

# Crescent

HE JUNCTION CITY.

Situated 50 miles south of Bend, on the Oregon Trunk Railroad and on the Natron Cut-off of the Southern Pacific, Crescent offers Great Investment Bargains. Special Inducements for Business Men and Home Makers. Automobile Service from Bend

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Also Some Choice Business Lots. Timber Lands Bought and Sold.

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Has received a full line of

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Suits made to order from \$15.00 up. Call and see the samples before buying elsewhere. Cleaning and pressing given special attention.

Shop on Bond St.

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*The Men's Toggery*

MERCHANT TAILORING A SPECIALTY

My business is increasing. I have had to increase my store and stock and have just received a full line of Shoes, Wool Underwear, Coat Sweaters, etc., and the snappiest line of Hats ever shown in your city.

RIGHT PRICES

RIGHT QUALITY

WHEN IN BEND STOP AT

## THE PILOT BUTTE INN

Table always supplied with the best that the town affords.

Neat and Comfortable Rooms.

BEND, OREGON

### THE PRIZE PRESENT.

It Was the Gem of the Wedding Gifts He Assured the Bride.

Bored, unexpectably bored, he found himself in the room where the gifts were displayed. But then he might as well be here as any place else, he argued, for everything connected with a wedding was a bore. His gaze wandered listlessly over the collection of silver, meat forks, cut glass berry bowls and onyx clocks till it fell on a faded little old Japanese print almost hidden behind a hideous chafing dish that looked as if it might have been handed down by the cliff dwellers.

In another moment he was before it, fingling with excitement, the spirit of its collector rampant.

"An Utamaro, sure as you're alive!" he exclaimed, looking about for some one with whom to share his joy. Anybody would do, so he rapped a stranger on the shoulder and announced with the air of reporting the discovery of a diamond mine, "It's an Utamaro, the real thing!"

"A what?" asked the man, adjusting his glasses.

"It is by Utamaro, the master of Japanese artists," he answered as he fled in search of his wife. She would understand. "To think of wasting it on those donkeys who won't know it from a signboard!" he grumbled.

He found her shaking hands with the bride, so he rushed up and rung the girl's hand enthusiastically. "I have just been admiring that peachy Utamaro!" he exclaimed excitedly.

"A peachy Utamaro! What's that?" asked the bride, mystified.

"That rare old Japanese print up there. It's the gem of your whole lay-out."

"Oh!" exclaimed the bride faintly, looking a little queer, so he thought, as she turned to greet another guest.

As his wife dragged him away he demanded to know what the dickens was the matter with that Utamaro.

"It was our present to them," she moaned. "I didn't dare tell you. You would have wanted it for your collection."—Los Angeles Times.

### A BOSTON LANDMARK.

The Grasshopper Weather Vane Perched Atop Faneuil Hall.

Perched on the cupola of Faneuil hall is a grasshopper weather vane which is not only one of the oldest vanes in the country, but is famous as the product of one of America's earliest woodcarvers and artisans, Shem Drowne of Boston.

Drowne's shop was on Ann street in the north end.

Of the many vanes he made only three are now known to be in existence—the one on the Shepard Memorial church in Cambridge, which formerly was on the steeple of the New Brick church on Hanover street in this city and known as the revenge vane; the one in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical society, a relic of the old Boston province house, and the one on Faneuil hall.

This grasshopper of copper, hammered out by hand, has large glassy eyes, which in the sunlight shine like fire. It was made in 1742 at the order of Peter Faneuil when the hall, his gift to the town, was nearing completion.

It has not, however, lived a life of unbroken peace, for several times it has been near destruction. In 1755, when Boston was shaken by an earthquake, the vane fell to the ground, but after being supplied with a new leg by the son of the man who made it it was replaced.

Five years later Faneuil hall was seriously damaged by fire, but the vane remained intact, and when the hall was rebuilt the grasshopper was once more given the place of honor.

Another disaster befell it when in 1880 a flag was being raised to celebrate the anniversary of the evacuation of the city by the British. The hooper hopped to the street below. But in a few days it hopped right back again, and there it has remained ever since, with the exception of an occasional removal for repairs.—Boston Globe.

### When Solid Iron Floats.

Experiments have shown that if a ball of solid iron be lowered into a mass of liquid iron by means of a metal fork the ball at first sinks to the bottom with the fork, but that in a few seconds it will leave the prongs and rise to the surface, where it continues to float until it melts. The rising is explained by the expansion of the ball, due to heating, whereby it becomes, bulk for bulk, less dense than the molten metal.—St. Louis Republic.

### Kipling's Corn-cob.

"Did Kipling ever steal one of my corn-cob pipes?" said the late Mark Twain once.

