

Chetah.

BY RILSWORTH BROWN.

My first morning in the blue-grass region as the guest of father's old friend, Colonel Bedford, was a nearly perfect one, and I was early astir to get a glimpse of the country in nature's reputed paradise.

As I ventured upon the veranda of the "old Kaintucky home," I found my white-haired host walking up and down in a fever of rage. The moment his eyes fell upon me he began to unburden himself:

"Majah Blivens is a bawn fool, suh, a bawn fool; that's what he is! Offe'd me five hund'ed dollahs foh my little Chetah! Bless Gawd, I believe the man's addled, yes, I do, suh! Come ridin' by heah just now, an' says to me: 'Cunnel Bedford, I'll give you five hund'ed dollahs foh that two-year-old Whulwind-Ticklefoot filly.'

"I laughed in his face, suh, that's what I did! Then I got mad, an' I said to Majah Blivens: 'Suh, am I a pawpah? Am I pinched foh a measly little five hund'ed dollahs? Why, you ought to know bettah, majah! Five hund'ed dollahs wouldn't buy the gloss on Chetah's skin, suh! No, suh; I'll not sell my daughtah, an' I'll not sell Chetah!' Majah Blivens couldn't look me in the eye, suh, an' road away with his chin a-hanging on his bosom.

"Why, suh, I'd nevah dayuh to show my face at home again if I sold iittle Chetah! That filly's been raised heah on this lawn, an' coddled by my wife an' chil'en, an' she's one of 'em. Yes, suh, Chetah's one of my family; an' I think Majah Blivens was guilty of a most outlandish insult, that's what he was.

"My wife loves that filly's if she was the only hoss in the whole blue-grass region. Ev'ey mawnin' Mahy goes out an' feeds Chetah a han'ful of sugar, an' then the puss'l follow huh all ovah the fawn, happy as a kitten when Mahy rubs huh nose uh pats huh neck.

"Five hund'ed dollahs, indeed!" the colonel continued, his anger having somewhat abated. "Why, Chetah won twice that in huh fust race, undah a pull, suh. Mahy was hop-scotchin' mad when I odahed niggah Tom to put the filly in trainin'. We had hahd wuds, an' things was mighty squally foh a time. But I had my way, suh, as I always do," the colonel went on, lowering his voice and glancing apprehensively toward the open door.

"But the trainin' went on, an' at last the day foh the race had come. No bettah blood evah entahed foh a five-eighths dash. Theah was Black Sam by Bonnie Scotland, Moonshine by Old Distillah, Cyclone by Thundahstawn, an' half a dozen othahs, as fine colts as evah entahed a paddock.

"Mahy was in the gran'stan', an' I noticed a deucedly unpleasant look in huh eyes. She had asked me again a day uh two befo' to take Chetah out, but I would n' heah to it. But now that the time had actually come, I began to feel mighty uncomfortable. If the filly los' I knew Mahy would have the whip-hand on me foh evah. An' that set me to thinking hahd. I thinks I see my way out by puttin' the blindahs on Mahy. I knew from long expeahience that I mus' let Mahy think she had made the final decision. An' so I went up to wheah she was a-sittin' in the gran'stan', and whisp'd: 'Come to think of it, Mahy, I don't believe Chetah's good enough strain to keep the pace in this crowd. Theah's mighty fine blood in this company. You know, Chetah's mothah was only a half-sistah to Ashland Belle—not a

full sistah, Mahy. Don't you think we'd bettah pull huh name down befo' she disgraces us?'

"It wo'ked like a chawm!" And the colonel chuckled delightedly as he recalled the success of his little ruse. "Mahy's eyes snapped like fiah as she said: 'Chetah's blood's as good as any hoss's blood; let huh go.'

"An' I did let huh go; but befo' the staht Mahy called me up again an' made me solemnly promise one thing—that Tom should'n' caby a whip. If Chetah could win without a lick, all right, but no niggah should touch huh hide with a lash. She was one of the family, an' it would have been a disgrace to say she'd been whipped by a niggah.

