

THE BEND BULLETIN

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
LUDDEMAN & LAWRENCE.

"For every man a square deal, no less and no more."

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year.....	\$1.00
Six months.....	.50
Three months.....	.30

(Invariably in advance.)

HOW TO REMIT.

Remit by bank draft, postal money order or Bend express money order, or registered letter. Make all remittances payable to the Bend Bulletin.

Stage and Mail Schedule.

ARRIVE AT BEND.

From Shaniko via Prineville..... 7 a.m. daily
From Laketown and Silver Lake..... 8 a.m. daily except Tues
From Tumalo Tues., Thurs., and Sat..... 10 a.m. p.m.
From LaLidaw daily except Sunday..... 1 p.m.

LEAVE BEND.

For Shaniko via Prineville..... 8 a.m. daily
For Laketown and Silver Lake..... 9 a.m. daily except Sun
For Tumalo Tues., Thurs., and Sat..... 8 a.m.
For LaLidaw daily except Sunday..... 3 p.m.

POST OFFICE HOURS.—Week days: 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Sundays from 8 a.m. to 12 m., and half hour after arrival of all mails from railroad reaching Bend before 8 p.m.

TELEGRAPH OFFICING HOURS.—Week days from 8 a.m. to 12 m., Sundays and holidays, from 8 a.m. to 12 m., and from 3 to 5 p.m. to

FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1906

For Sheriff.

To the republican voters of Crook county:

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the republican nomination for the office of sheriff of Crook county, under the provisions of the direct primary law, and subject to the decisions of the republican electors of this county.

WILLIS W. BROWN, Heisler.

The railroad senators are fighting the railroad rate bill as strenuously as they dare. They have reported it to the senate from committee and have placed it, while before the senate, in the hands of Senator Tillman, a democrat and one of the president's most bitter enemies. The reason for this action is presumably to weaken the bill by giving it the appearance of a democratic measure and also to give the president a direct slap. Tillman had previously denounced the bill and ridiculed the statement that the president was instrumental in getting an important rate bill through congress. This man now is to manage the bill before the senate. Keen observers say, however, that the railroad senators have overshot their mark, and the people will be so angered by their latest contemptible trick that they will make a most summary demand that the bill be passed. This should be done. Strange it is, that in our representative government, a measure drawn in the interests of the people should receive such treatment from some of our leading senators. It is time that such men be retired. They have lost their usefulness if they ever had any.

The spring influx of home-seekers has already started into the Deschutes valley. Bend hotels are doing a large business and each day brings in additional numbers to swell the already large list. The knockers have been true to their reputation and have been diligently at work spreading their false reports, but the country won't down. It's as persistent in coming to the front as Banquo's ghost. The resources are here to be developed, to make one of the richest and best countries under the sun, and you cannot kill its growth by spreading false reports. Let the knockers knock. They are only showing their own poor judgment.

familiar with the duties of the clerk's office and is thoroughly competent to perform them, makes him a strong candidate for the nomination. So far he seems to have things all his own way for the republican nomination, no definite announcement having been made by any other candidate.

Willis W. Brown a Candidate.

Sandra Pioneer.

Willis W. Brown of Heisler was in town on Sunday, and while here he authorized the announcement that he would be a candidate for the republican nomination for sheriff of Crook county at the primary election to be held April 20. Mr. Brown has been prominently mentioned as a probable candidate for some time, and his announcement occasions no great surprise.

Mr. Brown has been a prominent stockman in the country for a number of years and has a wide acquaintance. He has also been prominent in the councils of the Republican party of the county. He is recognized as one of the strongest candidates who has yet announced himself for the office of sheriff, and should receive the nomination of his party in April, there is no doubt but that he will carry the full strength of his party in the June election.

An Open Letter.

TUMALO, Feb. 27.—The people of this part of the county are very much disappointed over the impression our worthy (or unworthy as you may call him) county road overseer left, when here, about our roads from here to Bend.

