

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

PETERS SHOES

WEAR GOOD SHOES ON CHRISTMAS DAY



MEN'S DRESS SHOES
\$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00

MEN'S WORK SHOES
\$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5, \$6

LADIES' SHOES
\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00

BOYS' SHOES, GIRLS' SHOES
\$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.25, \$3.50

INFANTS' SHOES
50cts., 60cts., and 75cts.

CHILDREN'S SCUFFLERS IN TAN AND BLACK
Sizes 5 to 8; \$1.75. Sizes 8; to 11; \$2.00

Complete Line of Rubbers

XMAS Felt Slippers



E. A. SATHER

AUTO DELIVERY, WALL STREET BEND, OREGON

When the Bugie Was a Geng.
When John E. Wilkie, formerly chief of the secret service, was young he served with distinction among the border fighters of the west in their raids on bands of insurgent Indians and cattle rustlers.

On one occasion, according to Mr. Wilkie, the posse on which he was serving ran out of available horses, and the horses had to be forced into commission. These animals were unaccustomed to any command other than that of the car bell and refused to obey the customary bugle calls.

Accordingly the posse found it necessary to procure a large gong, which was struck once for the troop to stop and twice for it to advance. In this manner they kept fairly good order.

One of the company, a bit of a wit, composed a parody on "Barbara Frietchie," a portion of which ran:
"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! Ding-dong!" he said.
—Youth's Companion.

The Nelson Golden Cenotaph.
One of the most valuable relics of Nelson in existence is a small golden cenotaph constructed to the order of Alexander Davison, the army contractor, who made Nelson's acquaintance at Quebec in 1782 and thereafter until his death remained on the closest terms of intimacy with him. This cenotaph was cast in the form of a pyramid out of the eighty-four guineas found after Nelson's death in his escritoire on board the Victory. When Davison came to grief it was sold by auction, together with some other Nelson relics, of which the most interesting was a miniature of Lady Hamilton, with a lock of her hair at the back, taken from his neck after he received his death wound. In April, 1875, the cenotaph was announced for sale by a Pall Mall dealer, but where it is now appears difficult to discover.—London Graphic.

The Dog Was Going Fast.
A Maine man tells a story of a friend of his in the west who was induced by a stranger to buy what was claimed by the latter to be the best wolf dog in the country. A few days later the man took his new purchase and started out early in the morning to try him out. The dog soon picked up the scent and started off, the man following on horseback. The dog was soon out of sight, but the man could hear him bark occasionally and followed on. About noon he met another man coming from the opposite direction and inquired if he had seen a wolf and a dog anywhere, to which the man replied that he had.

"And how were they going?" queried the man. "Was the dog nearly on to him?"

"Well," answered the other, "if I remember correctly the dog was just a trifle ahead."—Harper's Magazine.

Choir Boys of Grace Church.
From 100 to 300 boys with voices are always waiting to be admitted to the choir of Grace church, New York. They are enrolled thirty or more at a time and come from all over the country. Practically every one lives at the school for nine months of the year, says the Churchman. The boy's family find his books and clothing. Grace church does the rest—boards him, teaches him and employs him in its choir until he has outgrown the service. The choir boy is unpaid, and all money earned by him from musical engagements is kept by the choirmaster until he earns his honorable discharge. Parents must sign an agreement that their boys shall not be withdrawn from the school. The only musical requirements are a correct ear and the promise of a good and powerful voice.

Conflict of the Stars.
Every young star, such as our sun, attracts and gathers to itself quantities of impalpable cosmic dust which it encounters on its journey through space. Therefore every youthful heavenly body is increasing in size. But on the other hand every old and worn-out star reverses the process and instead of gathering in new supplies discharges its accumulations. In the end the old star is utterly disintegrated and dissolved back into primordial dust which reassembles somewhere on the outskirts of space where a new star is organized. This process of tearing down old worlds and rebuilding new ones goes on perpetually. Some of the forces which nature employs for this work are light, electric currents and gravitation.—Kansas City Star.

His Master's Politics.
During a general election in England a canvasser called at the house of the late Professor Froude, the historian. Mr. Froude was out, so the canvasser had to content himself with interrogating the butler as to how Mr. Froude would vote. The butler—an old servant, who understood his master well—replied: "When the Liberals is in Mr. Froude is sometimes a Conservative. When the Conservatives is in, Mr. Froude is always a Liberal."

A Cynical Selection.
At a "book dinner," at which the guests were asked to wear clothes suggestive of the title of a popular book, a certain nobleman appeared carrying a petticoat over his arm. The title he was suggesting was "Life's Handicap!"—London Opinion.

Generous.
Father (visiting at college)—My son, these are better cigars than I can afford. Son—That's all right, father. Take all you want. This is on me.—Exchange.

We learn wisdom from failure more than from success. We often discover what will do by finding out what will not do.—Samuel Smiles.

A Subscription to THE BULLETIN Would Make an Appropriate Christmas Gift.



CORSET WEARERS ATTENTION!

