Bijou Theater

Latest Moving Pictures

FIRST SHOW 7:30
SECOND SHOW 8:30

Change of Program Sundays, Tuesdays, Fridays

Admission 15cts
Children 10cts

Subscribe for The Bulletin.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Or., September 19, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that

Anne B. Markel,

whose postoffice address is Bend, Oregon, did, on the 5th day of February, 1910, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 09267, to purchase the sw¼ sw¼ sec. 30, T. 17 S., R. 12 E., W. M., and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the timber estimated 50,000 board feet at $1.50 per M, and the land $10.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 5th day of December, 1910, 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.

9-19 C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Or., September 20, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that

Moses Niswonger,

whose postoffice address is Bend, Oregon, did, on the 7th day of June, 1910, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 09267, to purchase the sw¼ nw¼ Sec. 30, T. 17 S., R. 13 E., W. M., and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the timber estimated 50,000 board feet at $1.50 per M, and the land $10; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 6th day of December, 1910, 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.

9-23 C. W. MOORE, Register.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

UNITED STATES

President	William H. Taft
Vice-President	James S. Sherman
Secretary of State	Philander C. Knox
Secretary of Treasury	Franklin MacVeagh
Secretary of Interior	Richard A. Ballinger
Secretary of War	J. M. Dickinson
Secretary of Navy	George von L. Meyer
Secretary of Commerce and Labor	Charles Nagel
Postmaster General	Frank H. Hitchcock
Attorney General	George W. Wickersham
Secretary of Agriculture	James Wilson
U. S. District Judges	Chas. E. Wolverton, Robert S. Bean
U. S. Attorney	John McCourt
U. S. Marshal	E. B. Colwell
Postmaster at Bend	F. O. Minor
U. S. Commissioner at Bend	H. C. Ellis

STATE

Governor	F. W. Benson
Secretary of State	F. W. Benson
Treasurer	O. A. Sheldon
Attorney General	A. M. Crawford
Supt. Public Instruction	J. H. Ackerman
State Printer	W. S. Duniway
Dairy and Food Commissioner	J. W. Bailey
Commissioner of Labor Statistics	O. P. Hoff
Railroad Commissioner	Thos. K. Campbell, Clyde B. Aitchison, Oswald West
Game and Forestry Warden	R. O. Sizemore
State Engineer	John H. Lewis
U. S. Senators	George E. Chamberlain, Jonathan Bourne, jr.
Congressmen	W. L. Hawley, W. R. Ellis
Supreme Judges	T. A. McBride, F. A. Moore, Robert Eakin, Wm. R. King, W. T. Slater

STATE BOARD OF CONTROL (WATER.)

John H. Lewis, State Engineer	Salem, Or.
H. T. Holgate, Supt. Div. No. 1	Bonanza, Or.
T. M. Saxton, Supt. Div. No. 2	Baker City, Or.

STATE LAND BOARD—Governor, Secretary of State and State Treasurer.

STATE DESERT LAND BOARD—Governor, State Treasurer and Attorney General.

SEVENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT

Judge	W. L. Bradshaw
Attorney	Fred W. Wilson

CROOK COUNTY

Judge	H. C. Ellis
Clerk	Warren Brown
Sheriff	Frank Elkins
Treasurer	W. F. King
Assessor	J. D. La Follette
School Superintendent	S. A. Ford
Surveyor	Fred A. Rice
Commissioners	R. H. Bayley, James Rice

THE COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT—First Monday in May; third Monday in October.

PROBATE COURT—First Monday in each month.

COMMISSIONERS' COURT—First Wednesday in January, March, May, July, September and November.

BEND SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 12.

Directors	M. Trip'ett, J. H. Ray, C. L. Hosaling
Clerk	L. D. Wiest
Teachers	J. C. F. Harrington, Miss Anne B. Markel, Miss Ada Porter, Miss Harriet Dolsen, Miss Florence C. Young, Miss Ida M. Anderson, Miss Katherine Haskins, Miss Nona Richardson, Mrs. Glenn H. Stack

CITY OF BEND

Mayor	S. C. Caldwell
Recorder	H. C. Ellis
Treasurer	S. J. Spencer
Aldermen	J. N. Hunter, J. H. Oneill, H. J. Overturf, T. W. Triplett, J. H. Kelley, W. B. Sellers

BURIED HIS OPPONENT.

"Sunset" Cox Pronounced the Eulogy and Wrote the Epitaph.

