

NEWCOMERS ALL SATISFIED

EIGHT BUY FARMING LANDS

During Past Year Bend Real Estate Man Has Sold 1280 Acres That is Being Developed by Purchasers and Made In to Good Farms.

Striking evidence of the development of Central Oregon in the past twelve months is found in the record of one real estate man in Bend alone—J. B. Miner, who has been instrumental in bringing in eight satisfied purchasers of farming land in one particular community. Seven of the eight are active and aggressive farmers—the kind of people that Central Oregon needs in great numbers.

These newcomers made their purchases in the Sisters and Cloverdale district, the lands of which section are a special feature of Mr. Miner's business. Each purchase was for 160 acres, making a total of 1280 acres. Most of the men have a family and are making their homes on their land and developing it. Incidentally, they are an asset to Bend as they do business with the banks and merchants here and bring in their farm products.

The following is a list of these:
L. G. Grube, 160 acres, Cloverdale district, \$7500.
Ell Pray, 160, Cloverdale, \$8000.
C. V. Rivet, 160, Cloverdale, \$6500.
Duncan McGregor, 160, Cloverdale, \$5500.
Peter Smith, 160, Cloverdale.

"Fire's Out"

THEN comes the matter of insurance. You get out your policy and note the company in which you are insured. Certain questions should not arise to worry you at such a time.

You should not be worried by the question of whether you are insured in a company that dickers and delays over settlement.

You should not be worried over the question of whether the company can pay the claim.

You should not be worried by the question of whether you have had enough protection to cover your loss.

To be insured in the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** eliminates the first two of these worries. By consultation with a "Hartford" agent before taking out your policy, he will tell you the proper proportion of insurance to carry, and that eliminates the third worry.

The evident thing to do before the fire, in order to eliminate worry, is to be insured in the right kind of company.

W. P. Simer, 160, Cloverdale, consideration not given out.
F. L. Shaw, 160, Sisters, consideration not given out.
H. C. Cline, 160, Sisters, \$6500. With the exception of the Simer buy, these are all irrigated ranches. Mr. Cline last week purchased the John Wunderlich place. He comes from Skagit county, Washington. Mr. Cline says this land is equal, he believes, in productive possibilities to that selling in Skagit county at \$200 an acre, and his impression of the climate here is better. He made two trips in to investigate this property before buying, and also took it after trips through California and Idaho. Mr. Miner states that each of these buyers tells him that he is better satisfied now with his property than when he bought it and finds it better than it was represented to be, instead of not as good as represented as is sometimes the case.

Not only has Mr. Miner sold farms to others, but has himself bought one in the Laidlaw country. It is a 40-acre improved tract purchased from Jay Nichols. On the deal Mr. Miner traded in his auto. He has also just completed a five-room bungalow in Kenwood, at a cost of \$1500, and expects to move in tomorrow.

LOCOMOTIVE BURNS UP.

A. M. Pringle, who returned from Portland Sunday night, witnessed the unique sight of a locomotive burning up, when the oil-burning engine drawing the O-W. R. & N. train got on fire, on the Trout Creek grade, and all its woodwork was destroyed. In some way the oil caught fire, and then all the oil in the tender burned up, making a roaring blaze. Passengers and train crew managed to push the coaches away from the engine, down the grade. Fireman De Haven had his hair badly burned.

LOST BY AN EYELASH.

When James R. Keene Laid For Him a Big Bet on Besom.

Although James R. Keene was known as the nerviest of Wall street operators, he was anything but a betting man on the race tracks. He dearly loved to win valuable stakes, and he won nearly everything in this line except the classic English Derby. His horses rarely carried anything but an infinitesimal wager. Big wagers were few and far between with him. One day when his Ben Brush colt Besom was making his racing debut at Sheepshead Mr. Keene visited the paddock in company with his trainer, Jimmy Howe, and inspected the colt minutely. Keene was very fond of Besom, the colt's dam, and he talked proudly of his expectations of Besom. The colt had worked exceptionally fast, and the race looked as sure as sure things can be regarded on a race track.

The result of the conference with Howe was that Mr. Keene decided to make one of his rare large bets on Besom to win. The news of the Keene wager created almost a sensation in the ring, and the price against the colt went tumbling.

The race was run, and Besom lost by an eyelash. He went out with Berry Maid, and the two raced stride for stride like a team. When it was Besom's turn to stride his nose showed in front, and when it was Berry Maid's turn she showed a scant advantage. So it was all the way. Mr. Keene watching the contest through his field-glasses without a murmur. The crowd was on its toes. As they passed the judges it was Berry Maid's turn to stride. Then the apple of Mr. Keene's eye at the time lost the verdict, and the vice chairman of the Jockey club lost one of his few wagers on the turf.—New York World.

A PEEP AT IRELAND.

Where the Weather Plagues You Only to Fascinate You Later.

