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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Or.,
October 26, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that—
George W. Shriver,

of Bend, Oregon, who, on March 4th, 1920, made Homestead No. 1024, for 160 ac. of land, Sec. 18, T. 36 S., R. 12 E., W. 4 M., has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Bend, Oregon, on the 13th day of December, 1920.

Claimant names as witnesses:
James E. Sawhill, William F. Vandever, Cort B. Allen, Jess T. Tholstrup, all of Bend, Oregon.
27-28 C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon,
October 26th, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that—
George W. Shriver,

of Bend, Oregon, who, on April 14th, 1920, made Homestead No. 1024, for 160 ac. of land, Sec. 18, T. 36 S., R. 12 E., W. 4 M., has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Bend, Oregon, on the 13th day of December, 1920.

Claimant names as witnesses:
C. B. Allen, W. F. Vandever, J. B. Heyburn, Luther Metke, all of Bend, Oregon.
27-28 C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Or.,
October 26, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that—
Walter Wheatley,

of Bend, Oregon, who, on April 20, 1920, made Homestead No. 1024, for 160 ac. of land, Sec. 18, T. 36 S., R. 12 E., W. 4 M., has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Bend, Oregon, on the 13th day of December, 1920.

Claimant names as witnesses:
George W. Shriver, C. B. Allen, W. F. Vandever, J. B. Heyburn, Luther Metke, all of Bend, Oregon.
27-28 C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon,
October 27, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that—
Walter Wheatley,

of Bend, Oregon, who, on April 20, 1920, made Homestead No. 1024, for 160 ac. of land, Sec. 18, T. 36 S., R. 12 E., W. 4 M., has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Bend, Oregon, on the 13th day of December, 1920.

Claimant names as witnesses:
George W. Shriver, C. B. Allen, W. F. Vandever, J. B. Heyburn, Luther Metke, all of Bend, Oregon.
27-28 C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Or.,
September 26th, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that—
H. B. Houston,

whose postoffice address is Bend, Oregon, did, on the 13th day of January, 1920, file in this office sworn statement and Application, No. 59345, to purchase the 1/2 sec. 18, T. 36 S., R. 12 E., W. 4 M., and the 1/2 sec. 19, T. 36 S., R. 12 E., W. 4 M., and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1920, and also amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the timber estimated 60,000 board feet at \$1.50 per M., and the land \$50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 26th day of December, 1920, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Bend, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

27-28 C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Or.,
September 26, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that—
Sadie A. Niswonger,

whose postoffice address is Bend, Oregon, did, on the 4th day of June, 1920, file in this office sworn statement and Application, No. 59347, to purchase the 1/2 sec. 18, T. 36 S., R. 12 E., W. 4 M., and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1920, and also amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the timber estimated 70,000 board feet at 25 cents per M., and the land \$50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 13th day of December, 1920, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Bend, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

27-28 C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Or.,
September 26, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that—
Sadie A. Niswonger,

whose postoffice address is Bend, Oregon, did, on the 4th day of June, 1920, file in this office sworn statement and Application, No. 59347, to purchase the 1/2 sec. 18, T. 36 S., R. 12 E., W. 4 M., and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1920, and also amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the timber estimated 70,000 board feet at 25 cents per M., and the land \$50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 13th day of December, 1920, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Bend, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

27-28 C. W. MOORE, Register.

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A VOLCANIC BEACON.

Curious Lighthouse of the Republic of
San Salvador.

The republic of San Salvador, on the Pacific side of Central America, is the only government on earth that collects lighthouse fees on account of a volcano that it owns.

The volcanic beacon is about eight miles inland from the port of Acajutla and its pillar of cloud by day and its fire sky night are visible for many miles out at sea. It erupts every seven minutes and is just as accurate as any revolving light that warns mariners in any part of the world. This volcano has been keeping up this seven minute series of eruptions ever since any one can remember. It is a favorite amusement of visiting gringos to sit by the hour during the lazy afternoons and, watch in hand, time the eruption until they tire of the amusement and fall asleep.