Adlai Stevenson in his reminiscences tells some stories of the witty New York congressman, "Sunset" Cox. One relates how Cox got even with a new member who tried to crush him, and another gives Cox's retort to Samuel J. Tilden's effort to win the dyed in the wool Republican state of Vermont in 1876.

A new member from a sparsely settled district entered the house. His avoirdupois was in keeping with the vast territorial area he represented. As a wit he was without a rival in his section. The admiration of his constituents over the marvelous attainments of the new member scarcely exceeded his own. Only the opportunity was wanting when the star of the gentleman from New York should go down and his own be in the ascendant. The opportunity at length came. In the great speech made by the new member Mr. Cox was the victim of the hour, the recipient of many compliments much more fervid than kind. The seven vials of wrath were opened upon him. A vast storehouse of wit, ancient and modern, was literally exhausted for the occasion. Even the diminutive size of the New York member was mentioned in terms of disparagement.

The speech caused much merriment in the house during its delivery, and its author, with an air of self satisfaction rarely witnessed even in that body, resumed his seat. Mr. Cox at once took the floor. No attempt will be made to do justice to his speech. The manner, the tone of voice, which caused an uproar upon the floor and in the galleries, can never find their way to print. Referring to the ill mannered allusion to his size, he said "that his constituents preferred a representative with brains rather than one whose only claims to distinction consisted in an abnormal abdominal development." In tragic tones he then pronounced a funeral eulogy over his assailant and suggested as a fitting inscription for his tombstone the pathetic words of Byron:

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

Soon after the nomination of Tilden for president Mr. Cox was invited to attend a political meeting at the state capital and address the Democracy of Vermont. When the scarcity of Democrats in the Green Mountain State is taken into account the significance of Mr. Cox's reply will readily appear. His telegram was to the effect that pressing engagements prevented his attending, but "if the Democracy of Vermont will drop into my library any afternoon about 4 o'clock I will address them with great pleasure."

A Tragic Wedding Ring.

A tragic story of a forgotten wedding ring is told in the "Lives of the Lindsays." He should have been at church when Colin Lindsay, the young Earl of Balcarres, was quietly eating his breakfast in nightgown and slippers. Reminded that Mauritia of Nassau was waiting for him at the altar, he hurried to church, but forgot the ring. A friend present gave him one, which he, without looking at, placed on the bride's finger. After the ceremony was over the countess glanced at her hand and beheld a grinning death's head on her ring. She fainted away, and the omen made such an impression on her that on recovering she declared she was destined to die within a year, a presentiment that probably brought about its own fulfillment, for in a few months the careless Colin was a widower.

The Old Way of Passing Bills.

A document found among the Duke of Rutland's papers at Belvoir castle throws a curious light upon the mode of getting private bills through the English house of commons in the days of King Charles II. The case in hand was the divorce bill of John Lord de Roos, an affair that caused a great deal of gossip in its day. One of his lordship's agents wrote in January, 1667: "On Wednesday last I got six and forty of the house of commons to the Dog tavern, in the palace yard at Westminster, when were present Mr. Attorney General and Mr. George Montagu. As soon as they had dined we carried them all to the house of commons, and they passed the bill, as the committee, without any amendments, and ordered it to be reported the next day."

News in Olden Times.

Not many minutes after a statesman has finished a speech nowadays the news is selling in the streets and has been flashed to every capital in Europe.

It was different in the elections in the time of Pitt. He made a memorable speech one March, and the eager public only learned exactly what he said from the Gentleman's Magazine of the following November.—London Saturday Review.

On the Wrong Back.

Charitable Lady—I gave your father the money to buy you a coat last week. I see you're not wearing it. Boy—No mum; 'e put it on a 'orse. Charitable Lady—On a horse? But he should have thought of your comfort before that of an animal.—Throne and Country.

Blissful Ignorance.

He (pointing with his whip)—There's a tobacco field. She—Give me the lines, dear, and see if you can find a ripe cigar for yourself.—Harper's Bazar.

Power is a fretful thing and hath its wings always spread for flight.—Wallace.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Its Flight Through Space Toward the Constellation Lyra.

In what direction are you moving? If you are going toward the Battery you will answer "south;" if up Broadway you will answer "north;" toward the Hudson you will say "west," and if in the direction of the East river you will reply "east."

