suggestion.

On reaching Belgrade a man stepped up to him and whispered to him that his wife, Kristina, had sent him to say that after Boris had left her she had learned that an attempt would be made to relieve him of the dispatch in changing trains at that point. The man handed Boris a note from his wife, written in her well known hand, advising him to give the messenger the dispatch to take from the train, to be returned on the train leaving Belgrade for Budapest. Boris hesitated; but, having every confidence in his wife, he concluded to do so. Going with the man to a room in the station where they would not be observed, he opened his valise and gave the man the package.

That was the last Boris saw of the man or the package. After leaving Belgrade he looked for him through the train and, not finding him, was in agony at having been duped. His great wonder was how the fellow could have duped his wife. Remembering the letter he was to read from her containing a suggestion in case he lost the dispatch, he opened and read it.

Kristina said in the letter that she had no hope of his getting the dispatch through unless by stratagem. She had commissioned a friend to reveal to an Austrian that Boris was going to Berlin with an important dispatch, and the friend offered to get a letter from Boris' wife that would secure it for a money consideration. Kristina's object was to throw others who were after the plunder off the track. The Austrian paid the price for the note and boarded the same train as Boris.

"But," continued Kristina's letter, "if you give him the package in your valise you will not give him the dispatch. I opened the envelope, took out the prince's letter to the czar and replaced it with waste paper. The dispatch you will find sewed in the lining of your coat. If my stratagem is successful you will proceed from Belgrade unmolested, for he who thinks he has the dispatch will doubtless send it unopened to Vienna."

Never was man more delighted at receiving a letter from his wife than Boris Meloff. But he dare not give vent to his feelings lest he be watched by some of those who had followed him from Sofia. On second thoughts, however, he remembered that he was no longer shadowed, since his enemies believed that they had captured the dispatch. At any rate, he saw no further evidences of intended interference and on reaching Berlin took the dispatch from the place where Kristina had concealed it and delivered it to the foreign office.

Whether or no it had effect on the kaiser in inducing him to curb Austria is a state secret.

APPORTIONMENT OF SCHOOL MONEY

Following is the April, 1914, apportionment of state and county money to the different school districts in Crook county, as furnished by County Superintendent J. E. Myers:

Dist.	Amount	Dist.	Amount
1...	\$ 2,892.50	48...	\$ 160.20
2...	178.00	49...	222.50
3...	249.20	50...	427.20
4...	195.80	51...	106.80
5...	169.10	52...	231.40
6...	213.60	53...	364.90
7...	311.50	54...	311.50
8...	79.10	55...	178.00
9...	542.90	56...	97.90
10...	240.30	57...	587.40
11...	409.40	58...	115.70
12...	4,165.20	59...	1,744.40
13...	275.90	60...	142.40
14...	631.90	61...	320.40
15...	106.80	62...	311.50
16...	462.80	63...	133.50
17...	89.00	64...	542.90
18...	169.10	65...	240.30
19...	356.00	66...	213.60
20...	89.00	67...	400.50
21...	124.60	68...	213.60
22...	1,201.50	69...	273.90
23...	97.90	70...	516.20
24...	169.10	71...	320.40
25...	106.80	72...	249.20
26...	222.50	73...	302.60
27...	160.20	74...	142.40
28...	204.70	75...	249.20
29...	124.60	76...	169.10
30...	320.40	77...	178.00
31...	231.40	78...	169.10
32...	204.70	79...	115.70
33...	186.90	80...	204.70
34...	62.30	81...	373.80
35...	169.10	82...	462.80
36...	213.60	83...	160.20
37...	516.20	84...	142.40
38...	115.70	85...	133.50
39...	373.80	86...	213.60
40...	293.70	87...	160.20
41...	222.50	88...	178.00
42...	338.20	89...	329.30
43...	596.30	90...	222.50
44...	240.30	91...	284.80
45...	338.20	92...	311.50
46...	80.10	93...	106.80
47...	373.80	94...	186.90
Total			\$32,342.60

Old Deschutes Dam Case Goes to Trial

Land Company Contends Building of Railroad Prevented Construction of as Large Dam as Was Intended

The right-of-way of the Deschutes Railroad through the famous Deschutes river canyon leading into Central Oregon, for a distance of one and one-half miles, may be entirely abrogated, the railroad may be compelled to construct the road for that distance higher up on the face of the canyon, or it may be compelled to pay heavy damages, if the plaintiffs, the Eastern Oregon Land Company, be successful in a trial that opened in the United States district court at Portland last week before Judge Bean.

The Eastern Oregon Land Company alleges ownership of options on property through which the canyon lies, and over which both the Oregon Trunk and the Deschutes railroad pass. The case has been pending for more than four years.

The complainants charge that the building of the railroad prevents them from building as large a dam as would have been possible under natural conditions. The road is now 60 feet above the river and the plaintiffs want to build a dam 105 feet high.

The Hill line, on the other side of the canyon, is just five feet higher, but it is understood that an agreement between its owners and the land company has been reached.

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By HOLLAND

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You don't take chances when you buy advertised goods, because if by any chance there should be anything wrong with the goods there is the reputation of merchant and manufacturer back of them, and any article that is not up to the advertised specifications will be replaced.

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ADVERTISED GOODS.

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, March 31, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that George P. Elliott of Terrebonne, Oregon, who, on March 31, 1908, made Homestead Entry No. 15940, Serial No. 04367, and on November 29, 1909, made additional Homestead Entry No. 05618, for the S½SW¼, Sec. 28, and E½NW¼, Sec. 33, Township 14 South, Range 13 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five Year Proof to establish claim to the land above described before W. B. Daggett, U. S. Commissioner, at Redmond, Oregon, on the 16th day of May, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: James J. Ellinger of Redmond, Oregon; Bert E. Nichols, Don C. Hall and Wilfred Archer, all of Terrebonne, Oregon.

H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register.
First publication April 9—May 7.

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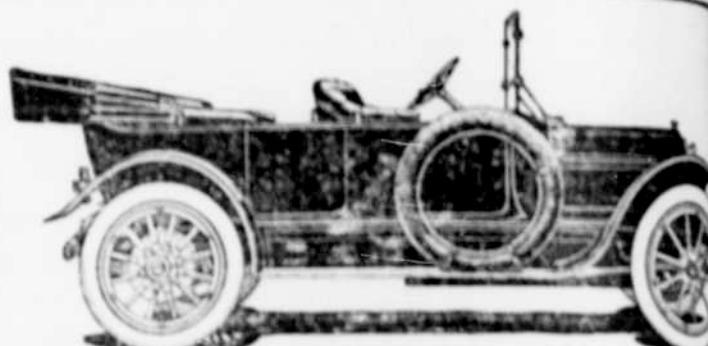
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