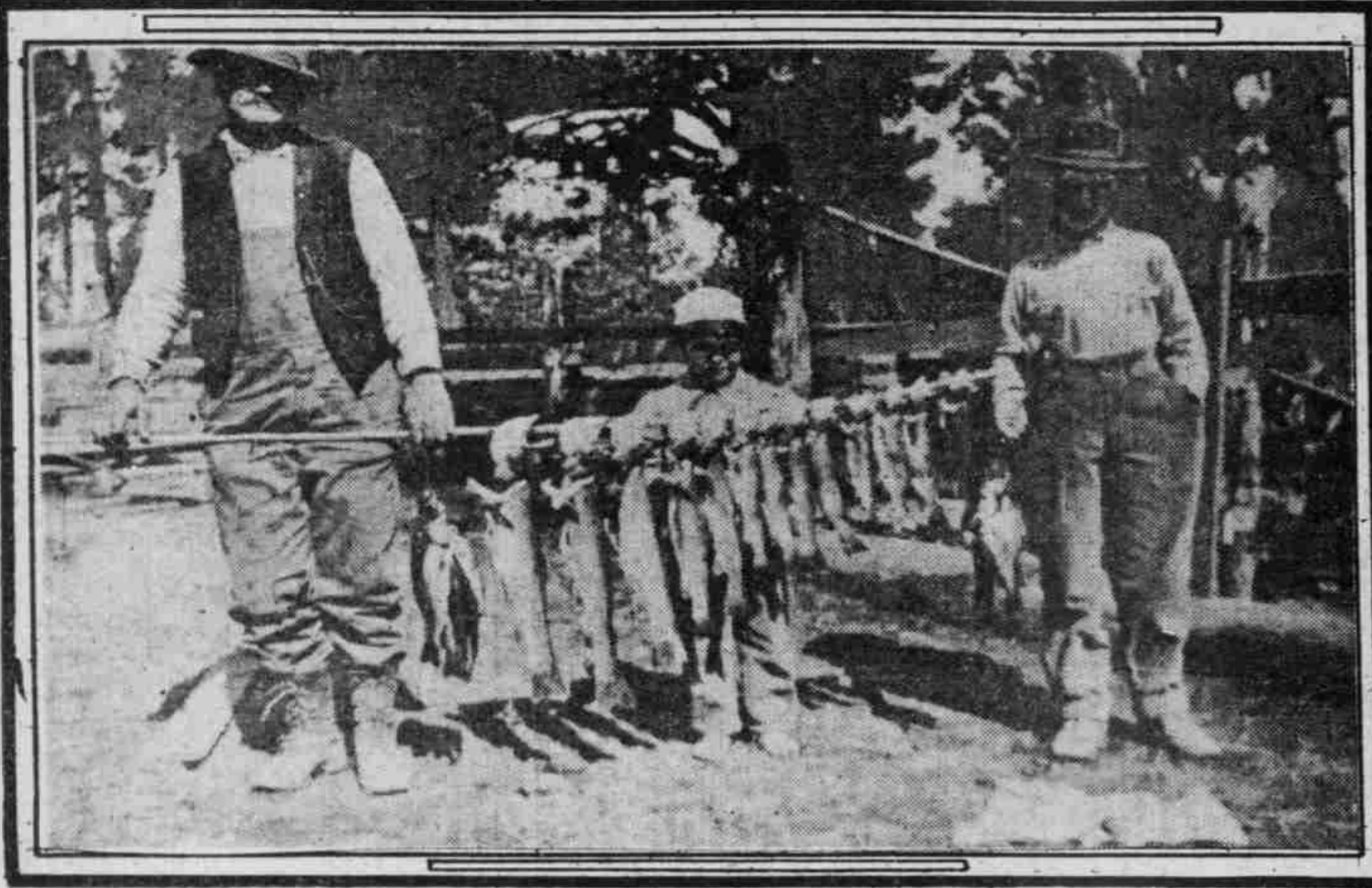


FOURTH OF JULY IN CENTRAL OREGON

OLD FASHIONED CELEBRATION AT BEND, INCLUDING A BARBECUE OF TROUT AND UNCONVENTIONAL SPORTS



DESCHUTES' FISH



A "FAKED" HOLDUP



COMING IN TO THE CELEBRATION.



BUCKING.



DESCHUTES DOLLIES.

BY G. P. BURNHAM.

CENTRAL OREGON does? The Deschutes country sleep simply because that mythical railroad fails to materialize? Not a bit of it. Whoever there may be who has the temerity to doubt the "get up and get" propensities of the inhabitants of Crook County should have dropped in at Bend last week and witnessed the giddy festivities with which that little town celebrated the one hundred and thirty-fourth birthday of its Uncle Sam.