These answers might be correct as regards the surface of the earth, but they may be far from answering the question, for the earth is turning eastwardly at the rate of about a thousand miles an hour, which carries you in that direction very much faster than you can move over the ground.

But that rotating motion, constantly changing your direction in relation to all outside the earth, is quite subordinate to another far more rapid motion that is carrying you and the earth around the sun eastwardly on an entirely different curve at the rate of about nine miles a second, ever changing your direction in relation to the stars in a circular path 279,000,000 miles long.

Yet that isn't a key to your direction, for little you, your tiny earth and your third rate sun, with all of its planets, are traveling as a united group in one direction, differing from all those mentioned. Find the large first magnitude bluish white star Vega, in the constellation of Lyra, and you will be looking in the direction of the flight that our system is taking through space. If you will observe the stars around Vega for a few hundred years you will find that they are apparently slowly separating, while the stars at the opposite pole of the heavens are slowly drawing together. That means we are moving toward Vega and away from the opposite point. This motion is in a circle that cannot be exactly measured, but there is evidence to show that it will require 18,200,000 years for our system to complete it.

Then can you answer, "I am moving toward Vega." Perhaps so, but more likely perhaps not, for it is far from unlikely that you and your solar system, with Vega and all of the galaxy of stars that eye can see on the clearest night, are moving in the same general direction around some great common center yet unknown. Who can tell? No one now, but the possibility is presented to the human mind from what we know of the motions of the great universal clock of space that marks off the seconds of eternity.—New York Herald.

A MAN'S GLOVE.

In the Old Days It Served as Proxy For Its Owner.

In the early days everything was not regulated for the people as it is now by the government and the law courts. Europe was still young then, and people had rough and ready means of dealing with one another, of buying and selling or giving goods and property and settling disputes. A glove, as it was very close indeed to a man's hand, came in course of time to be looked upon as taking the place of the hand itself, and sometimes took the man's place and was made to represent him.

For example, to open a fair it was necessary then to have the consent and protection of the great lord in whose country it was going to be held. Those who wished to open the fair would come to the nobleman and petition him to be present. He might be very busy or bored at the idea of having to go, yet he would know that it must be opened or his people would be discontented. So he would say to the leaders of the people: "No, my trusty fellows, I can't open the fair in person but I will send my glove to do it. You all know my glove. Nobody has one like it in the country. It is the one my lady mother embroidered for me in colored silks and silver wire, and it has a deep violet fringe. You can hang it above the entrance of your fair grounds as a sign that you are acting with my permission. If any one disputes your right or touches his master's glove I will attend to him. That's all!" So the glove would travel in state to open the fair.—Westminster Gazette.

Ready With His Tongue.

James T. Brady, a prominent member of the New York bar in the last century, was noted for his ready wit. Quick as Mr. Brady was with the readiness of his race for repartee, he sometimes met his match among his own countrymen. He was once examining an unwilling witness who persistently called him Mr. O'Brady. At length, even his proverbial good nature being a little ruffled, he said to the witness: "You need not call me Mr. O'Brady. I've mended my name since I came here and dropped the O." "Have ye, now?" retorted the witness. "'Pon my sowl, it's a pity ye didn't mend yer manners at the same time!"

Why He Was on Time.

Beranger was one day complimented by a lady on the punctuality with which he kept his engagements. "It is a pleasure," said she, "to invite you to dinner, for you never make us wait."

"I am no longer young, madam," replied the poet, "and experience has taught me one thing—it is dangerous not to arrive at the precise hour, for the guests who are waiting for you will pass the time in discussing your faults."

Spoiled the Evening For Her.

"I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at the dinner party last night?"

"No. Through some mistake they seated me next to my husband."—Chicago Record-Herald.

FOOLED HIM BADLY.

Now He Kicks on Letters Written In the Third Person.

In one of the Paris restaurants a party of literary men were discussing the merits of various epistolary styles. One of them, Monsieur A., made a fierce attack on letters written in the third person, such as "Monsieur X. has the honor to inform"— and so on. Another of the party defended them, maintaining that they were not only more ceremonious, but that they were more polite.

"That's a good idea!" replied Monsieur A. "The foundation of all politeness in letter writing is to express clearly what you mean to say. Now, nothing can be more ambiguous than these confounded notes in the third person. I will just tell you what happened to myself. I received from my friend D., the chief of division, a billet doux, which I will show you."