"Never, and if he says so he's wrong. He tried to steal one and failed; then he tried to steal another, but I prevented the theft and gave it to him, probably the only pipe that Kipling ever got honestly."

### Thrift.

An economical housewife drank a quantity of silver nitrate by mistake. The doctor, who had been hastily summoned, ordered large drafts of the white of eggs to be administered. "Mary, Mary," murmured the almost unconscious patient, "save the yolks for puddings!"—Success Magazine.

### The Champion.

"By the way," continued the neat sport, "who is the lightweight champion of America?"

"It is still a matter of doubt," answered the wise guy. "Some claim the title for the coal dealer, while others say the leeman is entitled to it."—Chicago News.

### POWDER AND GUNS.

Evidence That They Were Used Long Before the Christian Era.

There is abundant evidence that the origin of gunpowder and artillery goes far back in the dim ages of the past.

The Hindoo code, compiled long before the Christian era, prohibited the making of war with cannon and guns or any kind of firearms. Quintus Curtius informs us that Alexander the Great met with fire weapons in Asia, and Philostratus says that Alexander's conquests were arrested by the use of gunpowder. It is also written that those wise men who lived in the cities of the Ganges "overthrew their enemies with tempests and thunderbolts shot from the walls." Julius Africanus mentions shooting powder in the year 275. It was used in the siege of Constantinople in 698, by the Arabs in 699, at Thessalonica in 904, at the siege of Belgrade in 1073, by the Greeks in naval battle in 1028, by the Arabs against the Iberians in 1147 and at Toulouse in 1218.

It appears to have been generally known throughout civilized Europe as early as 1300, and soon thereafter it made its way into England, where it was manufactured during the reign of Elizabeth, and we learn that a few arms were possessed by the English in 1310 and that they were used at the battle of Crecy in 1346.—Cassier's Magazine.

### SHERIDAN'S RUSE.

It Settled the Dramatist's Account With His Wine Merchant.

It is related of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist and statesman, that, always in debt, he had among his creditors the brothers Challe, who were the partners in a wine firm in 1775.

One day when he was giving a dinner party to some distinguished people Sheridan sent for one of the brothers, told him he was now able to settle his account and invited him to the dinner party, asking him to come before the hour for some private conversation.

Challe arrived early, and he was no sooner in the house than Sheridan sent off a servant with a note to the clerk, desiring him, as Mr. Challe was favoring him with his company, to send as soon as possible three dozen of burgundy, two dozen of claret and two dozen of port, with a dozen of old hock.

The unsuspecting clerk sent the wine, with which the guests were so pleased that they asked where it came from. Sheridan, turning toward Challe, said, "I am indebted to my friend here for all the wine you have tasted and am always proud to recommend him."

It was not until the following morning that Challe realized the double meaning in Sheridan's words. The debt was canceled.

### A Queer Fish.

A male fish which hatches the young of its mate is the Chromis paterfamilias. It is found in the Lake of Tiberias, Palestine. Strange to say, this industrious fish hatches its young in its mouth. When the female has spawned in the sand, the male approaches and draws the eggs into his gills, where they remain until hatched, when they struggle out of their confinement into the parent's mouth. As many as 200 perfect young are sometimes found in the mouth of an adult male. How the fish manages to feed itself without swallowing the young is a mystery. The grown fish is about seven inches long and one and three-quarters wide. Its back is olive green, shot with blue, and the belly is silver white, marked with green and blue. Near ancient Capernaum some hot springs form a small stream which runs into the lake, and it is in these warm waters that the chromis abounds.

### No Common Dog.

Gentleman to dog dealer—I gave you a high price for this dog last week because you warranted it to be a good house dog. My house was broken into last night, and the dog never even barked.

Dog Dealer—No, sir; I quite believe you. He was too busy looking for the burglars, so as to be able to identify 'em, to even think of barking. If you was out with this 'ere dog and was to meet 'em burglars he'd know 'em in a minute. He ain't no common barkin' dog; he's a reg'lar 'ective an' worth 'is weight in gold, he is.—London Answers.

### Not Her Fault.

Mrs. Lapeling was expressing her regret that she had been unable on account of illness to be present at the funeral of a neighbor.

"I always feel," she said, "that I ought to attend the obsequies of a friend, but I just couldn't go."—Chicago Tribune.

### Inherited.

"And now," said Professor Longhunter as he greeted Henry Peck, "what shall we make of your little boy—a lecturer? He has a sincere taste for it."

"I know he has," replied the male parent. "He inherits it from his mother."

### Dividing Her Weight.

"Don't stand on that delicate table to hang the picture, Martha. It'll break. You're too heavy."

"Oh, no, I'm not, mum. It'll bear me. I'm standing only on one foot."

We are inclined to believe in those whom we do not know because they have never deceived us.—Johnson.

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See HENRY SCHEWEL, Bend Agent

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