Some time ago a petition was circulated along and adjacent to the road from Tumalo to Bend and some 120 people signed and forwarded it to PRINEVILLE county court, asking them to make us a donation of \$400 to put our roads in shape so we could get out to civilization. I guess that is what the court house ring thought about it. I suppose they think the west side of Crook county is some foreign land and inhabited by some savages accustomed to traveling cattle trails. For they sent out their road overseer, as they call him, at a salary of about \$4.00 a day, to see if we needed a road repaired and to report on same, and if we needed it they would make us an allowance. But I guess the report was all made up before he was sent. Now doesn't that look like they thought we were brothers when they can't take the good honest men's word for it that we need our roads repaired, but have to send one of their ring out to see? That is to say,

Road boss says we don't need the road repaired, for the reason that this particular road will be put on the section line 100 years from now and that it would not be wise to take county road funds away from Prineville and spend it out here. I wonder if he knows that if the road is ever fenced off that party fencing it will have to put it in as good condition and as good a place and not make the distance any greater than it is, and as for the possibilities of it ever being fenced it is not likely to be very soon as this land is all owned by timber men and it will no doubt be many years before it will be fenced.

This is not the only petition for roads from this part that has been turned down. Every effort by the people of the west side has simply been ignored by our county court. Why is this? It is simply because we are trying to build up a country and develop it.

I wonder if our road boss ever fenced up against his neighbor. Does this look like he wanted roads? I am sorry to say he has interests on the west side but is unfortunate enough to be influenced by a political pull. But a \$4.00 a day job is a big object. Now this road is known and talked about by everyone who travels it— that it is the worst piece of road in Oregon. It is simply out of the question to haul a load over it. It is a disgrace to any county court to have such a road under their jurisdiction. But what do they care as long as they get their salaries.

Prineville, your days are numbered. You will see your folly, but it will be too late. It will be after men, who can not be influenced, get the say. You have about driven the last nail into your coffin. Your inscription will be "Dead and Forgotten."

A TAXPAYER.

Echoes from the Camp.

There's a man in camp we would all adore,

If he could miles away on some foreign shore,

We'd be glad to do, but sleep and eat,

Plenty of books and a nice cosy seat.

He came into camp about a month ago,

said he was a cook, and a good one you know;

Told the kind Chieff what he could do—

And the rest of my tale is sad but true.

Well he went to work on Sunday morn,

Then a mean late breakfast for him to get.

And it was so good, I can taste it yet.

The following weeks his meals were fine,

His cooking was excellent, we were right in line;

And a big lunch was always to get off to the moon when your feet were wet.

On the Oregon Eastern twenty below,

With cold wind and rain, and two feet of snow

Into camp at night with the cold how you shake.

A hot bowl of soup is not hard to take.

But now there's a change, the cook's gone mad.

Over Nick Carter's death, poor fellow, he said,

The biscuits were killed, the soap has died,

And now it's canned horse, not even fried.

Now you might say, "he's fit to be killed,"

Well the kind Chieff he will do fine.

Out in the woods you can't always eat.

The good things of a city, so nice and sweet.

But I tell you kind friends he's got the best.

That money can buy, out here in the west.

And the little game he's trying to play—

He breakfast it's mush and hominy meal;

He dinner it's everything out of a can;

He supper it's gallon so louder, with salt

That we spent all our money in buying malt.

The goods we have, you'll pay off.

He's always been a good boy, he would be fine.

But those for breakfast are just like sakes.

Now dear friends, the weather out side is well.

Now how long we're going to stay here.

Read the Bulletin for ALL the news.

CONSUMPTION OF LIQUOR.

Norway Is the Least Intemperate of All the Nations.

Americans are only moderate drinkers compared with those of other countries. The average citizen of the United States, counting in the women and children (which is not fair, but serves for the moment as a basis to figure upon), consumes in the course of a year liquor which contain one and a third gallons of pure alcohol. But the Frenchman, who, though formerly one of the soberest, has become the worst drunkard in the world, absorbs annually three and a half gallons of alcohol. The Belgian and the Swiss come next, with a consumption of two and four-tenths gallons. Then follow the Spaniard with two and a third gallons, the Italian with just a trifle less, the Englishman and German with two and a tenth, and the Austro-Hungarian with about one and three-quarters gallons.

On the other hand, the American citizen by no means stands at the top of the list in respect to sobriety. The Swede drinks only one and a sixth gallons of pure alcohol in a year; the Hollander drops considerably below him, with one gallon even; the relatively virtuous Russian, notwithstanding his much advertised addiction to vodka, absorbs only a trifle more than six-tenths of a gallon, and, finally, the Norwegian, who occupies a proud eminence as the most abstentious man in the world, barely exceeds a modest half gallon of the stuff in a twelve-month's potation. It might be added for the sake of definiteness that the average person in the United States annually drinks one and a third gallons of proof spirits (which are 50 per cent alcohol), one-third of a gallon of wine and sixteen and a quarter gallons of malt liquors, chiefly beer.—*Pearson's Magazine*.