I must allow that it sometimes rains in Ireland, but Irish rain is not quite like other rain. It is, as a rule, softer than rain elsewhere, and if the truth must be told I like rain so long as one has not to say, "For the rain it raineth every day."

Irish weather is not so much capricious as coquettish. It likes to plague you, if but to prepare you to enjoy the more its sunny, melting mood. It will weep and wail all night, and, lo, the next morning Ireland is one sweet smile and seems to say: "Is it raining I was yesterday? Ah, then, I'll rain no more."

And the runnels leap and laugh, and the pastures and very stone walls glisten; the larks carol on their celestial journey; there is a pungent, healthy smell of drying peat; the mountains are all dimpled with the joy of life and sunshine; the lake lies perfectly still, content to reflect the overhanging face of heaven, and just won't your honor buy the stoutest pair of homemade hose from a barefoot, bareheaded daughter of dethroned kings with eyes like dewdrops and a voice that would charm the coin out of the most churlish purse?

If on such mornings as these you do not lose your heart to Ireland it must be made of stern, unimpressionable stuff indeed.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Edible Flowers of Butter Trees.

By far the most remarkable of edible flowers is that called from the butter tree of India. The blossoms of this singular tree are the chief means of subsistence with the Hills and other Indian hill tribes. An average tree yields from 200 to 350 pounds of pulpy, bell shaped flowers that, when they drop off during March and April, the hot months of the Indian year, are eagerly gathered by the natives. They have when fresh a peculiar and luscious taste, but the fragrance of them is not pleasant and is best and most briefly described as "mousy." Usually they are cured in the sun, shrivel to one-fourth of their size and then resemble nothing so much as raisins. The natives prepare them for food by boiling or using them in sweetmeats.—Suburban Life Magazine.

The Potato.

Whoever may have introduced the potato into England, according to Dr. Dorian's "Fable Traits," it was not known in North America in 1584, when Raleigh's colonists there are said to have sent it over to us. But the Spanish "batata," or sweet potato, from which the vegetable derives its name, was brought to Ireland many years before by Captain Hawkins from Santa Fe, in South America. This is probably the potato of Shakespeare's time. "Let the sky rain potatoes. I will remain here!" cries Sir John Falstaff, embracing Mrs. Ford.—London Telegraph.

Knew What He Was Doing.

Tom—You spend altogether too much money on that girl. Don't you know girls always accept everything a man gives them and then marry the fellow who saves his money? Jack—Sure I do. That's the reason I'm blowing in mine.—Boston Transcript.

Her Ear For Music.

"What is that tune your daughter is playing?"
"Which daughter?" asked Mrs. Compo. "If it is the older girl it's Libet's Hungarian rhapsody, and if it's the younger one it's exercise 27."—Washington Star.

The truest mark of being born with great qualities is being born without any.—Rochester Herald.

You will have no irritated face if you have your shaving done at Innes & Davidson's barber shop.—Adv.

NOTICE OF CONTEST.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, May 17, 1913.

To Jacob Schmidt of Hillsdale, Oregon, Contestee:

You are hereby notified that George G. Hodson, who gives Bend, Oregon, P. O. Box 347, as his post-office address, did on May 17, 1913, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your homestead, Entry No. _____, Serial No. 06681, made May 7th, 1910, for west half, section 10, township 20 south, range 15 east, Willamette Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that said Jacob Schmidt has failed to establish his residence or reside on said land, nor has he made any improvements of any character thereon; that he has failed to cultivate said tract or any part thereof and that such failure has not been due to his employment in the army, navy or marine corps of the United States in time of war or otherwise.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be canceled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

C. W. MOORE, Register.
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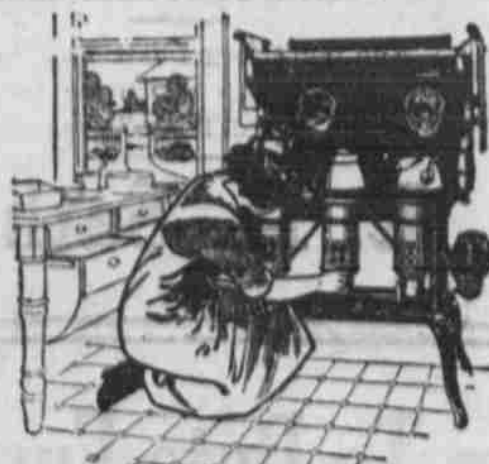
DURING THE PAST YEAR I have sold to eight men each a 160-acre tract in the Sisters and Cloverdale country. Every one will make affidavit that he is satisfied and pleased with his buy, and that everything has proved to be as represented, and even better.

These eight deals represent 1280 acres. I DO NOT MISREPRESENT. Pleased purchasers are the best advertisement for the country and for the real estate dealer. I do a special business in farming lands and if you want a good ranch it will be to your advantage to see me.

J. B. MINER

BEND, OREGON

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