Every vessel that puts in at Acajutla—and it is quite an important port of call along that part of the coast—has to pay its lighthouse fee. There is no other lighthouse than the volcano, but that is a sufficient excuse for the government of Salvador to make a charge for its services. The explosions that accompany the eruptions sound like detonations of heavy charges of dynamite, but are not sufficient to shake the ground perceptibly more than a mile or two from the summit of the crater. At night there is a spurt of fire, a muffled report and a cloud of steam. By day only the steam is visible.—New York Press.

CONAN DOYLE WAS LATE.

The Lonely Schwarenbach Inn and a
Literary Coincidence.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once walked over the Gemmi. He was much impressed by the desolate appearance of the lonely looking Schwarenbach Inn. Here, it seemed to him, was an ideal scene in which a novelist might locate a story of mystery and crime.

He proceeded to invent a story of mystery and crime suitable to the creepy environment. It was a story of murder—the murder of a long lost son just home from the wars by his own father, the needy innkeeper, who did not recognize him until after the deed was done, but had resolved to kill and rob the first lonely stranger that passed that way with money in his pocket.

"The very thing," thought Sir Arthur, and he went down the hill cheerfully revolving the morbid conception in his mind. Then a strange thing happened.

After dinner, in the hotel at Leukerbad he picked up a volume of Maupassant's short stories and he found that the French author had not only been to the Schwarenbach Inn before him, but had actually located there a story practically identical with the one which he himself had just devised.—Travel and Exploration.

Prompt Punishment of a Liar.

Years ago the courthouse in San Francisco fronted the old Plaza. A trial was in progress, and counsel for the defendant was cross examining the plaintiff. An earthquake shook the chandeliers and dislodged some of the ceiling. Judge, jurors, witnesses and spectators rushed for the door; but, finding that the seismic disturbance was over, they returned.

"You can proceed with the cross examination of the witness," said the judge.

"Pardon me, your honor," said counsel for the defendant, "but after the late exhibition of the displeasure of the Almighty at the lies this witness was telling I do not care to further invoke divine wrath. I will ask him no more questions."—Los Angeles Times.

Horses in the Time of Homer.

The horses used in Homer's time were war horses. The warriors were drawn in chariots. The art of riding was known, but it is alluded to as something unusual. Ulysses at the time of his shipwreck "bestrode a plunk, like a horseman on a big steed." There are reasons for believing that the practice of riding was much later than that of driving, and the myth of the centaurs, where, according to Shakespeare, "man is incorporated and dematerialized with the beast," probably originated at an early period when the appearance of a man on horseback was a novel sight.

A Long Wait.

At a Denver hotel a woman went into one of the telephone booths and sat down. It is not possible to get a telephone number from the booth—the girl at the board has to call it. The girl went to the booth. "Did you want a telephone number?" she asked of the woman.

"No," replied the woman. "I'm just waiting for this elevator to go up."—Argonaut.

Very Considerate.

George—Do you see that pretty girl in the hammock? Harold—Yes. What of her? George—I saved her life last summer. Harold—Indeed? At the season porch. George—No; on the front porch. I proposed to her and she said she'd die if she married me, so I excused her.—Stray Stories.

Bogey.

Stranger—I say, my lad, what is considered a good score on these links? Caddie—Well, sir, most of the gents here tries to do it in as few strokes as they can, but it generally takes a few more.—Scottish American.

ARIZONA ROAD RUNNER.

A Sociable Bird That is Said to Hate
a Rattlesnake.

The road runner is one of Arizona's distinctive ornithological institutions. It is a long legged, long billed bird slender of build and standing sometimes ten inches high. It is not often seen in the farming districts, but is a familiar sight on the desert.

It has gained the name of road runner from its habit of taking the road in front of travelers be they on horse back or wheeled conveyance, and running swiftly or slowly, as occasion requires, showing off its neighborly spirit and running qualities. It is not uncommon for it to keep in company of the traveler for several hundred yards.

