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First Week of Winter.

The weather of the past week has been quite freakish, raining and snowing and blowing by turns and altogether. The net result at Bend is one to four inches of snow in spots, though most of the ground is bare and the mercury stands above the freezing point.

Saturday there were about four inches of snow, but it mostly disappeared Sunday. Monday morning was blustery, with snow that soon turned to rain. Tuesday was about the same, but at night it snowed furiously and before midnight there were fully five inches of

the beautiful spread over the ground. Rain followed and soon reduced the blanket to tatters. About two inches of moisture fell that night. Since then the weather has been cloudy and threatening most of the time, a few drops of rain or a few flakes of snow falling occasionally.

The lowest temperature was Sunday morning, 18 above zero, and the highest temperature of the week was 58 on Saturday.

Up the river more snow fell and at the Vandeventer place and further south the snow fall was reported at 16 inches, though but a small part of that remains. The snow extended only about two miles out from Bend on the Prineville road. From there to Shaniko it was rain and plenty of it. The road between Prineville and Shaniko is reported very bad.

Mr. Wiest is having considerable work done on his homestead, clearing several acres of the sagebrush and preparing for tilling the land and fencing it.

Miner Lewis, of Portland, John Combs and Ed Jerome, of Prineville, and Frank Devine, of Albany, were at the Pilot Butte Inn Monday, on their way to Silver Lake, to attend to land matters.

A Baptist Union Sunday school was organized at the Bend school house last Sunday afternoon, with Thomas W. Triplett as superintendent. It is expected to organize the classes the coming Sunday.

Charlie Birdsong, who was at work on the Swalley ditch, and his sisters, Misses Minnie and Nellie, who ran a cooking tent, left last week for their home on Johnson creek, above Prineville.

Joseph Taggart, formerly a hotel man of Bemidji, Minnesota, arrived Wednesday night to look over conditions about Bend. He left out today. He was a guest at the Pilot Butte Inn, and Max LePage showed him about the town.

L. D. Wiest the other day happened to be home when a hawk swept boldly down and hooked a chicken. Mr. Wiest seized his gun and slew both hawk and chicken at one shot. The chicken made a meal for the family instead of for the hawk.

HOW KEVER KILLED THE BEAR.

Dog a Valuable Assistant and Thought He Did it all.

John L. Kever killed a bear Monday. He gave half of the carcass to the Triplett's for helping to pack the whole out of the lava bed and a large part of the remainder went to Mr. Kever's friends who have a tooth for bear meat.

Billy Brock, coming down the road Sunday about dusk, saw the bear some distance above Wetweather Springs. Bruin was making tracks for the river. Mr. Brock was not equipped for hunting bear so he came on. Next morning Mr. Kever heard of it and started out with dog and gun. He found the bear trail where Brock had reported it and the dog followed it with little difficulty, though the tracks were covered with a light snow. The bear had gone out in the edge of the lava between Lava butte and the river. Sunday night the beast slept there about 3 1/2 miles from the point where he crossed the wagon road.

After that the trail was fresh and the dog showed great interest in it. Soon he came upon the bear and made the fact known by ferocious barking. The bear held his ground and the dog was very discreet until Mr. Kever came in sight and urged him on. Then the bear turned to run and the dog nabbed him. Up a tree went bruin, but when he saw the hunter coming he leapt down and tried to get away. But when he would flee the dog was upon him and when he turned to fight the dog was at a distance. Again the bear went up a tree to get clear of his tormentor and again he came down as the hunter hove in sight. It was anything but easy traveling over the sharp lava rocks and through the dense manzanita bushes. A third time the bear went up a tree.

Kever saw his prey this time before the bear was moved to the point of jumping down. Pausing a few moments to get his breath and a steady aim, he fired to break the bear's neck, and the shot went home. Down he came in a heap and the dog was upon him instantly. When the hunter came up the proudest dog in Oregon welcomed him to see what had been accomplished. After Kever had cut the bear's throat the generous dog recognized the trophy as a partnership affair, but his pride was not one whit abated.

The bear was a brown one and his weight dressed was near 200 pounds. The skin is a beauty, and the flesh proved quite a treat to those who had a chance at it. This was Mr. Kever's first bear. It was also the dog's first adventure of this kind. The dog is prouder than his master over the achievement.

This, without doubt, is the same bear that was at H. L. McCann's homestead Friday night of last week. The McCann's live on section 1 of 19-12. They recently arrived from Minnesota and while their cabin is building they occupy a tent. The family had, among other things, honey for the supper Friday night and what was left was set on a table against one side of the tent inside. The bear came up to the tent and pushed his nose against the cloth wall near the honey. That upset the table and made a great racket which aroused the family and also evidently scared the bear, for when Mr. McCann got out to investigate he saw only a black speck retreating in the distance. His horses were frightened away and two days later were found nearly 10 miles to the southward. That bear moved over toward the river and soon fell before Kever's dog and gun at a point about eight miles west of the McCann place.

PLUNGED IN THE DESCHUTES.

Rough Experience of Roberts Boys Returning from Homestead.

The Roberts boys, Millson and Elwood, returned Tuesday night from their homesteads in 22-9. Their brother Thomas accompanied them on their trip. They had plenty of experience on their way down.