Bend is a small place, numbering probably less than 700 inhabitants, and is a foundry of uncomfortable miles from the railroad. That means that what Bend does is the result of local initiative and must be carried through without outside aid. But, small as Bend is, and isolated as it is, there was more solid enthusiasm to the square inch, and more real fun concentrated on the one "main street" than many a full-fledged city could display.

As one buoyant "Bender" expressed himself, it was a "red-hot, triple expansion, six-cylinder celebration," a real frontier Fourth, lacking the big features and finish of a larger place, and free from any trace of roughness.

On Monday of the previous week the preparation for Saturday's entertainment started. Right at the outset it meant that trouble began for the finny inhabitants of the Deschutes, since a barbecue was to be the feature of the day, and upon its success the people had staked their fishermen's reputations. So, out from town trooped such able-bodied citizens as were not otherwise importantly engaged—and it is remarkable how trivial other occupations become in comparison to fishing, especially when the catching of the fish has added the glamour of a patriotic duty—and set themselves to creek-filling with an enthusiasm so profound for this arduous task that their previous employers would surely have wondered mightily had they seen. But a man will labor from dawn to dark, without food, and wet to his waist, and call it solid enjoyment—when he is a fisherman.

Headed by Tom Triplett, redoubtable fish-catcher and recorder of tales worthy of the good Baron Munchausen himself, a gang of fishermen went "up river" some dozen miles and began the attack. The material results of their onslaught were conveyed to Bend and the waiting ice-houses each evening, when a wagon brought down its quota of fish, a hundred weight or more, as the day's luck made it. There were other things that came with those fish. Oh, those wondrous tales that floated towards from the fish camp! Of the Dolly Vardens who had snatched steel rods as a child breaks a straw (and of course got away) and the "red sides" who escaped, after he had been landed, by knocking the fisherman over with a single slap of his tail. Surely a fish tale, that!

And, of course, they saw wild animals galore up there in the timber. Coyotes, beavers—one evening the Easterner heard a beaver slap the water (it sounds like a pistol shot), swore it was a Dolly Jumping, and devoted three solid hours endeavoring to get him—that is, her—to take hold of the hook. Then Mr. Beaver swam out behind the boat and slapped again, after that the Easterner went back to camp and said no more about the jumping Dolly.

And somebody said he saw a terrific fight between two water snakes, each fighting between two water snakes, each got the others tall into his mouth, and would you believe it—they both swal-

lowed until there was nothing at all left. Was it a prohibitive country, too. In addition to these past masters in the gentle art, there were many who aided in the fishing from Bend, content with more modest catches. Among these was one who may as well be styled the Tenderfoot, who forthwith fell neatly into the river and all but went down to The Dalles. Since his experience he has declared himself as opposed to water transportation in the state. It all happened in this wise. The tenderfoot "snagged" his fly on a log well out towards the middle of the stream, and thereupon essayed to rescue it. It appeared a simple task to wade out, and all things were progressing to the Queen's taste when suddenly something unfortunate happened to the wader's legs. Slippery rocks are at all times distressing, add thereto a treacherously swift current and the result is disaster. So it was that the feet lost connections with the slippery rock, a general capsize followed and the river took temporary charge of affairs. Fifty feet below, in the very midst of a white-water rapids, the unexpected excursion came to an end as abrupt as its beginning, when the traveler found himself clinging to a submerged rock, in whose crevice he was able to keep a precarious footing. He was up to his neck, and well, the Deschutes is noted as being a particularly cold snow stream. Also, it was painfully apparent that any move would mean a further trip down the rapids, with destination something more than doubtful. At last a friend saw his predicament and contrived to get a wire out to him, which he fastened in his belt; thereupon, preferring a certain ducking to further freezing, he abandoned himself to his fate, let go into the rapids and was finally dragged ashore.

And instead of sympathizing with him, they asked if he had gone into the river fishing, and he said: "Fishing breeds unkindness, after all."

Patriotism, in the convenient form of much noise, and the end of all sleep, occurred simultaneously at daybreak on the 3d.

A week before, Bend had been a sleepy town. Four events alone disturbed the tranquility. The daily arrival of the stage, when those who expected mail and those who did not, gathered about the postoffice to make sure that they had guessed correctly. Then there was the regular Friday evening performance of the band, when one was almost sure to hear at least one new tune in addition to "Jungle Town" and "Rainbow Malden." The Sunday ball games and the semi-occasional "hoss" race were the other two attractions.