No resident of Arizona would kill a road runner. It is firmly believed that the bird is the deadly enemy of that monster of the desert, the rattlesnake. "Ye don't know whether any of our readers ever saw a road runner kill a rattlesnake. If there is an authentic story of such a thing we would be glad to publish it. But the accepted tradition is that the road runner and the rattlesnake are deadly enemies and that the rattlesnake fears the road runner beyond anything else.

It is told that the bird drives the snake into a coil and then, darting around the serpent like lightning, pecks it to death. Whatever truth there may be in the stories of the road runner's accomplishments as a disciple of St. Patrick, it deserves the friendly protection it receives. Its quaint sociability is always a diversion for the lonesome desert traveler.—Arizona Republican.

BRAINY BABY.

John Stuart Mill Was a Genius at
Three Years of Age.

At three years of age John Stuart Mill began the study of Greek, with "arithmetic as an evening relaxation." At eight he began Latin, Euclid and algebra and had to act as tutor to the younger children. He was a stern and efficient tutor.

At twelve he began scholastic logic and political economy—the latter his main lifework.

At fourteen, while paying a long visit to Sir Samuel Bentham in southern France, he learned French as a relaxation from studying two or three hours before breakfast, five hours between breakfast and dinner and two or three in the evening. Being for the time master of his own hours and not subject to a stern father, he took lessons also in his spare hours in music, singing, dancing, fencing and riding, but never became proficient.

At sixteen Mill could speak in debate with adults with ease and freedom. At eighteen he contributed to the Westminster Review. At twenty-one he was made assistant in the India office and received a large salary for those days.

But Mill was bald at twenty-two. He did not marry until he was forty-five. He himself said: "I never was a boy. It is better to let nature have its own way."

The Green Flash of Sunset.

One of the most rarely witnessed of natural phenomena, but one that has often been discussed at scientific meetings and that always awakens wonder when seen, is the so called "green flash" occasionally visible at the moment of the disappearance of the sun behind a clear horizon. The observer's eye must be fixed upon the rim of the sun as it disappears in order to catch the phenomenon. One authority tells us that he has seen the green flash, although rarely, at the instant of the setting of a bright star. Among the explanations offered is one based upon the optical principle of complementary colors. If one looks at the sun and then closes the eyes a green disk will be perceived. A sensitive eye might be similarly affected by a brilliant star.—New York Herald.

He Took the Blame.

"The guilty man always gives himself away," said a detective, "for, like the chap who bought the forty-cent bathing suit, he can't hide his guilty conscience. The chap I have in mind entered the water at Atlantic City in a forty-cent suit of blue flannel. As he splashed about he was joined by a girl friend. The girl flashed her bright eyes over the tumbling expanse of sea and then with a sigh of delight she said:

"Isn't the water blue today?" "It's shameful," said the man, with a hot blush: "It's perfectly shameful how this cheap bathing flannel runs!"

How to Look Pleasant.

By her gracious and cordial manner the wife of a western senator has long charmed those so fortunate as to attend her delightful "functions."

On one such occasion a close friend was alluding to the hostess' graceful method of making every one feel at home. "How on earth do you manage to do it?" the friend asked.

"Oh, it's easy enough," replied the woman with the engaging manner. "As each guest approaches to shake hands I just pretend to myself that the person I am going to speak to is some one I like."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Up the Rhine.

Mrs. Robinson—And were you up the Rhine? Miss Nurich (just returned from a European trip)—I should think so, right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!

Duty and today are ours; results and futurity belong to God.—Horace Greeley.

ROAR OF BIG GUNS.

The Effect Upon the Nerves and the
Sense of Hearing.

One of the penalties attendant on firing off big guns is deafness. So sure is this penalty to be exacted that it is asserted, no man can go through a long series of gunnery practice without having his hearing affected. A stranger on deck who hears a big gun speak for the first time will not soon forget the stunning report.