The three left Millson's homestead on the west fork, or Big river, Sunday morning, floating down in a new boat built there. They found fine shooting Sunday and bagged a 200-pound buck, a swan and a lot of ducks. They made camp at the foot of Fish Traps Sunday night. Monday morning they started early and soon struck a snag. The boat swung around broadside to the swift current and was bottom side up in a jiffy. The water is a dozen feet deep there and the men had opportunity to grope around quite awhile before getting to the surface. But all finally came up and got hold of the boat before it escaped down the stream.

About 100 yards down the stream they succeeded in touching shore when the boat was righted. The buck stuck to the boat but all the rest of the game was gone. The rifle and ammunition went to the bottom of the stream, with provisions, a grip full of extra clothing and some tools. Several miles below the rolls of blankets and the swan were recovered, where they had caught on some snags at the river bank.

It was snowing furiously and the men had no dry matches to light a fire nor axe to cut wood. So they pushed on, hoping to reach Allen's place, 40 miles below, by night. But when George Bates's cabin was reached, about 5 o'clock, the men were so cold and hungry they could go no further and they broke into the cabin with some difficulty. There they found dry matches and built a fire and got warm and dry. They had a good meal of venison and spent the night in reasonable comfort. Elwood Roberts, who had lost his hat in the upset, found a boy's hat at the cabin, which, though a misfit, sufficed to protect his head until he reached home.

Tuesday the party resumed the voyage and reached Allen's a little before noon. From that point they walked to town, a distance of 16 miles. It was snowing and slippery and it took them six hours to cover the distance. They were somewhat stiff and lame but otherwise uninjured by their experience. It was a narrow escape.

It snowed every day the Roberts were up in the woods and there is now a foot and a half of snow on the level, but the weather is not cold. Game is plentiful.

LOCAL NEWS

There will be a dance at Staats's hall, over the postoffice, tomorrow night.

Widd Barnes, of Prineville, was visiting friends in Bend a few days the first of the week.

Bert Caldwell is down from Paulina prairie and will probably spend the winter in Bend.

Cyrus J. Sweet was up to his homestead last week and then returned and left Saturday for a few weeks' visit in Helena, Montana.

Claus Asmus left this morning for his homestead in 19-11, about 16 miles southeastward from Bend. He took up a load of winter supplies and will spend the coming six or eight months on his claim.

Freighter Bates arrived Saturday with a load of Merchandise from Shaniko for the Bend Mercantile Company and Freighter Gregory

arrived with a load from Prineville for the same establishment. There is a big lot of freight at Shaniko for the Bend Mercantile Company, which is being brought in as fast as possible.

Mrs. C. E. McDowell, of the Prineville Hotel, was in Bend Monday, on her way to Silver Lake to make proof on the timber claims of herself and her deceased husband.

Thomas Roberts left yesterday morning for Spokane, from which place he will go either to Palouse City or Coeur d'Alene, where sawmills are to be built that will give plenty of work in Mr. Roberts's line, that of millwright. He spent about a month at Bend.

Work at the P. B. D. Co's flume has not made much progress the past week on account of the weather. Considerable progress has made, however, in clearing the canal route below the flume, where many tree tops and logs and rubbish had to be removed.

The county court this week granted three saloon licenses for Bend, referred the matter of a change in the Bend road to the district attorney and authorized a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of any one setting out incendiary fires in this county.

Colonel J. H. Drake and James G. and Arthur Goodwillie, of Chicago, who had spent 10 days as guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Drake, left Tuesday for Portland. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Drake accompanied them. Mrs. Drake expects to return to Bend before Thanksgiving but Mr. Drake may be away longer.

The school board held a meeting Monday evening and ordered the J. K. Gill Co., of Portland, paid \$7.50 for a reading chart and the Bend Mercantile Company paid \$2.80 for sundries. The clerk was instructed to call for bids for janitor work and a meeting will be held next Monday night to consider these.

Nels C. Rasmussen, who left with a winter outfit for his homestead on Big river last week, did not get through easily. Ole Erickson started to take Rasmussen up with Sisemore's team, but the snow made the road difficult and Rasmussen got two teams at Vandeventer's to go the remainder of the way, letting Sisemore's team return home.

James Maxwell, of Odell, came in from Shaniko Sunday night and Tuesday continued his journey homeward. He had been to the railroad to meet Miss Belle Fleming of Los Angeles, and Miss Junia Olson, of Sumpter, who will spend the winter on their homesteads in the Odell vicinity. They were delayed here Monday on account of the snowstorm.

Judd Palmer and his father returned Sunday from their trip to Silver Lake to make proof on their timber claims. The old gentleman remained at Silver Lake while Judd went on to Lakeview. On the return trip one of his horses sickened and died at Silver Lake. He managed to get another horse to come out to Bogue's and there got a horse to continue the journey. Fortunately he had an extra horse at home to fill out his team.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Morrison moved up to the mill of the Pilot Butte Development Company the first of this week and Wednesday made arrangements for running the boarding house there. Heretofore the company has been providing everything and hiring the cooking done. Hereafter the men's board will be supplied by contract. The Kevers, who have been managing the boarding house for several weeks, will move back to town.