ECSTASIES OF MECCA.

Scene at the Annual Visitation of Mohammedan Pilgrims.

Mecca, at the season of the annual visitation of Mohammedan pilgrims, thus described in *Everybody's* in "With the Pilgrims to Mecca," translated from the narrative of Ibn Jubayr All of Banjar Atas:

"Like a gigantic entangle, number shrouded in mystery, the Kaaba rises out of the seething sea of white garbed humanity that crowds the great sacred square of Mecca. Its door is covered with plates of solid silver studded with silver nails. From the exterior of the roof, above a stone marking the sepulcher of Ishmael, which lies at the base of the northern wall, there projects a horizontal, semicircular rain spout five yards long, twenty-four inches wide, made of massive gold. Within the roof is supported by three columns of alabaster; the walls are hung with red velvet alternating with white squares in which are written in Arabic the words, 'Allah-al-Jalil' (Praise to God, the Almighty). The building is packed with pilgrims, praying, weeping, beside themselves in an ecstasy of passionate devotion. Mingled with their voices there rises from outside the chant of the Taifib, the song of the whirling sheet, which every pilgrim must sing on entering Mecca, on entering the sacred Buraq, on entering the Haram, and on starting for Mihr, the valley of desire, and Arafat, the mountain of compassion."

Great In His Line.

Mr. Robert Barr once showed a portrait of Mark Twain to a silk merchant of Lyons. "Tell me who that is," Mr. Barr said. The merchant gazed at the portrait and answered, "I should say he was a statesman." "Supposing you wrong in that, what would be your next guess?" asked Mr. Barr. "If he is not a maker of history he is perhaps a writer of it; a great historian, probably. Of course it is impossible for me to guess accurately except by accident, but I use the adjective 'great' because I am convinced this man is great in his line, whatever it is. If he makes silk, he makes the best." Mr. Barr told the French merchant who the portrait represented and said, "You have summed him up in your last sentence!"—London News.

Speaking of Ancestry.

Mr. Chase has such an exaggerated respect for the blue blood of Boston which runs in his veins that his manner is slightly patronizing. He was lately introduced to a Syrian of good birth and education who lives in this country.

"And may I inquire," he said blandly in the course of the conversation, "if you are of the Christian religion?"

"My family was converted to Christ's teaching at the time of John's second visit to Lebanon," quietly replied the Syrian.—*Youth's Companion*.

His Intellectual Size.

Cholly Nitwit—D'y know, Miss Cutler, though I've only just met you, there seems to be a—er—sort of intellectual sympathy between us. You know just how to appeal to my fastes, you know. Are you a literary woman?

Dolly Cutler—No, I'm a kindergarten teacher.—*Cleveland Leader*.

The Face.

If we could but read it every human being carries his life in his face and is good looking or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the die chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work.—Alexander Smith.

Take the Stars.

She—You've been out every night since I married you, and you swore you would be as true as the stars above. He—Well, isn't the stars above out every night took a judge.

The goods we have, you'll pay off.

He's always been a good boy, he would be fine.

But those for breakfast are just like sakes.

Now dear friends, the weather out side is well.

Now how long we're going to stay here.

Read the Bulletin for ALL the news.

By MICHAEL T. NOLAN, Register.

OREGON POLITICAL INFORMATION

[Compiled by the Secretary of State and Attorney-General.]

Registration.

Registration books opened by county clerks. Tuesday, January 2, 1906. Registration books close for primary election, April 5, 5 p.m. Registration books opened after primary election April 25. Registration books closed for general election May 15, 5 p.m.

Direct Primary Election.

County clerks give notice of primary election not later than March 15. Last day for filing petitions for placing names on ballot for state, congressional and district offices, March 15. Last day for filing petitions for county officers, April 4.

Date of primary election, April 16. Counting votes of primary election for state offices, May 15.

Initiative Petitions.

Last day for filing incomplete advocating measures, December 1, 1906.

Last day for filing initiative petitions, February 1, 1907.

Last day for filing pamphlets opposing measures, March 1, 1907.

Number of signatures required to initiate laws or amendments, 1906.

General Election.

Petitions for qualifications of district officers, such as circuit judge, district attorney, probate judge and joint representative, must be filed in the office of secretary of state, and not in the offices of county clerks, and the dates governing same.

Last day for filing certificates of nomination for county officers