One gun is enough to startle a stranger, but the shattering effect of the whole armament when in action together can hardly be conceived. The strain upon nerves and senses when the "ending concussion takes place is terrible.

There is not a great difference between the effect of the big guns and that of the smaller pieces, strange as it may seem. If the visitor places himself beside one of the smaller guns and then listens to the roar of the big one, the sound will not appear much louder than that of the gun by his side. The extra distance to the muzzle of the big piece discounts the sound. The only apparent difference between the two will be that the smaller piece has a sharper, higher pitched tone, and that the big guns speak with a moreellowing roar.

If one watches the firing of the gun the crash has not such a startling effect as when it comes unexpectedly. Loud as it is, nature has prepared the watcher to resist the shock which he knows is impending.—Exchange.

ROMAN ARENAS.

They Were Not Mere Rings as Those
of the Modern Circus.

The arenas of ancient Rome were not, as some people suppose, mere rings or ovals, such as may be seen in the modern circus. They were broken up and varied in character according to the nature of the fighting to be done or to the caprices of those in authority.

On other occasions an arena might resemble the Numidian desert, on another the garden of Hesperides, thick set with groves of trees and rising mounds, while again it pictured the great rocks and caves of Thrace.

With these surroundings the combatants advanced, retreated, encircled their adversaries or kept wild beasts at bay as occasion offered or as their courage or fear suggested. Men combated not only with the more common brutes, but with such monsters as elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses and crocodiles.

On other occasions flocks of game, such as deer and war ostriches, were abandoned to the multitude, and in some cases the arenas could be turned into lakes, filled with monsters of the deep, and upon the surface of which naval engagements took place.—London Saturday Review.

Hints to Swimmers.

An expert swimmer is authority for the assertion that a vast majority of the drowning casualties which are attributed to cramps are in all probability the result of cardiac exhaustion. Nearly all experienced swimmers, he says, know that cramps when in the water are of comparatively infrequent occurrence. It is commonly in the calf of the leg, and the swimmer by lying quietly upon his back without undue alarm and stretching out the leg may overcome this somewhat painful involuntary muscular contraction. The exertion of swimming, however, is fully equal to the exertion of running, with the additional tax upon the system of a gradual lowering of the bodily temperature. It is one thing to know how to swim and quite another to be in a physical condition to do the swimming.—London Globe.

The Most Important Thing.

Commander Peary, at one of the numerous Washington dinners following his triumphant return from the pole, got the better of a senator in a war of wits.

"What is the good of your discovery?" the senator said. "I'll wager that you didn't find a single important thing at the north pole."

"Oh, yes, I did," said the explorer. "I found one very, very important thing."

"Humph! What was that?" the senator grunted.

"The way back home again," was the reply.

Hate All Around.

The famous English chief justice Holt and his wife hated each other to the limit, and when she fell dangerously ill he was so delighted that he became disgracefully tipsy. But his wife was equal to the emergency and sent for the great Dr. Haddcliffe, who hated Holt, and therefore out of spite when the case was presented to him came with great promptness and saved her life.—Westminster Gazette.

Old Enough to Notice.

"Are your papa and mamma at home?" asked the caller.

"No," replied little Marguerite. "One of them may be here, but they never are both at home at the same time."

Told Him.

"What's that boy yelling at?" asked the farmer of his son.

"Why," chuckled the boy, "he's just yelling at the top of his voice."

Sometimes Gets Embroidered.

Scandal is the one thing that never gets worn out at the edges by being passed around.—Chicago Record-Herald.

He is happiest who renders the greatest number happy.—Desmains.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Or.,
September 14th, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that—
Albert Harryman,

whose postoffice address is Bend, Oregon, did, on the 13th day of February, 1920, file in this office sworn statement and Application, No. 59345, to purchase the 1/2 sec. 18, T. 36 S., R. 12 E., W. 4 M., and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1920, and also amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the timber estimated 60,000 M board feet at \$1.50 per M., and the land \$50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 13th day of December, 1920, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Bend, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

27-28 C. W. MOORE, Register.

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