"If Chetah'd los' that race I think I'd have quit lickah and joined the chu'ch. I was so troubled in my mind I couldn' beah to watch the runnin'. I just tu'ned my back to the cou'se and watched Mahy's face. Talk about yoh kinetoscopes an' yoh vitascopes! I saw ev'ey phase of that contest f'om beginning to end—all in my wife's rapidly changin' expression.

"Now the youngstahs leave the paddock foh the post—that's what Mahy's face says as she takes down huh glasses foh a second. Then I see Mahy sit up an' huh face take on a look of inte'rest—'about ready,' thinks I. In a minute huh expression changes to one of anxiety, an' I know theah's trouble about the staht. The next moment theah's as fine a pictuh of pain as evah I hope to see, an' I submise Chetah's got a bad staht. Then theah's a dead calm of tense suspense, an' I feel that Chetah must be makin' an' effoht to ketch up with the bunch. A pallah ovahspreads Mahy's lovely face, an' I feel I mus' run up an' ketch huh to keep huh from fallin'.

Face not so pale—'Filly mus' be comin' on,' thinks I. A blush o' crimson an' a glad light in my wife's eyes—hoorah foh Chetah! Wife's eyes focussed on the bunch o' leapin' squirrels. Wife on feet an' smilin'—'Wish I'd put anothah hund'ed on that puss!' 'Chetah! Chetah!' an' han's goin' pitapat, an' the han'somest woman in Kaintucky in teahs, but lookin' as sweet as the day I led huh to the altah!

"But," said the colonel, bowing apologetically, "pawdon me a thousand times, suh! Heah I've been a-blowin' away, an' you've not had yoh mawnin's mawnin' this mawnin'!"—April Century.

An Ideal Trout Stream.

There are many fine trout streams in Oregon which have become famous the world over for the quantity, quality and gameness of their scaly inhabitants. We have read of the Williamson river in the Klamath country, which has been whipped by the most famous of our incipient Izaak Waltons. Rogue river has been thrashed with silk line and leader by many hundreds of tourists on the way to Crater Lake. Our friend Rudyard Kipling took a recess(ional) along the banks of the Clackamas one day, and recorded among his immortal outpourings an account of his day's sport there. But the king of them all, the clear, cold, swift-flowing Deschutes, has not received its due proportion of fame.

Every sort of trout that grows in Oregon waters is found here, and some others that have not been classified are occasionally landed. Grayling are a common nuisance, and of salmon there is a plenitude.

The Deschutes is a very peculiar stream, probably the only one of its kind in the world. About fifteen miles above Bend a lava flow of comparative recent date has run across the river and dammed it up. In breaking through the lavh the river has evidently found an underground outlet which carries off a

certain amount of surplus water and leaves the river below at always the same level. Above the lava flow the river is subject to seasonal floods, and some forty miles below, after the confluence of the Matoles and Crooked rivers, the people living along the shores notice a rise when the snow goes off. But at Bend the river is always the same, and a difference in depth of six inches is unknown. The stream is always cold and clear, and flows with extreme rapidity through a country covered with open yellow pine timber. There are few bushes along the bank to obstruct the fisherman, and the river contains the finest pools, eddies and ripples in the world, and anyone who starts out with his rod and creel for a day's sport never comes back dissatisfied or disappointed.

Exercise in Pronunciation.

An exercise in pronunciation was placed on the blackboard of a teachers' institute, a prize being offered to anyone who could read and pronounce every word correctly. The book offered as a prize was not carried off, however, as twelve was the lowest number of mistakes in the pronunciation made. Can't some of our young scholars do better than that?

"A sacreligious son of Belial, who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope and coral necklace of a chameleon hue; and, securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel, he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptionable calligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and bowie knife, said that he would not forge fetters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein, and then discharged the contents of the carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the coroner."—American Boy.

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