"Hoss" race, by the way, is a matter even more difficult to get under way than an international war. Just as there are "wars and rumors of wars" there are "hoss" races, and many more of the former than of the latter.

"That air sorrel of mine can run circles around any durned hoss in this hyer country," modestly declares someone. Such a speech is the casus belli—if the matter ever gets as far as "actual" "belli." Then the stranger in the corner—he with the bearlike "chaps"—draws.

"I sort of reckon Blank's bay mare can just naturally eat up that cayuse of yours."

"The h— she can." This is decided and therefore nuptial.

"I'll bet you."

"I'd be like taking a dead mouse from a blind kitten. I don't want your money."

"Shucks. Why, if the bay ever happened to get started first the sorrel would run over her and perhaps hurt something.

Might even kill the bay, and then her owner'd lose all of \$1.

And so it goes. The matter usually has a conversational death, though once out of a dozen times there is a race.

And then there is always the time-honored topic of conversation—the railroad possibilities. In the minstrel show they declared that the local paper, the Bend Bulletin, had built more roads than Hill and Harri-man combined.

But the Fourth.

There were the usual bi-products of an American celebration. The hit-the-nigger-on-the-head establishments, the everlasting "Two glasses for a nickel—each" was there, and the popcorn and candy folks.

The "African Dodger," poor soul, who displayed his head through a hole in a certain husky cowboys took an aversion to the Dodger's homely physiognomy, invested heavily in baseballs and found their mark with such distressing accuracy and force that the disgruntled Dodger was forced to retire into private life, to the vast enjoyment of the onlookers.

The parade of the morning was strictly Fourth of July-ian. Uncle Sam himself was there, together with all his original and copy, and a "Bender" remarked, "had come over from the village of



DUNHAM FALLS, DESCHUTES RIVER.

"Him? Oh, he's guaranteed to kill six men a minute. Cow punchers over Burns way give him up as a bad job."

"Sho, that so? Well, he sure must be something."

"I reckon Bill'll put the leather on him."

"Reckon H—, why—"

Spread such sentiments as these through the crowd, and one has the general conversation before the bucking contest began.

One horse had been brought in from the range country to the East, and seemed to enjoy a first-class reputation as a "bad actor." Thereupon the hopes of the onlookers rose, for a bit of exciting riding meets with approval everywhere. Only temporarily, however, for it soon became known that the purse seemed too small to the "Buckaroos" who asked for a big raise before they would tackle the proposition. Then there was a bit of growling, which usually came to a speedy finish when the complainant was asked, "Why don't you ride the horse yourself, then?"

One old fellow, who had managed to keep on the first wave of frontier life for half a century, and now bemoaned the fact that "it was as drum thick with white folks westerly as back East," said:

"I've seen the time, not so many years ago, when this hyer country was a respectable place for a man to live in. Let ter be open ranges, plenty er cowboys an' liquor, an' a few fellers who wasn't afraid to ride any kind of an ornery critter with four legs. But now the hull place ain't nothing but an old ladies' home, farming country, garden patches 'stead o' ranges, sheep for coaws and ice cream soddy served in old 'skee glasses. 'Tis distressing, shore."

The old man was further disappointed, as was everyone else, when the broncho contest dwindled down to the riding of one animal who "spit" and ducked with some degree of vigor, but entirely failed to impress anybody with his "rightness." But even a mildly bucking horse, well ridden—as was this one—is a pretty sight to watch, as he rose cavorting about the ground, entirely oblivious of everything except the riding of himself or his rider, now bolting, all but stationary, with

head and neck drawn down between, arched fore legs, or up in the air with arched back, descending stiff-legged in a cloud of dust. And always the "buckaroo" sitting with apparent ease, perhaps "quitting" if things are not lively enough for his taste, or slapping his mount over the ears and face with his hat.

Horse and pony races brought to a finish the daylight programme. These were run on the main street—"Wall street," if you please—and, judging by the interests and varied opinions regarding the races, not a little money "changed hands on the streets."

As the sun went down the fun was just about to begin, for whoever heard of a celebration without an all-night dance as a "chaser"?

A half hour's recess gave opportunity to "clean up," change riding boots and baseball shoes for something more danceable, and attend to the needs of the inner man. Those details having been effected and the full moon risen, the dance was on.

A large platform had been constructed for the occasion in the center of the town, lightly roofed with pine boughs, and here the band operated with might and main while the dancers "balanced to corners," "swung their partners," waited and two-stepped for endless hours, until at last the moon and the band went into partnership and struck, leaving them lightless and musicless. And then—well, Bend's Fourth of July was over.

Bend, Or., July 5.

BECOMING A MOTHER

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MOTHER'S FRIEND