Having just returned from my second school of instruction to corsetiers, I am now better prepared to serve my customers than ever before. A card addressed to me will receive my immediate attention and I will call upon you at your home, in Bend or vicinity, by appointment, and make personal demonstrations.

ALFARETTA ORCUTT, Corsetier,
for the Spirella Corset, Box 210, Bend, Ore.

The Spirella boning is the only corset boning that is absolutely guaranteed not to rust, break or to take a permanent bend.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, December 8, 1913.

Notice is hereby given that Mary E. Harryman of Bend, Oregon, who on January 11, 1910, made desert land entry No. 95829, for W 1/2 NW 1/4 and N 1/2 SW 1/4, section 8, township 17 south, range 12 east, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final desert proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. EHRH, U. S. Commissioner, at Bend, Oregon, on the 22nd day of January, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses Martin E. Rogers, Frank Basl, John F. Young and John L. Moore, all of Bend, Oregon.

H. FRANK WOODCOCK,
Register.

ENTERTAINMENT IS ENJOYABLE

More Than 100 Have Evening of Pleasure at Sather's Hall.

More than 100 people enjoyed the entertainment given at Sather's Hall last Friday evening by some of the ladies of the Rebekah lodge. The program was pronounced one of the best of the kind ever given in the hall.

The first part consisted of musical numbers and recitations, while a four piece orchestra furnished music later for those who wished to dance. One of the most delightful numbers given was the recitation by Miss Grace Ratliff, who was enthusiastically endorsed. Others having part in the program were: Misses Marie Fox, Ruth Caldwell and Margaret Thompson, piano trio; Mrs. L. C. Fleming, recitation; Miss Beatrice Wingate, solo; Misses Caldwell and Thompson, piano duet; U. N. Hoffman, recitation; Mrs. Elmer Ward, violin solo, with mandolin accompaniment by O. M. Guptill and piano accompaniment by Mrs. McLaurin; Mrs. F. C. Fish, and Mrs. McLaurin, duet.

Following the program, there were refreshments served to all, and then came dancing, which lasted until 1 a. m.

HUNTING SEASON WILL END ON JANUARY 16.

Little less than a month remains in which the duck hunters can make up for the poor shooting they have had so far this season, for although the state law permits hunting until March 1, the federal law, which supercedes the state, wherever the two conflict, prohibits shooting after January 16. Both ducks and geese are protected after the date mentioned, while swan are not to be shot at any time. All hunters must procure new licenses for hunting after January 1.

Like a Man's Too.

The buck to the soldiers know all about farming before they tackle it. But their hired men, having been born on the farm, are often silly about the real science of agriculture. Have you heard about what Danny Young's father-in-law told him about the new horse? No? Then listen.

"That boss you bought has come," announced the servant.

"Ah," cried Danny; "I'm glad of that! Is he right?"

"Fine."

"How are his teeth? We must always look at a horse's teeth. Are his teeth all right?"

"Boss, his teeth are as perfect and sound as a newborn babe's."

"Fine! I have a bargain, by hen?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lawrence Took His Time.

The dispute about an unfinished Lawrence portrait recalls a story of that painter's dilatoriness. The Lord Melbourne of that time, after much letter writing about the portrait of his wife and child, said he could wait no longer. Lawrence pleaded for more time; he was well forward with the lady, but the baby wanted finishing; could he not have one more sitting? "My wife will be happy to give you another sitting whenever you like," was the answer, "but the baby is now in the guards!"—Dundee Advertiser.

The Quest of Health.

"I suppose you take excellent care of your health?"

"No," replied Farmer Cornmeal. "I tried every kind of medicine I could get hold of for awhile. Then I gave up and forgot about my health, and I've felt better ever since."—Washington Star.

Generous.
"Man, how you do look! Why, you have a full beard."
"Yes; I have raised it for a birthday present for my wife."—Eik.

"A SNAKE OF A MAN."

The poem clipped from an exchange and reprinted herewith seems quite timely here, since the dog poisoner has been busy recently in Bend:

Somebody poisoned my dog today,
Though he never did anyone ill,
And so he is through with his canine play

And his waggly tail is still,
No more shall I walk in the fields with him

Along at my side to jog,
And—I don't care if my eyes are dim—

Somebody poisoned my dog.

He was homely, I know, as a dog could be,
And only a mongrel, too;
But I loved him, and he loved me,
As people and dogs may do,
Nothing on earth could disturb his trust

Or his love and his faith befoe,
And now he lies here in the dust—
Somebody poisoned my dog.

He crawled to my feet and licked my hand,
And then with a gasp he died;
And—though some people can't understand—
I patted his head—and cried,
For it isn't funny to lose a friend
From off this earthly cog,
And he was loyal until the end—
Somebody poisoned my dog.

I wonder how anyone could have done
This poor little fellow harm;
But here he lies—his race is run—
Though his body's still soft and warm,
My life is lived on a peaceful plan,
My space is a quiet jog,
But—I wish I could find the snake
Of a man
Who poisoned my little dog.