Taking the note from his pocket, Monsieur A. read as follows:

"Monsieur D., chief of division at the war office, hastens to inform his friend, Monsieur A., that he has just been named chevalier of the Legion of Honor."

"You can fancy my delight at reading this note," continued Monsieur A. "I was the happiest man in the world. I ran to an engraver and ordered him to make the flattering addition to my cards, 'Monsieur A., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.' I ran to a mercer's and bought a piece of the richest red ribbon for my buttonhole. I ran to the houses of my friends for the pleasure of receiving their congratulations. At last I ran to my friend D.'s. As soon as I caught sight of him I threw myself into his arms. 'Ah, my dear fellow,' I exclaimed, 'you have no idea what pleasure you have given. How shall I ever thank you sufficiently?'

"'You are an excellent fellow, my worthy A., to sympathize thus with my happiness.'

"'Thank you for that expression; the decoration is mine, and the happiness is yours.'

"'How is that? Have you received the order?'

"'Certainly; have I not?'

"'No, my good friend; 'tis I who am now made chevalier.'

"'You?'

"'Yes. You deserve the honor more than I do, but, nevertheless, it has been conferred on me.'

"'But you wrote me word that I had received the cross.' I took his letter out of my pocket and showed it him. Alas! I now understood clearly what meaning I ought to assign to the ambiguous phrase. 'The deuce take you and your note,' I said to D. 'Instead of your affected and formal announcement in the third person, why could you not write to me simply and plainly, "My dear friend, I have the pleasure of informing you that I now am decore chevalier?"'"

Quakers Never "Nervous."

It is not in my memory that a professing Quaker ever came into my hands to be treated for nervousness. If the opinion I have already stated so often is correct, namely, that want of control of the emotions and the over-expression of the feelings are prime causes of nervousness, then the fact that discipline of the emotions is a lesson early and constantly taught by Friends would help to account for the infrequency of this disorder among them and add emphasis to the belief in such causation.—From "Self Help For Nervous Women," by Dr. Kearsley Mitchell.

A Remarkable Man.

John Ziska, the great Hussite leader of the fifteenth century, was one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. His life story reads like a romance. Nothing in history is more interesting, more thrilling, than the account of his heroic deeds. Though blind and always greatly outnumbered, Ziska invariably beat his enemies and established for himself a fame that will last forever. He was never beaten in a battle. His very name was a terror to his enemies. He died in 1424, while besieging Prazabislaw, at the age of sixty-four.—New York American.

Spoons.

The origin of the spoon is uncertain. It must have been invented at a very ancient date, for it is found among people that have never come into contact with civilization. The necessity of having some implement for dipping water seems to have led first to the invention of the calabash or the use of the cocoanut shell and later on to the spoon.

Didn't Know "the Uncle."

Aunt Jane—I guess Mr. Spender must be a very neat person. Edith—And what leads you to that opinion? Aunt Jane—He told your Uncle George all his clothes but those upon his back were hung up. Some men, you know, throw their things round anywhere.—Boston Transcript.

Mistook the Punctuation.

The Young Woman (surprised and indignant)—How dared you kiss me, sir! Penitent Young Man—Why, you said you'd like to see me do it. The Young Woman—But you know as well as I do that I said it with an exclamation point at the end!—Chicago Tribune.

The Assent Sarcastic.

He (at the end of a fishing story)—My word, it was a monster! 'Pon my word, I never saw such a fish in my life! She—I don't believe you ever did!—London Mail.

Riches are able to solder up an abundance of flaws.—Cervantes.

SATHER

The STORE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY.

Come in and let us outfit you for the winter. Don't wait for the stormy weather---prepare for it now.

New supply of Servicable Winter

SHOES

A Complete Line of Rubber Footwear

HEAVY SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR

E. A. SATHER

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

BEND, OREGON

$50.00 Down $50.00 Down

Choice Residence Lots in Aubrey Heights

$50.00 NOW
BALANCE LIKE RENT

The Future Residence District of Greater Bend.

Contracts are let for several houses to be built immediately.

Deschutes Realty Co.

Bend Hospital

Attending Physicians—U. C. COE, B. FERRELL

M. ELLEN KERSHAW, Superintendant.
Graduate of St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago.

MRS. A. M. LUTES, Assistant,
Graduate of Columbus (Ohio) Training School.

Terms: $10 to $25 a Week, Payable Weekly.

There is a Nurse on duty at all times. No extra charge made for night duty, unless in extreme cases, when a special nurse is required